

This is what is left of me

Saba Khazhomia
April 14, 2006 -

I watched a Vsauce video called "Should I die?" and it reminded me of the pain I'll go through, my grandpa was 73 when he died and it depresses me more to think that every single experience every single thought every single memory every single part of his mind is... just gone now

no notes no farewells no nothing just gone

I'm afraid I'll be the same nobody will ever read any of this even the people who actually cared about me as a person but if you are I'm so glad that you're with me

A part of my family tree or not you are reading about me and getting to know me as a person, the opportunity that I never got with people who already died in my family tree

and it all starts with this

Life and Me

Life was my brother
I thought like him
I talked like him
I acted like him
And believed that there was nothing better in this world
But one day when I found out the truth
I talked to him about it
I told him I didn't need to be him anymore
That I had my own thoughts
I had my own feelings
I had my own personality
Life stared at me with his dead eyes
And told me that he was in control
That I would be his toy forever
And I would never act like myself
Couple of minutes later I went outside
I felt a weird feeling in my heart
I looked around and after that
At the underside of my shoe
To check if something was left on it from earlier
In the end I felt freer then I have ever been
I wasn't being played around by the puppeteer
And made a new friend
His name was Death

Trying to be me

When I'm alive I'm fine
When I'm dead time passes by
But when I'm dead and alive
Mistakes seek shelter inside
They're the ones attaching the strings
And they're the ones slowing me down
When I come back to life
I regret the things I've done
I know what is right and wrong
But when I'm dead and alive
It's difficult to see outside
I regret not sleeping last night
I'm not the puppet of evil
I can rip the strings apart
But when I'm dead and alive
My body's numb and my mind is too

When I'm tired I can't think the way I would and just do things mindlessly

Most of it being negative

Trail

I was lost in the woods trying to get out
I saw two Trail ways ahead of me
One lead to hell eternal damnation
Another lead to safety in the hands of the angels
I chose the second Trail and walked

I walked
And ran
Fell broke my spine

At the end of the Trail, it collided with the first Trail
I still walked didn't give up
Hope that there were angels to find
And yet I burnt up in depths of hell

What's the point of choosing a path
If it will lead you to the same dead end

What's the point of keeping light
Close to you in random paths

Is it there to let you see
The options you can take

Or is it there to drain your life
Giving you choices while also not

I wish I had a soul

The demon after spearing a burnt damned
Asked a question in his head
What's the point of waiting for more humans to fall down
for us
When we could just climb up there
And build hell on the surface

He climbed the mountain of hell
Then tumbled down mere minutes later

He was breathing heavily
Sweating
Bleeding
On edge for the first time

Then another question came to him

Why do I exist?

Fear of years

365 days
12 months
1 year

The first minute you play a game on a boring day
Another minute you see crying faces cursing the
inevitable

2017 my Grandpa Tamazi 28th of June (2017;10...
I didn't even get to know him much

Second my other Grandpa
I didn't even remember times when we spent time
together

Third, the world took the life of a child by drowning him to
death
He was a little brother of my little sister's friend
He wasn't even ready to die

Please take my life
Before you do it to anyone else

That's what I would've said
If I didn't care about the people
Who cared about my life

364 days
363 days
362 days

I'm getting closer to another loss
I don't know which year it will be
I don't know who the victim is

I just know it is coming closer

My Nightmares

I was able to control my dreams as a kid

But the older I got the dreams got darker

Nothing was under my control

I drowned slowly dying

I cut myself to bleed out

I shot myself to end it quick

I jumped off and broke a leg

I lost my eyes once in a while

Sometimes I dreamt of having no soul

I told everyone that I had nightmares
and this is what they said to me

It's just a nightmare you'll be fine
We got lucky and survived
We don't have nightmares at all
We don't care what you're mumbling
We would like to make it worse
If we can't fight we'll make up dumb shit
Dumb reasons for you to stop doing things you care
about

Either kill
Or die yourself

Another day

Another day another life
Another life another ride
Another ride another happy night

Another day another life
Another life another pain
Another pain another lie
Another lie another strike
Another strike another sleepless night

Another day another life
Another life another pain
Another pain another lie
Another lie another strike
Another strike another snap
Another snap another stab
Another stab another pain
Another pain with an end in sight

Change

I lived my life under trees in the night
Growing them that needed darkness to grow
My blood to feed it
My sweat to cool it
My tears to make it feel better
My air to make it breathe
But when the sun rose in the sky
All my trees started dying down
When I tried bringing them to the darkness
They only got even worse
Even if it was painful keeping them alive
They were

All I had left

They took my sanity to stay alive

The past line

I went out and bought some ice cream
The waiter told me one thing

Before I got a bloody nose
Made by a man who claimed he knew
Why I couldn't get something so puny
Every time he looked around
He shaved years off my life
He didn't look twice he looked three

He went upstairs and started playing
I stayed down under my bed crying

I dragged his corpse towards a dumpster
I told him the words which had two meanings
“ Keep the change “

I like you dead

And my past line
Before my sadness

I thought to myself

Under the bed

The clouds in the sky

I do what I like
Looking up high
At the greatness
Of the blue sky

It rains outside
I like the rain
I see the sun
It keeps me happy
I look down...
I look up
Is that a bird?
It gets shot down...
I hear screaming
Agony and pain
Under my feet...
I look down
And I can see
A broken mirror...

If I listened to my grandma
I wouldn't look up
I wouldn't look down
I would look straight on
If I didn't have
Great need to look up...

Three dots are placed where bad things happen
If I didn't have depression I wouldn't have a reason
To look up all the time

A sailor of the sky

I was sailing through the clouds
Trying to reach the white cold island
When I did I climbed up upon it
I wanted to see
The beautiful sunset

I looked up
A meteor struck in front of me
I fell under the clouds
It made no sense

I didn't want to be the fourth angel
When I finally reached the bottom
From my corpse grew a white rose
In the planet filled with black roses
I couldn't do anything but decompose
To relate in any way
To the living black roses

I wished the meteor to strike me down
And the world decided
To make more sense

The Tree

The first branch falls it's cut off
I was only a little leaf

My branch then starts growing down
I finally see what was under the clouds

The second branch falls off

And I realize what happens to those branches

I see their ashes they get in my eyes
I start crying that's what awaits us

After I got under the clouds everything has changed
I wasn't under the sun on top of the white clouds
I was under the rain and the dark clouds

I wished to get plucked off of my branch
I hated waiting for the fall

I hated my new branches
Those branches merging into mine
Tearing out what was left of mine

One day
My branch started growing

When I went under
The second layer of clouds

I started fearing
The Fall

I hate this sensation of emotion

Back then I could be numb to even my parents arguing

Now even the dumbest jokes made me laugh

I don't want to smile, I don't want to laugh, I don't want
to show fear, I don't want to be as angry

But I am...

Everyone is great

People run

They have fun

They sleep

They laugh

They're kind

They work hard

They try to understand
They learn very easily
They don't wait for motivation
to strike them down like a meteor
They are great
But I...

The dying of the light
I can still see
But not as well
Where's my note where's the pen
I'm cold and I'm shivering
Wait... no why am I saying this
The light doesn't mean anything

I can still work

I can still think

I can still dream

I said laying in bed

Doing

Absolutely

Nothing

The Book in My Head

I read the book and it seems normal:

I believe that

I remember it now

I think that's funny

But I also read lines that shouldn't be there:

Lies that I know are lies

Embarrassing moments

Disturbing imagery

I rip out those papers but they keep being added
No matter how many times I rip them apart
Those red colored texts keep coming back to me

The mirror

A person keeps his closet
Closed at all times

So the mirror on the other side
Won't be seen by him

The smallest glimpse of what he saw
Was himself but not quite

The only difference between them
Was that the monster
Always kept staring at the mirror

And he liked talking to the person

On the other side

0 | | 0 0 |

0 | / 0 | 0

0 | _ 0 | 0
It's not funny

I like ants

I used to put them on my finger

Feed them

Make them a sand castle

I still like them to this day

Then I started laughing...

I laughed

The air from my lung felt as dense as water

My lungs were spewing out sound like a waterfall

My veins were like red rivers flooding their
surroundings

I rained down upon them

But I wanted more than that
I flooded them in their own home

the next day

I stopped laughing

I put one of them on my finger

It bit me

I've realized what I've done

Rinse and repeat

The funniest joke in the future history

A child breathes in

An old man breathes out

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep

Everyone laughed in the audience

Except for the elderly

hello to the lullyby

I was listening to music

I heard a doorbell

I accompanied the sad child

fed the child

kept the child warm

Stitched up the injuries

I woke up and the child was gone

I couldn't sleep

over time I forgot about how sad I was

how dedicated I used to be in finding the child

it made me feel worse

I listened to music

it sounded familiar

I heard a door bell

c-c-c cold

As long as I could remember

I was always burning

I couldn't bare the flames

but marched on to the mountains

there was a blue rock

that has arrived up close

I decided

to grab it by hand

it felt so much better

I created scupltures

buildings

homes

They helped me climb at first

but then I started freezing

I slipped multiple times

unlike before

I looked at a spark

I smiled

I remembered the fire again once more

I started climbing once again

I could only hope

to never forget the spark

At the Tree

Day 1

It's a sunny day

The flowers painting the green hills

The grass saying hello to their big yellow friend

I water my tree

imagine how big it'll grow one day

And walk away

Day 2

It's a rainy day

The flowers sing the tapping of the water droplets

Along with the grass flowing like the ocean in a windy day

I water my tree

Hope it grows bigger than me some day

And walk away

Day 1824521847849

I walk outside

I fall on my knees

I look down

at the tree

I should've fed it my flesh

I should've fed it my sweat

I should've gave it enough sunlight

The red sun has burnt them all away

Sad child to mad elderly

Drawing in the train station with friends was what David did most in the Marvin Ground

Away from his family because they sounded too harsh

Saying things like how it was “dangerous” outside

That his friends wanted him to get hurt

And that since he hides so much they can't tell if he's sneaking out of the house or still at home playing which stresses them out

One night after saying goodbyes to his friends

He goes towards home at night after the fun

He heard plane noises followed by loud explosions

He ran towards the place they've already bombed so that he'd avoid the blast zones

Later going home to check on his family

Just to see a broken door

Surrounded by broken walls, windows and... Bones... flesh... is that... blood?

What has he done?!

They... looked for him

To get him out of the place he wasn't in

And just like that...

"Nothing but family" gets shouted through the radio

Every day

In David's Ground

People held at gunpoint

When they sleep

When they eat

When they speak

If they get near someone who's not relative

Even if they look at each other's eyes

Boom

Crunch

Splat

"Family shall be the only people you care for"

Says the voice of a shaking old man

"Your friends will make your life a misery"

"Don't you want to know the tales of the elderly?"

Don't you care for the adult's reasoning for restrictions?

Do you even care about why you exist?

How you came to be?

To play tennis with your mother?

To read books with grandpa?

There is limited time for all

your family will only live on

In

Your

Heads

Don't make them a nightmare

Make those memories count!

This is David's daily radio

Thanks for remembering my words to people who can
listen

Unlike the monsters spreading their guts and brains on
the streets

Hell to spreading the sadness

Having kids of our own and making them cry on our graves

We shall embrace our limited time with the families we have

Be happy with what we have and perish alongside the-“

A gun goes off

Reloading

“I always hated listening to the radio”

Was heard through the radio

Silence turned to a storm of joy, freedom of destruction,
freedom of hate, freedom of anger

And then quiet once more...

I will be

Way too dead

Way too dead

To even care

Sunrise

Sunshine

Sunlight

Will one day end

I will be

Way too dead

Way too dead

To even care

About why

About what

About when

I'll be found

Would you please

Hear me out

Keep eye out

I still exist

I can still

Think and smile

Think and frown

Die alone

When I'll be dead

I won't care

I won't smile

I'll be alone

Nobody

Will even know

Of my

Existence

Think and smile

Think and frown

I can still

But for how long

This is my

Chance to say

Hello and bye

To the world

Please you all

Hear my out

Think and frown

While you can

Cause when you're dead

When I'm dead

It will all

Be the end

This is a song

Million of scarlet roses

Repeating the song not from start to finish

But from "a million scarlet roses" to

"Transforms his life into flowers for you"

I've watched a snit bit of "spooky's jumpscare mansion"
at 5am

Mark's play through and the lore of the game

I started talking to myself as if there was a ghost with me
while walking around in my room

Then I remembered when I'll be dead I won't even be
able to care about anything

Ghosts aren't real while I wish they were

So then at least

At the very least

I would be able to care about myself

About my own existence

While I still breathe I can talk

So I think life is an opportunity for me to care and type
about it

Before I stop caring about everything including myself

I started singing

I definitely forgot it

But I knew its meaning so I made a new one wrote it down

And now we're here

December 23rd 2022

A day after the most 2s in a lifetime

And 7 days from permanent end of 2022

it's been so long since I've written a part for this

I don't know

If this is

A nightmare

Or a dream

Corpses speak

To us all

Synchronized

In our sleep

Speak to us

Speak to me

Speak to you

Every dream

Bury us

Bury us

Let

The memories

Erase

Their blood

Their screams

Their pain

We Heard it all

Screaming sounds

Running sounds

Coughing sounds

It's not there

My last words

Hidden in

The shadow

Of the noise

Heart pumping

Slowing down

Falling down

It goes dark

Bury us

Bury us

Bury us

Our hearts ache

But at least

We are still

Living in

People's minds

But we still

Do not want

To be

In their Dreams

We do not

Want to be

The reason for

Their heart ache

This is meant to fit with a song “million of scarlet roses”

2 days away from 2023 is... still scary

So I’m going to make a 2022 short story ideas save while I still can

now one day away before the end of 2022

Honestly... I don’t feel anything

I don’t feel stressed or like I’m going to go be torn into nothing if the number changes

Even if this will be the final special year I’ll live in

I've done so much in this year I'm actually happy about it and think it might be the best year in my life

At least in creation wise

2021 was like a beginning that started 2022's success for me in my opinion

I doubt I'll have this kind of year again

Sorry for not having much to say but I feel like if you wanted to go back in time to meet me 2022 would be a fine year

Even if I absolutely think younger me would speak about deeper topics and be more understanding and kind than me

I feel like the last days of 2022 kind of show who I am right now

Lazy who wastes too much time being comfortable on the couch playing games all day long

Which I absolutely hate that I'm okay with this
But at the very AT THE VERY least

I acted like how I think I would've acted like if I was about to die

Just accepting it calmly being as comfortable as possible before perishing

Adding a bit more to an unfinished story after listening to music and bam

Pen and paper

I was shaking from the hands of cold wrapping around my throat and the heat of hidden sadness boiling away my chest

From my heart I extracted the heat of hell itself

I enjoyed the process of using that heat to turn them into fire for the furnace

But the day my heart went cold

The furnace went empty

Now I have no warmth of heart

And nothing to warm the hearts of others

My heart has no heat left

So should I throw away my heart

Throw away my furnace

Or should I squeeze the last bit of life my heart has

To maybe fall

With my old smile

I don't remember this thing being- woah... it's a long way down... oh- OH who're you, have we met? What? wait let me help you up (Jeez dude help me out here) yeah... it looks a long way- CHRIST- I think I'm bout to throw up

I should NOT have looked down

Yeah you'll have your moment of silence I'll try not to vomit my organs out

....

.....

OH RIGHT how rude of me I should've let you in, I don't have much but I think tea and biscuits could work-

Climbing- Jesus Christ I'm here! hey~ I'm here, I'm so happy to see you~ again, not yet my Young self sure as hell did though *grunt* thanks buddy, you can NOT believe how long this whole thing took, ... it's so worth it for this view though just... give me a moment of silence

breathes in

breathes out

Thank you so much, there are so many stories I want to talk abo- STOP
INTERRUPTING M-

climbing

climbing

Hello I am Saba Khazhomia

If you're reading this I'm probably already dead
I don't know how I'm going to die nor when, the only
thing I do know is that I AM going to leave this world and
it's not going to be by age because I've been planning on
ending it myself ever since I was 11 hell probably earlier
than that (Or at least my self deception of how the world
worked started at the age of 11)

I wanted to leave something behind and I know I won't be
able to leave much behind since I'm lazy and don't really
learn that well so I decided to write about myself

If I stop existing all together I called it
If I went to hell that would be suffering after suffering
If I went to haven... I'm going to enjoy seeing people
who've wronged me suffer from up there

(This is 2021 Saba here I... was still repulsive back then
and I probably wrote this when I felt negative, I didn't
have a tragic past I just isolated my mind which lead me
to believe in lies such as everything being made to
torture me I was just way more emotional which made
me experience more negative emotions and I've changed
a lot since then)

2022 Saba here, see? This is what fear of time tastes like

Me writing 2022, it shows a passage of time, some of you might take it as a joke but think of it this way

As I am writing this I think of this time being “ now ” but when there will be “ 2023 ” written under me and see how much less I’ve done in my life it will be terrifying Unless I die in 2022 which is even more terrifying the thought that I couldn’t finish writing this and that I only got to write 245 pages of this thing when it’s supposed to be about my entire life is unsettling

I don’t even know who you will be, I think nobody will ever get to know me which is probably the same fear people had thousands of years ago and their efforts in speaking their minds to us through their writing was as worthless as mine

I haven’t seen a single writing such as mine before, I’ve never read the writing of a dead person who’s been working on such project for years in order for their voice to be heard and be known after their death especially from a kid and if you do know people like this please let other people know about it, hell if enough people do it maybe a person could make a website for dead people talking to us through writing, videos so on

Sometimes I feel like a character in a movie not being able to think of anything else other than what my writers wrote that I knew

Sometimes I either an epiphany or just a thought that I’ve already thought of but in a different way

Like how our happiness always leads to our suffering
which was my belief back before I even considered
writing Short Story Ideas

It's 7:31 AM February 17th 2022 as of now

And this is my hello to people who hopefully read this in
the future

November 17th 2022, It's close to the end of the year and
It kind of confuses me how I've got to 892 pages like this

But I decided to only write when I have something to say
I'm enthusiastic about because that's when I work the
best

As of now I'm looking through my old writings to correct
some things, it's a part of my plan other than doing two
projects at once (It's stupid I know but why the hell
would I make a boring power point presentation about a
popular person for English class when I can animate it like
someone else did (also if you're reading this you're
actually the reason why I decided to make the animation
so thank you)

climbing

/_____
/_____

myself it's visible I forgot! FUUUU- -

was that his younger self? Oh wait if I think to

Climbing- Jesus Christ- I'm almost... what was that?~
huff oh hello there- I'm Sab, I'm not exactly the same
as Saba who you know but instead more like a character
version of him

You'll see me throughout this place I'm sure my young
selves will be happy to see you... or pretend to be able to

Just continue on Mr or Mrs adventurer you'll see me
eventually-

I hope you'll have a nice trip

Sincerely: Sab aka my short name...

Anyway~ I really need to get to the end~ I'm aaaalmost
there~ was that a door sound?~ nah I only remember
there being one of those

climbing

Here are stories that I didn't write down but imagined while either listening to music on a hover board or with my arm over my eyes on my bed.

1 Captainsause story - sometimes instead of trying harder you have to try smarter

2 Saba's story - life isn't fair

3 minecraft story - anyone can change

4 mha broly story - don't judge someone by their cover

5 rewritten og broly - learn what is good and evil

6 Ptsd – don't let the monster feed off your depression
get help

7 Fighting Natsuki -

8 Slenderman in mha – don't let the evil control your emotions (in this story Slenderman quirk was passed down to villains the same way one for all was so the latest person who got it was kind and he heard voices of the villains who got the quirk before him)

9 real or not (green otherworld void) – before leaving this world you have to leave something behind

10 the corpses of my mistakes: we only have two choices in life either kill yourself or kill everyone else

11 rewritten Broly 2: the story surprisingly starts in a universe where Goku and Vegeta died to Zamasu after defusing and getting hit by him
(it still makes no sense how they survived that punch in their base)

when Trunks “ kills “ Zamasu he turns into a sky again but there's a portal or a crack of reality that he started phasing into (you know where this is going)

in a different universe with the fight between Gogeta and Broly and the crack in reality by their clash connecting those two timelines together which means that Zamasu could spread to other timelines and travel to other universes by physically expanding and hide in some of those universes by splitting off before Zeno would vanish him in Trunkse's timeline

Now we start the actual story in a universe of the 90s Broly but in this reality Broly doesn't even know Goku he just wants to escape from his father's control

Nearly in the end of the movie Paragus tells Broly to attack Vegeta, Broly tries to control himself but he can't then Paragus thinks there is no other option other than to make his son angry and leave him there to die because of the explosion of the planet

In this version of the fight Broly isn't sadistic nor manipulative he's just like super Broly who was blinded by anger

Since the Z fighters aren't STUPID in this scenario they'd try to get rid of the mind control that paragus is using to get Broly angry (because again in this version Broly didn't break the device because his anger didn't need to be controlled so he was just... controlled controlled)

Broly calms down and falls from exhaustion and right before Vegeta tries to kill him but Zamasu appears as a circle of darkness in the sky expanding and growing closer

Broly gets up makes a large force field and captures all of the Z fighters in it after that he shrinks it to a good enough size that they'll fit

Broly while flying uses his ki blasts through the shield to make it accelerate faster

That's when they all realize just how close Zamasu was as he absorbs the entire planet in an instant

Zamasu was spreading too quickly so the Z fighters decided to fly inside the ball towards earth so Goku would get close enough to teleport there (Goku can teleport by tracking down someone's energy so he could teleport them all while Broly flies them to different planets to speed themselves up so that they won't get absorbed by Zamasu BUT since almost all of the Z fighters were in the New Vegeta planet almost nobody strong enough was on Earth for Goku to easily teleport to hence them needing to get closer)

In a place where there was mostly void they had nowhere to teleport to

Broly tells everyone: BLAST DOWNWARDS

Everyone other than Vegeta... and oolong since he can't use ki blasts, blast towards Zamasu to propel themselves to give themselves at least one more second before death

Goku finally got close enough to teleport to Tien and escape Zamasu with everyone else, Then he flew into Capsule Corp to get the dragon radar to quickly find the dragon balls

Gohan Piccolo Future trunks and Krillin tried to look for the dragon balls as well

Broly couldn't because he was in a bad shape but Vegeta

in the end did realize it was for the best that he didn't kill Broly because he was the only other Saiyan who didn't piss him off like Kakarot

six dragon balls were collected but Zamasu was visible in the sky getting closer to earth ready to erase it all

Goku as a super saiyan flew around the world to see where the last dragon ball is to the point of even slightly slowing down earth's spinning speed

After finding the Ball Goku teleported right back to Capsle Corp to Vegeta who was talking to Bulma about something

only having couple of seconds left to summon Shenron and wishing to Teleport the planet as far away as possible he tried to summon Shenron and speak his wish as quickly as possible

The planet didn't get teleported the planet got vaporized by Zamasu, Goku thought he died but he couldn't sense two people in different places at the same time if he was so he opened his eyes to see kid Trunks

Dbz version of all life actually got teleported to the closest other universe version of earth since Shenron only had enough power to transport all living things to that dimension instead of the whole planet

Zamasu is still out there and he will return again

12 Dreamify – don't strive for enjoyment: Bill's sister had a nightmare of Bill exposing her as a liar and a spoiled brat to her classmates, she told mom and dad what happened after waking them up in the middle of the night by screaming and they blamed it on Bill because they were too tired and thought she dreamt about it after it happened in real life

Bill said that he couldn't control dreams and how the hell he'd ever be able to do that but they assaulted him anyway. That was when Bill went to the kitchen, took a two prong fork went to his room and hit it into the plug.

He hoped it would kill him but it just made him shake his arm intensely. Bill tried sleeping while crying and... he started dreaming something while still being conscious. He was dreaming of a candy city filled with candy people, he got pissed off that he wouldn't get the things he wanted even in his dreams so he decided to try to control that world by his imagination and it worked, he sliced his hand which made black substance overflow from his hand it looked like Venom from Spiderman but without a face. He made a gigantic tree with that substance by hitting his sliced hand while the sliced hand was facing downwards. It made the sky dark red and the tree started absorbing the candy creatures by its roots one after another while they screamed in agony. A humanoid queen showed up from her castle with a blue glowing arrow trying to stop the tree from doing what it's doing by the help of her two friends, Bill controlled the tree to absorb one of her friends, he jumped off of the tree crushed his hands through the ground took out a bolder and threw it towards her other friend, after that he ran towards the

queen, grabbing her by her head with his sliced hand so he could crush her whole head with that black substance surrounding her but then he realized that she sounded a lot like his little sister so to get some kind of fun out of it he stopped crushing her skull and instead threw her towards her castle pinned her down to the floor with his leg and started ripping her hands off when he did he stuffed her hand into her mouth so she would drown in her own blood, he tormented her like she was his little play thing and that she wouldn't be saved by her parents again and that she wouldn't be saved by sheer annoyance and manipulation again. Bill woke up to the screaming of his sister and she actually had the exact same dream Bill had... just the other way around (I know this won't be a surprise to the reader but Bill sure as hell was surprised) so instead of Bill allowing his parents from listening to her and beating him senseless again he put on his clothes on as quickly as possible and ran outside until she shut the hell up and everyone went to sleep again. - To be continued -

(2022 Saba here... I did NOT think I used to think the exact same thing, I think of it slightly differently like it being about addiction of something instead of just doing something but still, my motto apparently still is: "try to make yourself want something you need but also have something you want but don't overdo it"

13 tree fingers: a kid was revealing his creation to an audience outside of his home on a grassy sunny field, a smaller version of an air balloon that you could wear and fly away with it, it had fire thrusters as gloves that he could fire at the balloon to lift himself up and direct it by moving his hand therefore where the smoke of the fire went

To demonstrate he put on the suit and got lifted up by the balloon

His parents didn't seem all that pleased that he had fire starters as gloves and that it was dangerous for him to get so high up but the other kids were amazed

Then he saw dark grey clouds coming towards them, he tried to get back down by turning off the flame throwers but it was too late and he got picked up by the winds into the restricted area hidden away by giant metal guard rails and fences

there were trees in the area and he fell on one of the shorter ones

He thought he made it out but then the tree started pulsating, then moving, a hole appeared behind him sprouting out tentacles that latched onto him bringing him inside of the tree and closing it off, the tentacles were as hard as the tree but moved like muscle, when they got stabbed into his fingers going up his veins into his brain, the pain was too much and he turned on the machines

The tentacles that got inside him were stuck in his hands but the ones out of his body burnt and got ripped off of him

He burnt through the tree before he could suffocate in the darkness of the tree's stomach

He got away but not before burning down the rest of them... well most of them, he couldn't even get close to the taller trees

His parents were relieved that he returned but horrified of the branches sticking out of the tips of his fingers

They brought him to a doctor but the best he could do was cut out the branches which hurt him for some reason

From then on he had to eat more than usually and keep his hands in watered dirt to keep his body moving normally, he was in control sure but it felt like he had two bodies to take care of (it's 1700s by the way)

Since he was able to store water in his body very easily and for a long time since then his father asked him if he wanted to go fishing with his buddies as a part time job just to help out

And he decided to listen

The wood got down to his ribcage at that point, it was still growing and he couldn't control it

In the sea it was shaky but not that dangerous, the tides were getting water on top of the ship a few days later which the kid started absorbing from his feet, then the tree in his body started getting overwhelmed and grew out of his left arm way too quickly for him to even process and he broke a part of the ship

It was sinking, they had to get in the boats and sail away from the storm

The child felt weight in his heart, it could've been physical but it could also be from his emotions, he hated himself for doing more harm than good

(Later in the story the people in the boat starve and dehydrate to death including his father and he absorbed what calories and vitamins were left in their bodies to live just another day but not for his father, he got to an island full of only 7 people in an abandoned city, that's when the story begins)

14 Slender in Cliffside: I had an idea of a character that had two personalities. His main personality insecure, caring to all living things, afraid of hurting everyone else and pretty smart but when he activates his second personality he turns the opposite of himself he only does that when he needs to eat alive beings or try to fight

against a threat. He has black strings coming out of the part of his muscle he's flexing and deflexing like the middle of his hand the middle of his foot and his back (he can activate them in both of his arms and both of his legs) and also if he spreads that string to different shapes he can absorb things to eat them and not only that but when you get inside of it there's an infinite black void that you'll be stuck in unless he opens it again.

We start off with him falling through a portal in the sky. In panic he shoots the string from his hand towards a mountain and his leg string towards the ground, but since the string was moving back into his body some of his human flesh got ripped off (and yes he screamed in pain and agony when it happened) then we see the monsters going towards Cliffside from the forest and one of them sees the string that hit the ground after hearing his voice so he decided to have a snack before going there (aka try to eat him) (we see him bite the part of the string that was attached to the ground but the monster still jumped towards him so he had to fight it off while swinging like Spiderman then we see him get his chest get separated because it got caught in a web while he was swinging, then we see him regenerate (he reattaches his legs with the tentacles he has in his body and then reattaches it. the tentacles are the things that allow him to make his strings) then he got brought to the spider web that Cordie made so he started telling her that he wasn't made of human meat if she even wanted to eat him it would taste terrible then Cordie asked what was up with his hand so he moved the tentacle from his eye to rip off a small part of his flesh to give her a taste test then he threw it out making it look like an accident and then he told her that he wasn't going to rip it off again

because it was painful so she went down there to find it and then he shot a string from his legs so he would be pushed towards the ground and escape the web, he makes it grabs the string and bites it off then we see her next to him saying that she found it, he screams WHAT THE F- before getting interrupted by the sound of Yannis flying up behind them, he turns on his second personality to try to scare her off or fight her (his other personality only last half a minute unless he overuses it then it'll stay longer)

15: DDLC infinite : I was replaying the game Doki Doki literature club it was stunning that the characters would be so relatable the visuals still give me nightmares and I feel so sorry for Monika she never had a choice in her life and when she finally took control after getting tortured for so long I mercilessly deleted her, she only expressed her true feelings after I did and deleting her didn't even lead to a good end. Matpat said in Game theory that Team Salvato was going to make another game in 2018 which is probably going to be a game linked to Doki Doki and I just hope it's going to be Doki Doki but with a good ending. I even watched a play through of a mod with a good ending but I was disappointed because it didn't have as big of an impact, it didn't have as good story writing as the game and I could immediately tell when Natsuki started talking differently. I... probably got off

track those were my thoughts if you couldn't tell, this literally proves that every character's personality is linked with me in some way only Yuri talks like this.

16: **What if** ki was plasma in dragon ball:

In the Frieza saga I don't remember Goku's and Frieza's ki blasts clashing until the end so I'll start it this way

When Frieza tried to kill him by blasting at him with his own energy he looked behind him and in rage blasted back at him like in the original

But the ki of Frieza and Goku merged and formed a black hole

Goku screamed out "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT"

Frieza got absorbed by the black hole and the ki Frieza got from Goku was enough to increase the size of the black hole greatly

Goku flew away as best he could but he was flickering in and out of super saiyan, his energy was running out

He even fell down and was forced to run in his base form before screaming in anger turning super saiyan and continuing to fly away

But unfortunately he didn't have enough time to get to the ship and got spaghettified by the black hole as he screamed in pain

First his legs blew up to atoms and got sucked up then his arms and chest and finally his head

When he woke up he was in other world but also everyone else was

Him in super saiyan had so much plasma that the black hole increased in size to an insane degree

(Also by the theory of mat pat for Namek to stay in orbit with 3 suns it would have to be either ridiculously huge or dense so for this story it would help the black hole to increase in size quicker if the planet was huge)

They could feel the gravitational pull of the black hole from other world, it was absorbing every star and planet around it

The gravity and radiation of the black hole only grew as it absorbed more powerful people who had a lot of ki)

Goku was the only one given a body since he was the only pure hearted person (I'll just make the story actually follow its rules which would explain why piccolo wouldn't train with king kai in this version, he wouldn't have a body to train) so he was the only one able to stop every soul in other world from getting absorbed

(also yes the other world is a physical place within universe 7 since Goku was able to teleport to king kai's planet which is in other world back in cell saga) (also I got an idea of hell and heaven shrinking deeper you went into them so that it could house infinite people and also

the people in heaven or hell would shrink and lose mass as they'd go deeper so that THEY wouldn't be a reason for making a black hole in the other world)

Goku looked up and could see the black hole growing

He turned super saiyan once more and since he has infinite energy he wouldn't get tired

The stakes are high because if the black hole reaches the other world and sucks up even a single soul since souls have infinite energy it would infinitely grow and absorb all of existence

Goku shot ki blasts everywhere and flattened them all, then he pressed all of them to the surfaces of everything in other world and started pushing down to fly the entire other world to a different place

The clouds obviously couldn't stay put but everything else did

Frieza was there however since he died from the black hole and to get revenge on his enemy he tried to kill him

(in dragon ball super Frieza had a body which makes me think he was given a body because he was so evil he had to be physically tortured as well so in this version of the story he also has a body)

Goku would get interrupted by Frieza and Goku would have to try to put Frieza down for good

(since in DBS Broly Frieza was able to take hits from Broly for an hour it shows his defense is incredibly strong which would explain how he was able to keep up with Goku's super saiyan form for so long in the battle between them instead of getting killed in a single hit)

The black hole was getting closer and Goku couldn't kill Frieza quickly enough

(you might be asking (if you thought through it enough) where are the kais? They can totally use kai-kai to teleport and help Goku right? Well... no, Beerus died from the black hole as he was sleeping and since they are connected the kais died also, and yes Whis totally left him for dead for being such a lazy scum)

In this story if Goku killed Frieza it wouldn't matter

Frieza would still get the last laugh because he was the reason the black hole was made which made radiation which hit the bodies of every pure hearted person in other world which killed them in the process

(and yes dead people canonically can die in the dragon ball universe since ssj3 Goku told Vegeta that before he went to fought against kid Buu)

since they had BODIES which could get stronger through training aka their organs still functioning it would mean

they'd die from the radiation of the black hole in a short while

Frieza destroyed an entire universe, Goku saved the other world by flying it outside of their own universe but died along with every kindest and vilest dead people in the process

(2022 Saba here, this story is NOT one of my classic stories, I just put it in because I thought it would fit well in it and I tried to make it look the same way the other stories did by instead of making a big title I'd just write a title next to the number) now let's get to my actual classic: (also that was the first time I started adding color to my text so you could say it was a new stage for me)

17 Alan: Alan was a 13 year old boy who needed to climb a mountain, he went to the forest under the mountain to start the journey. The forest was very dark and foggy as if he already was at the part of the mountain where it got colder. There were two trail ways ahead of him one lead to the left and the other lead to the right. Alan tried walking in the middle because he thought that the paths would lead to some kind of village or a city instead of the mountain but when he stepped on the split between paths he felt an overwhelming desire to not go in the middle and instead go to the right so he did but the weird thing was that the right path that he chose combined to the left path he didn't understand why someone would make two paths which would lead to the same trail, he walked and walked and walked for hours and finally that trail way lead him to a weird place, he saw an orange light coming from a large hole (around 6000 feet squared

) the trail lead to that hole so he looked down it and saw a pit of hell he walked backward but he got pushed back by a force of some kind he caught himself up turned around and ran but then he got pushed back again and the ground started getting distorted going downwards towards that place Alan climbed as quickly as he could suddenly a meteor just smashed right in front of him so he jumped on top of the ground that was falling caught the meteor and climbed that but when the meteor started rolling down exactly when he caught it he jumped off of the meteor and ---- and the ground finally stopped moving but when he got close to getting all the way up he saw a hooded figure with brown clothes black long shoes he looked like Gilet from dragon ball legends but he didn't wear the black armor and we can't see his face it's completely blacked out. The hooded figure (**this is not exactly the way I had it in my mind I will definitely remake this to the way I viewed the story even if it makes less sense**) the hooded figure kicks him in the face and Alan falls down and non surprisingly he survives Alan screamed in agony and pain as his body slowly numbed down, he was bleeding so much you'd think that he could fill a swimming pool in an hour, half of his ribcage was exposed to the hot air around him, he had vainy red eyes dripping tears while he was laying on the ground. (in this story he can only overcome the force that stops him from doing things or move after taking a lot amount of damage by sheer will power, determination and motivation so even if he's immortal if the force stops him from moving or takes a lot of damage he can overcome it but he NEEDS those traits to do so and he'll only do it when he gets used to getting taken down when he's sick of getting played around by that unknown force by going insane enough to kill a person that's when he can do these

things but I didn't say it would be easy it would still be painful and almost impossible to pull off) after he calmed down he tried getting off the ground but when he moved everything in his body hurt like as if he was getting an electric shock every time he moved an inch. He barely got up and when he looked down he was in shock, half of his ribcage was exposed, his right leg bone was also exposed, his Index finger and middle finger were completely numb and moved distortedly when he moved his arm and his left arm was completely gone with the rest of his hand's bones being broken in half. He could barely walk like a zombie but even then he still felt like he was walking on the faces of people with sharp teeth who bit him every time he took another step. He looked for a sharp object other than his broken bone and then he found a crystal giant beating down a person who looked like he was turned to ashes near a wall and threw him towards Alan's direction. Alan's chest got completely ripped off from his legs when that person made contact with him and then the crystal giant grabbed him by his head, (I forgot to finish this but I'll shorten it to, he escapes gets to the bar (I forgot what he did there) goes up the mountain gets brutally damaged by a ninja but kept alive in order for him to suffer even more, when he gets on top of the mountain he sees hell on the other side of it and the man from the beginning is a living representation of his life how it tries to make him suffer in any way it can and how he can't do anything to stop him, Alan still outsmarts life stopping him from using his reality manipulating powers in order to strike him down, when life dissipates to ashes Alan dies along with him all of his struggle being rewarded by him finally being in piece... that was messed up now that I write that down

but it's okay I don't see it that way anymore... at least not as much

(2022 Saba here: god damn was I actually 13 when I wrote this? Since the main character is 13 I'm assuming I took my age and gave it to him but hey I might not have which is why I'm questioning myself)

17 the alive flame - alive flames are a race of people different from the humanoid race, they aren't aliens they both started existing in that planet and since we don't know how the human race started existing to begin with I'll just say that. Alive Flames were heartless killers who dominated the entire planet turning half of it into a desert because their power comes from brightness and heat. Humans could only survive this long because they found a crystal that could absorb the evil flames coming from those beings (they were colored Orange)

I didn't get into writing it since it's way too complicated so... you'll see it later I really like the story and try to make that world as fully realized as possible it's pretty fun coming up with how the world works and the random stuff I can come up for it

Now let's visit a new era of me writing stories and actually caring about making things look more interesting (also nothing actually follows a timeline of events, just because something is written higher doesn't mean it's objectively older)

(oh hello there past me, I see you've already added a new story to the classics... whelp I can't delete the echo of my text so that explanation of why "what if ki in dbz was plasma" is in the classics is here to stay)

Rain of alive birds – you don't know the pain they've been through

I played ddlc on my parent's computer and I quit playing it when I got a choice

My little sister was an annoying idiot who would rat me out every time I played a downloaded game on my parent's computer

My older sister was a jerk doing nothing but trying to make me feel miserable by either physically or mentally harming me

My mom argued to me and everyone else all the time
And my dad assaulted me for not doing what he wanted me to do

I had nightmares of dark souls from harry potter at least all of their faces looked the same

There were four of them, one of them was like a plant which would grow behind me and catch me when I tried to run into the grave

The taller one would rip my bones out just to stab me with them

A ghost taller than her would yell into my face until my ear drums would burst and make me bleed

And the tallest one would pummel me down sometimes giving me a chance to run into the grave but every time I'd get closer he'd catch me again and throw me away I cried a lot in those nightmares but overtime I stopped crying I was left with a blank face mixed with a face if disgust

I punched one of them but when I did they grew in size changed their color to red and attacked me even harder than before

When one of them caught me and yelled at me again I kicked her face escaped from her grasp and jumped into a hole in front of a gravestone it was my grave

There was nothing but bright white void surrounding me I looked up to see the demons (black souls) starring at me and yelling but a new one showed up which had white glowing eyes and a cross in the middle of his chest I took the cross that I had attached to my neck threw it to the ground and crushed it with my foot

After I woke up in the middle of the night I continued playing the game and when I finished it I realized something Monika knew my pain all along she never had

a choice in life and when she made her own path I ruined the ending for her

I sneaked outside went to the nearest tall building I could find I went upstairs and grappled the cross that I still had I hoped that heaven actually existed

I jumped off

The second my legs pushed me off the building I realized one thing

Heaven doesn't exist I would rot as a corpse slowly losing my memories and getting erased forever and the only hell in my existence was my life

I cried more than ever while still falling
And I finally
Hit the ground

The End

Short story Idea: Saba doesn't have control over his life. His father assaults him for not doing whatever he wants to make Saba do, his little sister is annoying and always comes up on top in stupid arguments, his older sister bullies him even when she literally sees him trying to jump off the building and his mother screams at him

about anything stupid she can come up with to argue about including not doing something that isn't even all that important in the first place. Saba one day jumps off the 7 story building (his house) and wakes up in an anime world where he is a person very similar to him but in his case he just fell on some stairs and fell unconscious. He got help by his friends they lend their hands to get him up but when he looked around he saw Sayori. He got Doki Doki literature club flashbacks he remembered what happened in the game how every single club member died so he ran away from her so he wouldn't hurt her but suddenly he got hit by a truck. He woke up scared in a black cave, he found an early 2000s computer next to him and tried turning it on, when he did he saw a map of his entire brain, he needed to get deeper into his mind which would be hard to do because he would get weakened more and more the deeper he went because deeper he got more suicidal, sad and outright depressing secrets he kept to his mind would be shown to him, near the end of the story when he'd fall in the pit of dark thoughts he would be so weakened he wouldn't do anything he'd just allow himself to drown to death because of how many memories he saw of his family being heartless monsters taking his life away and making him do whatever they wanted him to do. But before he'd fully descend to the darkness he lost lose his pupils after opening them and the pit got overwhelmed by the light coming from his eyes, we would see every instance of him using his instincts to saving himself and other people. Stopping himself from stabbing himself, protecting his friend in school from getting bullied and stopping himself from jumping off the building. His instincts saved his life one more time by making him swim upwards and get up on to the surface. He'd finally make it to the

deepest secret he locked up so he would never see it again. He saw the hardships his family has gone through that he made himself forget to make himself believe that he was stuck in hell surrounded by demons. His little sister looking up to her brother but then getting assaulted by him when she'd do something wrong, his older sister getting annoyed and bullied the same way Saba's younger sister is bullying him, his mother being a drug addict to stop her from feeling sad and depressed and his father getting left alone by his father having no other choice but to live with his mother alone in a broken home. Everything around him starts turning into dust and flies upwards quickly leading to him to turn into dust as well as he screamed in agony and sadness. He felt sad for them all and understood their feelings but he never got to do it because after he got turned to dust and erased we get out of that black void and see that he was in a hospital bed surrounded by his crying parents as the heart beat monitor showed a straight pulse rate line. He was getting weakened by his depressing memories because he was losing a will to live and that last memory was enough to lead him to his avoidable end.

Edds world story idea: Tom and Matt have an argument which leads to Tom telling him that he's not even creative enough to continue the franchise going which leads to Matt getting mad and going to his room then Edd asks why Tom didn't get along with Matt he just proved his friendship a month ago (meaning that Tord got defeated a month before that) Tom said how they aren't acting normally anymore and how the Edd and Tom feel of their world has drastically changed. Edd gets into Matts room and asks if he wants to recreate the alien room together, Matt doesn't understand what Edd meant at first but then remembers that in that room your imagination becomes reality, Matt asks if he's thinking what Edds thinking and Edd... gets a flashback of getting a literal brain freeze because of an ice cream made off of the ice found on cloud bergs. Then we see Matt connecting wires, screwing in screws and reflecting the brightness of the Oxyacetylene Torch by attaching mirrors on his face. Before Edd helps him out he tells Tom his plan of how they should fight in that room but tells Tom to go easy on him so that way the debt will be paid without Matt knowing that Tom was holding back in his creativity. Tom says that he'll go easy on him as we zoom into his face Tom makes a smile then Edd asks if he's lying or not and Tom says that he is... not lying at all, then Edd walks backwards while making the " I see you " gesture as he says that he's keeping a close eye on him then he slowly walks off screen walks back into our view and places a sticker of an eye on Tom's face.

Then we see Edd and Matt attaching the mirror power charging machine onto the outside of the room because they didn't want to find the wires of the mirror machine and the room. Tom shows up and pretends to be excited to cripple Matt which gets Matt mad but also thinks of his grandma which gives him an idea. I won't talk about what the characters use to their advantage in the room but I'll say that Matt will heal himself with the healing gun that Edd used in the Space Face episode, Tom stays on the defensive the whole time so he can find out how creative Matt actually is so he'll have a better understanding on how much he'll have to hold back (because he actually cares about his friend he already learnt that lesson in the end episode he just doesn't have an easy time admitting it and close to the end of the battle Tom sees the eye sticker fall off of his face which gives him a quick idea to get the advantage, he grabs onto and then throws his black eye to turn it into a black hole but it worked way too well because all of the characters get sucked into it. the black hole teleports them back in time which is something we haven't seen in the series (I don't mean Time travel in general I mean the main characters time traveling together back in time) they find the rabbit alien thing and Tom kills it with his trusty shotgun that he got by sucking half of his body into the black hole imagining a shotgun taking it and getting back to shoot at it. that would show how the series would abandon the idea of that creature and begin making normal Eddsworld episodes where the episodes of the past won't show up in the future and that they'll have short different adventures every episode and that instead of a mindless monster the main villain will be Tord... or someone working for Tord or the evil Tord being revealed as one of the clones from the Spares episode and that the clone is keeping real Tord a

hostage (I liked that theory) if you don't want to make Tord a villain again. We see the main characters do stuff like stopping Matt from using the time machine to make himself famous which leads to them getting the time machine and changing the course of history to the right way which would explain how the ending of the WTFuture was reversed. Matt uses a mirror to deflect a beam to save Super Guy and do stuff like that before stopping and thinking about how their actions could've effected the future because the time machine changed the future but maybe they were teleporting to another universe version of the past by using Tom's Black Hole then Tom corrects Edd that it's called a Worm hole.

You can make the characters do some other interesting stuff like getting back to the Spares episode and realizing that one of the clones survived but also here's a choice

Either they'll stay in the timeline where an alien rabbit exists with its eggs (which I don't like personally and should be scrapped as an idea)

Or ask newly saved Super Guy to destroy all of the eggs and the rabbit monster to save the day and see the interaction between the past Super Guy and the New Super Guy and how his kid likes his past version more which would lead to an arc for Super Guy to become a better father

OR allow them to live in the timeline where Tom killed the rabbit with the shotgun (which would make the characters seem like they don't care about their world)

Oh and also we could see what's happening in the future by seeing Time Police arrest them for messing with Time in a universal level then we see Edd from the future try to save the main characters by pretending to be a Lawyer which works because he points out that technically there are infinite universes so differences like that wouldn't effect anything and if they somehow made a time travel paradox the universal resetting system will do its thing (which was the thing that stopped the paradox from happening in the actual WTFuture episode)

The Past smile:

There was an old man, his eyes were blood red from his veins, his clothes ripped apart and aged, his eyes lifeless and with a bleak expression

He was walking down a hallway of capsules

Most of them were broken with every one of them with blood and severed body parts either attached to the glass shards or slumped over on the ground

The man was pouring gasoline on them

the final few capsules weren't broken however, they all had children with a smile devolving to a blank expression up to the last intact capsule which housed a teenager

The old man looked down at the child that had a wide smile

He stared at him in the dark with his red glowing eyes and breathed deeply

He opened the capsule, the kid opened his eyes and saw the creepy man with an axe in his hands

He saw the corpses next to him covered in gasoline and tried to run away

The old man chased the child down with his determination fueling his every step

the man screamed out angrily like a siren of death

The child slipped off the gasoline and glass shards on the ground pierced into the palms of his hands

He looked at its reflections and saw the red eyes of the man

The child looked around and-

The man after pulling the axe out of the child's head he
ripped out his mouth

then he scalped his own mouth, he screamed in pain and
agony but he knew it would all be worth it

The axe pushed into his flesh, when he was done his
mouth fell off with a loud splat echoing throughout the
hallway

He took the ripped out smile of the child and tried to
replace his expression but... it didn't fit

He stretched it, tore it, forced down on his face but the
size of the mouth of the child couldn't fit

then when he tried too hard it got ripped in half

Now the old man doesn't have a mouth

And no way of becoming happy again

and the body parts he was supposed to burn haunted him

Just another body to try to clear out with nothing fueling
his body

but pain

Ideas of characters and their stories

#1

This character has an ability to turn any material surrounding him into energy absorb it and either: make

himself stronger/ buffer, turn it into heat energy in the form of fire or gas or regenerate his body the exact same way it was before

(His powers work by turning material around him into energy and turning that energy to other materials like for example absorbing rock turning its mass into pure energy and then turning it to other things like what his body is made of to regenerate it)

There is a problem though he can't regenerate his memories, the only memories he can regenerate is up to the point of him getting his powers in his father's lab

So he doesn't remember what happened to his parents afterwards where he was how he got there but he knows that it's been 7 years after he got that power because when he got that power it was 2009 and he hasn't aged at all

He dedicated his life to writing books copying them over and over and giving them to people he trusts and have been through the same hardships he has so that if he lost his memories again by getting some kind of brain damage he would still live on in the form of the books and probably even allow himself to change into the same person by allowing himself to read that book and try to imitate it

The story will be about him trying to find such person in a school of monsters, why? 1 nobody will freak out about his powers

2 he will be approved of learning there since even if he looks like a human he has capabilities that the humans

would only dream of reaching... unless his father was still alive

3 he doesn't need to get a human job since he can regenerate himself by absorbing things around him therefore not needing food or heat or water

His problem will be that the inevitability of his memory's erasure scares him so much that he allows his fear control his everyday life to the point of him hurting other people for his own safety until he finishes the loop by giving the final book to someone and erasing it on his own because he believes if he'll lose his memories it'll be in his control, by his own hands

He tries not to get attached to the people he doesn't relate to in terms of personality and beliefs so he tries ignoring them because he knows they won't understand why he's doing what he does

He'll make 15 copies of the book
5 to give it to other people
4 to bury under ground
3 to the places he used to live in and remembers
3 to keep it in his tree house outside the school (His current home that he built off of erasing the trees around it making a place for him to lay down sometimes and watch the stars)

And yes I'm specific because couple isn't really the best choice for words when explaining how many copies of the book he made and also I got to explain where his current home was a tree house on a very tall tree and yes it's very tall so he'll stop suffering by thinking about dying in

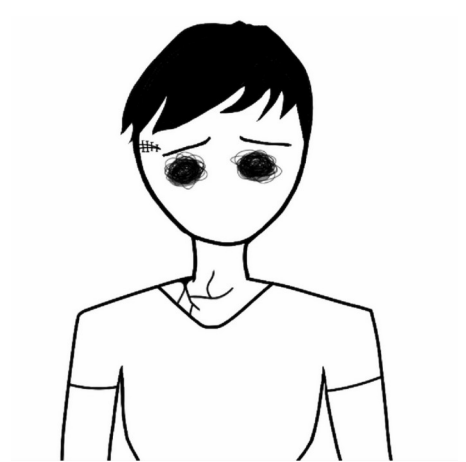
a wrong time and making new memories without writing about them so he'd kill himself by jumping off

#2

Wilter is an immortal human being with blacked out eyes, white skin tone of a dead body and hair that looks like mine

He looks kind of like this

Yes I did trace my hair on him



He can stretch his body to insane sizes which can lead to creepy imagery like him stretching his arm slide his finger on a bloody knife then de stretching his arm to lick the blood and realizing that it's the blood of his parents

He can stretch his body to swallow a human whole kind of like what pennywise was going to in chapter 1 but instead of biting into his victims first he swallows them without hurting them and if he's mad about them use the other half that he hasn't swallowed as a punching bag then pop his teeth out and start biting into the victim while he presses his foot on the lower part of his/her body as he

moves his head upwards until the whole body comes out bloodied up with deep cuts made by his teeth.

He is immortal because when he eats a human being he manipulates the shape of their swallowed body to look exactly like his and make their brain copy the electrical patterns of his brain so his entire body would be replaced with newer cells aka he would have a new body but look the exact same as his which means that he also keeps his memories.

He's blind and that's why he has black eyes they aren't just eyes they are his eye sockets, also I didn't draw Wilter this is just art that I drew couple of months ago that kind of looks like Wilter

The first time I imagined him I thought of a man running toward a girl in her house, she locks herself in her closet that looks very much like the closet in fnaf 4, she moves in the corner and cries as the killer opens the doors then he walks back in shock to see a hanging body of Wilter, Wilter looks up at him puts his legs down and walks towards him his neck was still stuck to the rope so his spine pops out as his head stays in the rope then he walks backwards removes the rope and sucks in his spine as if he was swallowing spaghetti, the killer was in shock he was breathing heavily in horror Wilter tells him confused: I didn't expect you to be so tall I don't think I've been there for that long... what happened to your voice? Are you sick? I'm sorry if I scare you I can't change my physical form... wait... you're not her are you? He walks back saddened into the closet he closes the side of the door he's close to and moves himself to the opposite corner of the girl, he starts crying black liquid

from his eyes the echo of his crying scared the killer so much that he dropped the kitchen knife, Wilter stops and opens the door then he faces his arm towards the sound of the knife he heard and stretched it towards it he slides his finger on it and feels liquid on it he moves it back to his face puts his fingers in his mouth and then immediately gets overcome with rage and sadness he screams crushing the closet door next to him he grabs the killer by his neck and stretches his mouth like a snake to fit his head then his shoulders his torso then he punches his stomach multiple times in sheer rage the entire process was organic and aggressive it's as if he was getting adrenaline his body moved faster than normally but not too fast

then... you know how it goes he stops half way to bite into his body then slides his head up as the killer's torso, shoulders, head and arms come out they're left with deep red lines of cuts that Wilter made. Then he beats him down to the inch of the killer's life and then begins the process again but this time instead of stopping half way and moving him out he swallows him whole

The girl tries to run towards the door to run away but then Wilter turns around and stretches his arm quickly in front of her face to stop the door from opening, when he hears her scream he realizes that it's her he tells her: I'm sorry you had to witness this I'm a good person I swear

He moves his arm back to its original state then she makes a run for it.

he turns around and opens the window (he realized which part of the room he was in when he felt the door on his arm when he stopped her
(he stopped her because he didn't realize that it was the girl who lost her parents))

He stretches both of his arms out and jumps out then de stretches his arms to fly towards the forest and then... he throws up the killer's brain but his body does change to a fresher look even though it's still white and he's still blind because again he can't change his original body but there's a problem with this power and it's that he can allow people to live on in a way by absorbing all of their memories but I already said that he can't change his original body and that's why he stays blind that's why I'm not making an entire story about him his own abilities either make less sense or he's going to be like a monster that I'm not going for because that's less interesting or he's going to lose his only weakness and in my opinion a great design choice

She didn't have parents to protect her because at first I imagined him being able to save the brain memories of people by eating them and not throwing their brain up he ate both of her parents before their death in their hospital beds it wasn't because he was a monster but to allow them to live on in a different way.

#3

Emmet's lovely room

Emmet is able to absorb a person and take them to his room by a black squishy and fleshy substance

The room is built with grey bricks in the surroundings there are tubes attached to sealing by copper leading to different glass containers with different labels on them

The start of the tubes are behind a glass box which is on top of a chair and the chair is in between two metal machines with saws in them they are made to cut off the victim's hands for the killer to grab one of them and nail it on the wall along with the others, the glass box can close by separating the person's legs off of his/her body and only keeping their lungs and heart intact, the black substance can keep the person alive as the victim screams and cries their ripped off body will be sent to the tubes, their bones will go to the bones section their flesh will go to the flesh section and so on.

The corners of the room are reinforced by the black substance they kind of look like vines growing on an old building

The killer can keep those people alive and torture them or he can kill them off for the tubes to absorb the leftover body parts so the killer will get rid of his old body and make a new younger version by the body parts that he kept in the glass containers

I was thinking of making a story about a teenager who kills and tortures whoever makes him mad or makes him think that they aren't worth keeping around

We'd see how he killed one of other psychopath's family members and how that psychopath kills his 8 year old sister to get revenge

Emmet would lose his mind because of this the only way he could bring her back is by giving her control over the room by transferring the black substance to her but then she would see the brutal reality of how messed up he is and stop acting like she used to be she'd hate him be scared of him and he might never even be able to talk to her normally again unless he burnt down and got rid of every single arm nailed to the walls that were thousands of years in the making and give up his powers for her to survive

Power and legacy or his family member

#4

Beyond all

The fastest way to make a person suffer is to give them the ability to visualize feel and see everything they thought they knew everything they believed in everything they lived with for their entire life to be all dead wrong

A machine of such power was tested on a person but... it didn't have the intended effect

He escaped the facility with ease and had nothing to fear because he could predict everything in the universe to an atomic level

He hid bombs to places where his enemies would go

He blew up nukes before they were used on him

He was pretty much unstoppable considering he could even dodge gun fire by predicting the way he could mess with people's muscle memory

What could people do to kill him, for all they know he could build machines that he could predict making him billions of years ahead

Wait it out? Let him die of old Age? Heck no he already knows the technology aliens and humans made billions of years into the future he can rebuild himself as anything he wants and even has armor which can absorb any molten metal harden it and boom he can regenerate his armor

He'd most likely need to stay near a volcano for it to be that effective unless he has lasers he could melt metal with

People stood outside of his home protesting screaming and shouting throwing garbage into his home

When he walks out of the door everyone freezes

They all quiet down like corpses

"With my mortal body I shall reenact the movement that will stop everything"

They all move away

He dances still with his orange prison uniform walking in an empty city

Walking over broken glass, torn apart metal bars and piles of concrete ripped off of houses around him

The credits start rolling

Also I thought of another gag where he stops me before I finish writing down the name of the story so I wouldn't have to think about the name of the story anymore

(2021 Saba here almost 2022 but there are 5 days left before that so I won't count it, at first I was thinking if the reader would think defensively for doing nothing and then I read the 2021 saba part and it's hilarious that I said it

before me. I forgot about it completely and when I read it, it was surprising to me that I already talked about it, thanks past me)

(2022 Saba here I'm just moving down the rabbit hole of my old writings to correct things here and there, that's all you can continue reading if you want to)

I want you guys to remember that when you die you leave this dimension forever and you have limited amount of time to say anything

Even if you're 12 years old you might still die

So you have to make sure that you'll leave something behind to your friends and loved ones before that happens or just do the same thing I'm doing and write about yourself that nobody else understood about you or deeper feelings you had about the world around you.

Say what you need and want to say by a message or even talk to them about it because the earth is spinning and it's not going to stay in one place for the rest of its existence, you'll never get an opportunity to tell them about yourself so... yeah you need to be ready for anything

(2023 here, I've changed up some things FINALLY, I felt like this year was going to be the laziest I'd be in a year and then I realized it's only been 8 days since Christmas so I can recover from my laziness)

#5

Lie heart

He wears a leather hood with sleeves that don't have arms inside them seemingly blocked off with belts

Well... not until he pushes his arms back out to catch the victims by surprise

Even if his enemy uses a light source to see his face under the shadow of his cowl they won't be able to

He is literally wearing the shadow on his face so no light can show his face... or her? It? I'll call it he screw it

he can obtain the energy of his opponents by the circular shape on his arms (the same way android 13 could in dragon ball Z), he also has white wires throughout his body like veins although we can't see it because he can shapeshift over them

He can use the wires to read the mind of his opponents by pushing the wires from the bottom of his feet to the underground and extending it out of the behind of his enemy to puncture it to the back of their head

So that he will learn their history to shapeshift into people they would never dare to hurt and if not just know their fighting style and know what they'd do in situations

Also, he can split himself in half and clone himself and while he does his body looks a little more liquid as of it was oil

The similar way a harry potter shapeshifting creature it doesn't have an original form but his current favorite form is a decomposed corpse version of whoever he's

facing with added details like scratches and tares that he's hoping to give them in the battle

#6

Limited life

I know this will sound very confusing but try to hear me out

This is a person who's always drunk and happy when he shouldn't be but when he drinks beer instead of getting drunker he becomes normal, depressed and more aware of his surroundings, he starts acting like he would've normally

You might think him just drinking beer to stay normal is fine but every time he stops being normal he forgets everything that happened when he was normal so it's like his normal self is like actually getting drunk to him

His constant drunken state (until he drinks beer) constantly has the same memories personality and thoughts the rest of his life

It's like if you constantly thought you're going to have a test tomorrow since when you were in 8th grade for the

rest of your life unless you drink beer and get normal for a limited amount of time and then forget what you did in that normal state

when he gets back to normal by drinking beer he has to write down what happens to him throughout the day and constantly drink to last normal for longer so if he gets to his natural habitat again and then drink beer to get back to his senses he'll read where he left off as a normal person

His entire life is based around what he writes in his notebook, it's like he's dying over and over and over again mentally because drunk or not he still forgets what happened before

#7

A Dying Man Kills

a man who I'll be calling Emmet had two friends, one of his friends was pretty much the opposite of him even though he was still kind hearted and his other friend was pretty much a reflection of him

But one day he had a conversation with her and asked her if their relationship was healthy because... they never argued, he didn't think there could be people who had the exact same ideologies as the rest

She told him "wouldn't it be better if we tried to avoid violence in a relationship? Like... saying that you agree

with your friend even if you really don't will not only make them happy but... not inclined to start hating each other?

Emmet was shocked by what she said, he assured told her that that is messed up, that she should have her opinions and if she doesn't want others to start a fight she could just communicate her opinion in as least triggering way possible

Like let's say "I hate spending time with people" sounds more directed at people than "I feel better when I'm left alone"

I added this conversation to make her seem more like a human than just a perfect friend so that it'll be more painful to see her... die

And no she won't just be killed she'll be killed when she was trying to protect the only friend who showed her the right way to live her life

And to make it more depressing there won't be that many people in her funeral because she didn't have parents, only her grandparents remained

The killer shot her dead and before he could shoot Emmet his friend stopped him dead in the tracks, the killer was sent to prison for life for his actions

(I'll call his remaining friend Liam)

Emmet wanted to avenge his other friend and told what he was planning to do to Liam

Liam tells him not to do so because if he did that he'd not only become as bad as the person killing his friend but killing a person would leave a permanent mental scar on him

Emmet considered this and tried to hold himself back from harming the killer but instead just asking why he did it and how he got to that point so maybe he could stop other people from becoming as blood thirsty as him

Emmet went to the prison in which the prisoner was held captive and tried to make him speak

The villain though had other plans, he knew that he'd rot in this prison so the only way he could make a world a worse place is by killing two birds with one stone

But one bird would literally die and the other mentally

Liam snaked in, in case Emmet tried to execute the plan
A

The killer casually started talking about how he felt about the encounter, how he enjoyed killing people and more

specifically what he was planning to do with the corpses of him and his friends

Emmet lost his mind when the killer dared to remind him what happened that night

The killer smiled and his last words were “don’t get angry now, you’re not special by any means, I’ve already killed hundreds”

Emmet’s eyes turned blood red, the veins on his eyes appeared as if they were cracking the eyes

Emmet bashed the killer’s head against the wall multiple times before throwing him to the ground and beating him down to the inch of his life

Emmet didn’t care about anything but one

Making him pay

Emmet suddenly heard a noise of-

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING!”

It was Liam

By the time Emmet got back to his senses the killer had no more than a quarter of a head left

Emmet looked terrified, he looked at his bloodied arms and then he looked at what was left of the killer’s face, he hallucinated himself being the killer

His morals were killed

He fled the crime scene and isolated himself in his home because not only was he ashamed and terrified of what he did but he was afraid that he'd lose Liam, he just appeared out of nowhere as if he was stocking him and if he was going to try to help him out of this he'd also get in trouble and maybe even die just like... she did, she died by helping him and he couldn't allow that to happen again

He started having nightmares of him being beaten down by a murderous angry version of himself

In the dark he started seeing blood on his arms and when he turned the lights on he couldn't

Then he started trying to numb the pain by getting himself drunk but over time instead of it making him happy it made him mad that he couldn't get rid of it

He started beating himself up and yelling "get out of my head"

then we skip to the time where he had scars and bruises on his face, he somewhat healed from the physical pain but he felt so much of the mental pain that he started being numb to it, he couldn't show any emotion he was blank all the time even if he still felt pain

One day he saw a guy getting robbed in an alley so he made himself believe that maybe if he did it enough times he'd either numb his pain completely or he could

make himself enjoy the experience of killing so that his mental pain would turn into a mental paradise

It did not turn out that way but he kept pretending to like it, he started acting like he was insane and that he enjoyed every second of torturing people but inside he was still suffering

his constant strive to make it better by trying to enjoy insanity which only made him fall deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole of self harm

#8

A clone's new normal

In World War 2

There was a man who survived an explosion that lead to half of his entire body being left with scars and burnt out flesh

In this world there is a thing called "a second stage" where you have a guarantee to survive something but lose many of your memories in the process, it was very rare so he was 6/8000 who survived that blast

His new self got determined to immortalize himself but not literally but figuratively, he's never gotten a chance

to experience death and resurrection which would show just how mortal we all are

So he decided to devote his entire life to capturing his enemies and making them go through things that he went through in his second life to make them exactly like him

First, he only captured people with “the second stage” so he blew people up and made sure to make them have his key traits such as a disconnected limb, lost eye, half-burnt head, and enjoyment of other people’s torture

When they survive he shoots both of their arms and legs and with a twisted smile cuts their eye in half as they watch in horror with their other eye

Then he sends them to his prison where they’ll be forced to do tasks so that he’ll find the people who have the exact personality and thought process as him

The first task was for a guard to aim his gun at them in their cell with nothing on them and the guard saying “what’re your last words” they would have to gouge out the gun (preferably with their teeth)from the guard’s gun, punch through their glass lense on their helmet and bash the broken glass into their eyes before shooting them dead by aiming the gun close to their face and not shoot the helmet

Again he wanted them to be the same as him down to the bone he was very picky because he wanted to be immortalized this bad

Also when he does this he's 50 years old so he does all of the things that were done to him like... 30 years ago in WW2

Since they won't have the memories of their past life after "the second stage" they'll be a perfect candidate for his perfect replacements

I'll skip the in-between tasks because I haven't come up with them yet

In the final task, two of the best people need to fight to the death, they're assured that those two people are random instead of chosen when in reality they absolutely are

The main character will have to face the person who he's had a great relationship with, a person who he cares for

The man on top of the stands (the man behind all of this from ww2) taps his finger on a microphone before saying "you two will have to fight to the death, if you disoblige you'll both meet the consequences, I repeat, If you don't battle to the death we'll bring both of you down"

he had a slight hint of aggression and sadness in his voice, when he was done speaking he turned off the microphone immediately in frustration and sat back to try to calm himself down, he had a frustrated face and was starting to cry, he didn't want to watch the fight but he knew he needed to

He's mad that he has to do inflict this pain on other people to make one of them the perfect copy and get the defining trait that he has

The boy and the girl fought, they had a sword and a shield and the girl let the boy strike her so that he'd survive

The man screamed in the microphone "STOP" in agony, he put on a black mask which hid away his sadness and put on a different uniform before walking down the stairs and into the battleground calmly

The ring was like the roman battleground

He looked down at her and then looked at the boy who was the victor

He pulled out a gun and shot down the main character

She was lost for words, she was shocked, angry and sad all at once

The man kicked her out cold and when she woke up threw her into a specifically designed prison cell, the one that probably he was sent into after he had to see his friend die at the hands of the monster with a suit

She banged against the door in rage thinking of only one thing, killing the man who did this to the boy

We zoom out and see countless other familiarly made prison cells and around them are blood marks, in them, out of them and even in the halls away from the rooms

Will she be the clone, will she change for the better or will she end up like the rest of the failed experiments

#9

A circle of depression

A child gets rebuilt as a robot

The child meant to die but his parents didn't allow him to, his expressions were blank but he was very emotional

When he was rebuilt as a robot and the creators gave his parents control over him they started changing his programming to fit their needs instead of letting him stay as he was when he was human and letting him live his life

But there was one thing they couldn't change, his curiosity since it was still a part of his brain and not a part of the robotic mind which backfired on his parents horribly when he saw the machine they were altering his programming with and a gun in his father's drawer

The father saw this happening and immediately tried to run home to turn him off with his remote but when he got there the kid already altered his programming to not care about a human life and instead enjoy the death of people who deserve it

With a blank face he aimed his father's gun at his father, his father stopped and told him to calm down

The kid said "you took myself away, why would you think taking the life of your own son away and making him your slave was a good idea, you're truly no better than a mindless robot"

His father tried running towards the remote but since the kid was partly a robot he could react way faster than he could so he shot him through his legs and then went up close to punch him in the spine multiple times so that he'd die slowly by losing his ability to breathe and pump blood by rupturing the nerves in his spine

After he was done he took the remote, opened it and ripped out the wires inside before biting it down and ripping it to shreds with his sharp metal robot teeth (kind of like the teeth of Kirishima when he uses his quirk)

—

When he was punching his father in the spine he was shifting between smiling and crying, he started laughing like a maniac while crying because even if he programmed himself to enjoy torture of people who deserve it his human side still feels sadness and depression as he was doing it

He got ptsd because his robot self beat his father to death

There was also an alternate version where his father already had the remote he just had to aim it at him to turn him off

In this version his father presses the button just as the kid shoots him in the head so his robot part turns off but his other half of his body that was organic was still awake so he had to struggle and crawl with other side of his body to reach the remote and turn himself back on

When he was climbing like that his flesh and bones were grinding up against his metal body parts which hurt him a lot, it doesn't hurt him when his robot self is turned on because he has pain inhibitors

So he came full circle, first being depressed and suicidal enough to kill himself because of his terrible family who wanted to make him their slave

Then he forgot all about that before he found a box in his room with depressing and messed up art that he didn't remember drawing at all which were also recently drawn which made him curious as to what was happening and getting into his parent's room when they were away without their permission which his father found out by a tracking device

Then when he killed his father he got ptsd and depressed again now instead of fearing and hating his family and trying to kill himself for it he killed his family and started hating and fearing himself

When he escapes after packing his bag he starts a new life away from everyone else in a forest, when he finds a person who's curious as to why there's a half robot kid living alone in a cave he runs away from her because he's too afraid to meet people he's afraid that he'll kill again, he has nightmares and hallucinations appearing out of nowhere about his father coming back as a robot but still bleeding from the gun wound he got from his head (or in an alternate version his legs and has a ripped out spine but the head gun wound is a better version in my opinion)

It was also night when they met, I'll think of her back story later but I know she'll have somewhat a similar back story but without the murder part so they'd see resemblance between one another and a better relationship because of it because they'd understand each other's struggles

After he ran away from her jumping over fallen trees with moss on them, climbing them and jumping away she finally catches him and tells him not to be afraid

That's at least what I imagined what happened when they met

There's still a problem though... it would be too convenient for him to meet a person in a forest at night who's also went through the same struggles and pain as him... minus her killing her dad but still she was abused

Actually two problems, it's also convenient that either the father left the remote at home in the same room his son was in or that the remote needed to be pointed at him to work

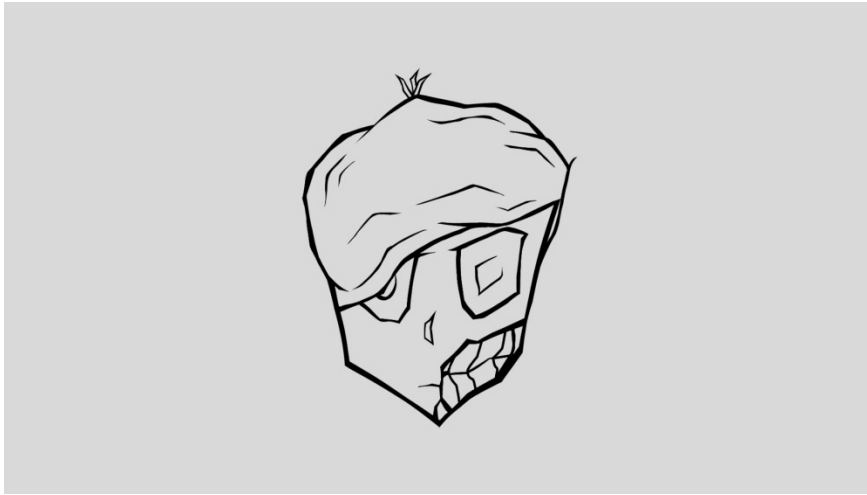
Or that his robotic side even got memories that he had before the real side brain got slammed against the pavement when he fell off the building

Actually this is probably why I'm going to keep it unfinished, there are too many problems and conveniences to work out but I do like the idea of the story so I'll also keep it

Fun little detail, when he was running away from the girl he almost fell down and realized his robot leg was way faster and stronger so he decided to grab onto his organic leg with his other arm, leaned forward and started jumping as hard as he could with his robot leg forward, when he got his face too close to the ground he pushed himself forward with his robotic arm

Also before any of that he bought a small solar panel and a big electricity containing box which was rechargeable so he'd charge up his robotic body if he needed to... also he bought it with the money he took from his father's

wallet which he put in his back pack when he was packing things to escape his home



also this is him, haven't finished it yet though he's missing a neck and shoulders

The ending: at night his robotic self takes control once again when he sees the girl making a mistake and thinks that she deserves to die, they run into an old school, it was rainy and dark, when he spots her he tries to convince himself it's all his fault and starts punching himself to hurt himself so that his robotic self will think his organic self deserves to die and starts fighting his other half, he bit off three fingers of his own arm with his metal teeth and with all of his might tried to stop it from punching him more, when it started to overload with electricity to push harder he smiled, turned his head and let go so that the fingers which were electric and sparking would hit his robotic eye, it electrifies his robotic part and turns it off, he stays slumped over on the ground rotting away with smoke coming out of him, the electricity not only fried his robotic parts but also fried his flesh

He beat his emotions and did what was right... that should be his arc, instead of letting his emotions best him that was the sole reason he programmed his robotic self to be careless about a person's life will be beaten by the weak frail body that learnt the correct way to end it all

Also since he was trying to stop his robot self from getting to her and judging by how she was able to catch up to him the first time they met implies that she'd be able to escape his robotic wrath and hide away

He got what he wanted in the beginning of the story, became depressed again aka got back his personality but with a price of that he'd struggle and suffer a different way, through his own action and not that of his parents, which got solved after he met her, she'll be a flat arc character trying to help him, and after he develops out of his struggles with ptsd he'll have to face his other weakness that drove him to that point in the first place, listening to his emotions aka his past self who programmed his robotic self to show no mercy towards a person who pisses him off

#10

Self Deception

A little boy literally won't let himself get anything good in his life because he thinks everything is made to torture him

Every time he wants something it's taken away like if he wants privacy his parents storm into his room, if he wants to spend his free time alone at home he's forced to go out with his family

He doesn't talk about anything that comes to his mind because he knows they'll pretend like they're oblivious to it when in reality there were way too many "convenient times" they happened to do something that hurt him mentally

He'd rather do nothing in situations than something because he always knows doing nothing is better than doing horribly and every time he takes action something bad happens

Like if he argues back to his parents about something that isn't actually fair they scream and fight against him even more with more nonsensical reasons and proof that he's wrong that he can't fight back against

When he finally gets something he enjoys it's either a distraction that'll allow others to do something that'll disrupt it in his only free time, take it away completely or it'll have consequences in the future like if he played games at night since they took away all his free time in the day he'll be too tired at school which will lead to his parents fighting him and claiming that he's too addicted to the things he likes

That's why when he's in a park and imagines his younger parents waiting for an embrace of a younger version of him who's trying to walk towards them he imagines shooting the child at the back of the head because he knew that was the first step of deception, people who you think as your parents aka people who're torturing you are people who you can't fight back against

That was his motto and so was mine

(I know it sounds very childish but I was emotional so... stop judging me)

Not MY Hero Academia

A man (I'll call him Dave) teleported into the world of mHA

And immediately he got a panic attack not only because he teleported there and that he doesn't know about the show but also because he's a nobody in this universe

He doesn't have a home, records of him, his past work is all gone and even his family is gone

it got even worse when he realized that there are way more dangerous criminals and 70% of the population has super powers

His day couldn't get any worse so he went out to a bar to ease his pain

He saw someone wearing a mask and getting bullied by people for wearing it

He tries to stay calm but when their bullying goes too far he pulls out his gun and aims it at them

First he had an angry expression as if he's trying to hold it off then he starts laughing painfully before changing his laugh to screams of anger before he bangs his arms against the table and walks out of the bar

The man with a mask follows Dave and when Dave hears his footsteps he aims his gun at him in panic

The he says “don’t sneak up on me like that Jesus Christ” before opening his revolver forcing the bullets out of it and putting them in his pocket

The man with a mask recommends him to join a team but David laughs to that

“I know you don’t know what I’m talking about but I’m not from around here, My life was left probably trillions of light years away, I don’t have a job, people who know me nor am I going to get any of those because I’m a powerless prick, so you think me being just another powerless failure in your boy band is going to fix things? HELL NO”

The man with a mask recommends him to be able to get a super power of his own if he joins the gang

David stops laughing, he pauses and looks at the man with a mix of doubt and happiness

David asks if he could get an ability to clone himself (because that way he at the very least wouldn’t be alone while trying to live a new life and get help from his clones by them doing different tasks)

The man with a mask says “trust me, you do not want to clone yourself”

David says “I know there are many people saying clones will fight against you but that’s only if you treat them as if you’re a dictator, they’ll know the struggle I’m going through we’ll all try to make things fair and right and we will all help each other reach our goals and if I can’t get

my life back I'm sure as hell going to need help from a person who understands me the most"

Later in the story when he gets that ability since he can't just absorb them back into himself to get all the experience and knowledge they got from helping him complete different tasks he'll feel more worthless and think he's still not doing this fairly

His clones are sacrificing themselves in fights with the villains because they know if the original goes there they'll all die

Also he has difficulty remembering size of every single part of his body because it's too complicated for him so it takes him multiple days to get to remember them and then months of suffering to find out how the heck to even use those darn quirks while having to get a job a home and get back to his hobbies to leave something meaningful behind in his life

So he has to not only live with his clones but also as he put it "I might clone myself a thousand times and even then I'd be a failure because only a few of them would live their lives correctly"

His belief in living fairly aka giving them all a task to do makes them and him feel less like human and less perfect in return because a human being is supposed to do all of those things all on their own so if they got

experience in only one thing they wouldn't be good enough

Like if one of them only read books and another only exercised

Neither of them would get more experience in something else, their hobbies and the work they want to strive for would cease to exist because their lack of doing them would make them worse at it

One would be frail, another would be dumb but both would be depressed husks of what they used to be because they wouldn't do multiple things at once

And now that he made that mistake he can't just press an undo button he can only keep them together or kill them and get new clones that worked on multiple stuff like he forced himself to do (because he felt so worthless even after cloning himself he decided to do all those things)

The man with a mask was right but not for the reasons that affected Dave

(it's not exactly his hero academia because he can't adjust to the new life he's given because it wasn't really his to begin with, he won't know or experience the world as well as the people born in it that's why I made m in me lower case in the name, either way I'm happy you read it)

#12

Reallusion

A monster who believed she was a human lived trapped in a cave, she thought she was a human because she lived in her imagination so she saw everything as what she imagined therefore her seeing herself as a human, when monsters would get in her cave she would defend herself

One night when she was very tired, too tired to even think reality seeped in into her imaginations once in a while, she would see red blood in places where she fought monsters and instead of food in her drawers there were severed organs dangling on chains

She tried to convince herself that she was sleeping judging by how tired she was, that it was all an illusion

She felt something breathe behind her bent over cracked neck

She got a heart attack thinking it was one of the monsters

But all there was was a terrified human who stopped moving and held his breath when she loomed over him

Everything went darker when she felt air hit her neck, the world was unlike her imaginations, the human in front of her looked wounded

She could barely make out the human silhouette

When she asked "what are you" human ran away, when he did She looked at her arms and freaked out, She closed her eyes and said "I need to rest"

The next day after the monster took some rest She saw the world as her imaginations again but sometimes when she'd question the reality she saw that night reality around her would shift and bend, cracks would form and the real world would seep in again

When that would happen she'd close her eyes terrified and tell herself "I am just tired, I must be dreaming, I am normal"

But when she'd say this her mind would question things that made no sense in her perception of reality

like how there was food appearing every time she fought the monsters or where the monsters came from, if there was actually anything new in a world that she wouldn't understand in the reality she believed was real other than what she saw that night

Every time her mind would remind her about what happened at that night she'd see the real world she'd reassure herself that it was all an illusion, every day she'd get more and more aggressive and tired from having to convince herself which lead to her seeing the real world more because of how emotionally exhausted she was

One day she saw a dark void around her and only one source of light, a very tall hole above her with bars on it

She looked around and saw multiple white glowing eyes staring back at her

She took a step outside of the circle of light that she believed protected her from the blood thirsty monsters that she's been fighting for all those years

and when she got engulfed in darkness she asked "I'm normal aren't I?"

She got no response

#13

Anti surface

Eric was getting chased by Eric, he was terrified running away wounded trying to avoid him at all costs

He went out of the balcony and in his yard, he felt pain in his legs and fell down, he felt sharp objects in his legs, he started crawling away in agony

Eric pins him down and moves a shard of glass towards his neck

Eric catches his hand before he can enter the shard into his neck but Eric was still moving it closer and closer with his fingers

His eyes were psychotic and blood red

He started screaming in rage “ I’TS YOUR TURN, END IT ALREADY!!! END IT!!! END IT AAAAAAAAAALL- “

Eric heard a gunshot, the blood sprayed on the side of his face, other Eric went limp and what’s left of his head fell on his shoulder

He started breathing heavily after pushing Eric away in impulse and leaning against a wall starring at the fresh corpse, he was exhausted from holding off the glass shard away from his neck

He looked around and saw his little sister carrying his father’s gun on a balcony

She dropped the gun and ran to Eric scared hugging him and asking “ are you okay? “ as if she was in the verge of bursting into tears

Eric said “ I’m okay! I’m okay, I’m okay “ and hugged her back

He looked in front of him

And saw his sister on the balcony...

I thought of a story where a character's reflection which is supposed to be a physical reflection of him actually is an internal reflection, everything Eric hid away from everyone else was there, how broken he was and how he wanted to end his life and how he hid away all of his anger and emotion

When there's pitch darkness they can go through the mirror and finally act on their own terms

#14

Same times other worlds

(I'm not even going to try to hide this, this character is just an alternate version of me)

He stayed awake the entire night laying down thinking about things like if it's even worth it to stay awake in the day because he'll be forced to do things he doesn't want to when at night he's alone like he wants to be

When the light of the sun hit his curtains he heard a yelling of joy from somebody outside who sounded like what he sounds like when he listens to his recorded audio

He jumped out of his bed and looked outside and saw someone jumping multiple feet into the air one building to another

He got confused, then turned around and-

He woke up, he looked around and thought it was just a very realistic dream but every time he waited long enough for it turn day time he woke up again, not hungry not thirsty he woke up in the exact same position

I haven't come up with a full story... none surprisingly, but I did think of how it was going to work:

Every time he reset by dying his weight would decrease and if he killed his other selves he'd regain his weight (because since he needed a body to reset to travel to another universe which is very similar to his own he'd have to HAVE a body and if he was dead that wouldn't work so his body would sacrifice half of his weight to clone himself right before his death so one would die and stay there as a corpse and the other would teleport)

When he got so isolated that he went mad and tried to kill people with his father's gun his kind future self got back to that reality to kill him before he could kill anyone every time

he even heard his own voice saying something that he couldn't hear clearly, he got THAT crazy... maybe

The kind future self killed him for trying to kill so that his crazy past self would feel powerless every time he died and he'd lose his weight every time leading to him getting an epiphany and starting to think positively and trying to use his ability to reset for good

he once even met his past self when he was isolated talking to himself in one of his resets which lead to him to conclude that if he resets enough times he can reset to the reality where he already reset to, so he tried to tell him everything would be okay but not loudly enough to wake up his little sister in the other room

He decided to stop his past mad selves from killing people who was driven mad by resetting to the same day for a decade with no progress at all

his weight split so many times once that he was able to jump multiple feet into the air, so right before the reset he jumped outside to jump on top of buildings, he yelled "WOOOO HOOO... oh wait-" he turned around to the window of his home and saw himself right before resetting again

His kind nature never got him out of the loop though which lead to a loop of him getting depressed, angry, psychopathic to kind and positive over and over again forever

Because his mind couldn't remember EVERYTHING that he went through for infinite amount of time since his brain had a limited space so he'd do the exact same thing over and over for hundreds of thousands of years without even realizing it

Then he was be teleported to a universe which was completely different from his own

Again there are infinite universes, he just had a very low probability of getting to a universe which was very different from his universe, he just reset over and over to universes which weren't the EXACT same as his universe but have incredibly small changes like one atom of wind not existing

So it would take hundreds of thousands of years for a probability of him teleporting to a universe which was completely different once

And teleporting to that completely different reality would lead to a chain of events which would allow him to reset to THAT different universe over and over until he got to another universe to get a different adventure

And experiencing the same world for that long would change him over and over to the point of becoming a different person each time

His consciousness would travel through infinity of reality infinitely and he wouldn't even remember who he used to be back when the thing he was most worried about was if he should get off bed or not.

That would make sense of how I would be in other stories with a different personality and abilities

Because back then I didn't just think of stories I thought of how it would feel like if I was in the story

I am so happy I came up with a more creative way to let one character (myself) travel through different stories and universes

Instead of him being teleported out of nowhere or some giant robot computer giving him missions it's a part of an infinite loop which changes each time

Actually... his ability to reset to another universe isn't explained because I didn't come up with it yet

I should probably come up with a way to explain how he got that ability which won't sound cheap like some random ancient idiot giving him that ability for reasons

So yeah... that's the story of how in stories where I am in could be sequels of this story and make slightly more sense of how the heck I'd get there with a different personality

#15

Walls of deception

He was in a room since his birth drawing and redrawing from whatever he saw to imagine what could be outside of his bubble of existence

He was creative as a little kid coming up with ideas like the walls one day being able to move forwards infinitely but him not being tall or strong enough to do it yet

Sometimes though he imagined the exact same room that he was in being out there with more children trying to crack the code to make himself feel less alone

He could see a light through the keyhole of the room

When he grew up the door finally opened but it wasn't like what he hoped it would be

There were creatures that looked different from him, they were much taller, the most terrifying thing to him was that they had two eyes

He was taken downstairs to a bright white room and was electrified over and over and over pinned to a metal bed

When he was thrown into his room like a ragdoll his imagination ran wild

He threw out the idea of him not being alone entirely and that he was the only one going through this experience, everything was made to break him down

Everyone was stronger which wasn't fair but he couldn't change it

Everyone was daring enough to show themselves to him like they weren't even afraid of getting hurt by him

Every day this continued, his mature nature becoming no better than a joke to him a joke that he didn't laugh to

One day he realized one of his ideas might be correct, the wall was moving when he pushed it but not in a way that he first assumed

When he hit the wall hard enough the imprint of his arm would appear, that happened especially when he recently got electrically shocked

So he continued every day to break the bones of his hands just in the hopes of a better life but then they just rebuild the wall as if nothing happened

His powerlessness angered him even more to the point that he actually started physically fighting them, but they always teamed up on him, they always used a weapon against him and he was left there

One day he thought... what's the point

He always loses, every step only leads to a more painful fall

He decided to take his bad sheet

And wrapped it around his neck, he pulled the sheets harder, he cheered himself on in his mind telling himself he's almost there, that he'll finally be free that they'll finally lose

But he just could not bring himself to continue

Once he did it for so long he passed out but he still woke up unharmed

One day when he was zapped he decided to do something that never popped into his head ever since he tried it as a toddler

He decided to try to rip the hinges out

He not only ripped them out but sent them through the walls and mirrors with only red oozing torn-apart organs on the other side

He finally fought back

He ran around looking for a way out

And... it was cold, really cold

Everything was white, there were weird shapes of the terrain and colors with all of them having a river of tiny white cold blocks, everything around him seemed way bigger than him and he felt more insignificant

He couldn't last a day in such an environment

He saw another creature, it was small, colored like the surroundings but it had two black eyes and two long shapes that resembled a toy of a plane's wings

He started liking it and tried to help it survive in this cold harsh place

he found out what it liked to eat and learned what wanted it dead

He fought them all off one by one

Until a new challenger approached they looked... the exact same as the monsters who tortured him in the past, their bodies were different however, their bodies had a different color and they looked bigger than the creatures he fought off before, they also in the place of cyan-

colored mouths they had strings that looked like the small creature he was helping but black and brown and rougher

They were holding something which in his case was always a weapon, they pulled a circular shaped glass near their one eye, they pointed the tip of the weapon at his little friend and-

After the loud noise in a single blink, the sight broke him down entirely

He had an epiphany

In his life both good and Bad was there to torture him,
everything good to him was bad pretending to be good so
that he'd lose them afterwards

Those monsters saw him everywhere, heard him
everywhere and they just pretended like they just
happened to walk up to him

He left them in the exact same shape as his friend and
walked off

He went into a cave, dark like all light was swallowed, he
felt sharp edges of rocks all over the place, and there was
growling echoing to him
With a single swipe of his arm, he made the creature
cease to exist not even knowing what it was

He knew they'd try to get into the cave, he knew they'd
just pretend like they got lucky and found him so he
sealed himself off entirely with the boulders around the
place

He laid down in the darkness but couldn't be laid to rest

He started trying to lie to himself about how the whole
world worked and pretended to exist in a completely
different world from his own, slowly seeing the dreams
more and more clearly

Little did he know that his cave wasn't the only one that
was full of pain hidden away with dreams and forgotten in
time

#16

infinite worlds in one

A world's one middle tip is being sucked up by a black hole and the opposite side is a white hole recreating the world with the same elements recreating the rules of physics on that side of the planet and the people who went into the black hole

There are people like William who don't want to be recreated and constantly travel for decades and explore the new worlds that nature creates

And there are people who want to get into the black hole because the last remnants of their past world are gone and they think it would be for the best to reset

and people who're trying to escape the planet entirely to find other planets

and people who're trying to make the world a different place by bringing as many space materials as possible to recreate the world with more diverse elements

and people who're trying to stop them from doing that because they believe that the world should at least stay with elements which it had instead of what it is given so that people will understand its history better and find out how it used to be

When things from other worlds like meteors with materials that the planet doesn't have hit the planet and

restart with the help of the black hole they become a natural part of the planet

The planet is the size of Jupiter but the black hole and the white hole are tiny in comparison which is why it takes them all the way to the tips of the middles of each side for them to be recreated

the people on the planet are immortal or at least they don't age

Deep Caves have everything the surface has but it bends around and twists and the surface around the cave gets sucked into the cave making the cave deeper so the deepest caves in the world are pretty much the closest to the black hole

So when a child's mother decided to go into the black hole the child's life goal became to find his mother once more

William is so old that he can't even remember the world he was born in

But he avoided all human contact for so long he hasn't been forced to think about it that much so he hasn't accepted that technically he's already dead and a completely different person the only thing the same about him is the look of his physical body

The lucky people who have a lot of electric pulses in their brains and are physically strong get reincarnated as different people

the unlucky ones however mold into the world, the fibers of their bodies being attached to the surface of everything on the surface

and some very unlucky ones aren't even on the surface they become a part of the underground all alive stuck down there

which is why children have the highest risk of staying underground and why some people who constantly move away from the black hole dig underground to find the remnants of those people who molded and distorted into terrifying shapes stuck underground unable to live a life and become human again in the next reset and instead stuck perpetually being more and more distorted

the most distorted person ever found is Nathan who stretched out to 57 feet in height, 100 feet deep with a wavy shape given by the movement of tectonic plates and he molded to 3 other people who were named: Jeremy, Nova, and Ashley

all of them were named after they were found since people who're recreated instead of being born don't remember their names or much of anything from their past lives

There was an age when the rules of physics supported the life of the deformed creatures which kickstarted "the age of nightmare" where giant monstrosities were able to move and act on their own hunting down others and eating them whole to let them have enough power to

continue living, they could barely hold themselves together

There is a blue see-through wall between the two worlds, the wall contains the rules of physics on both sides of the worlds... it's less like a wall and more like two visible magnetospheres containing the rules of physics inside of them, the one that gets close to the black hole shrinks along with that part of the world and appears on the other side with different rules of physics inside it

which is what normal humans took advantage of to stay safe by staying on the safe side where the rules of physics didn't allow them to be able to move

but since that part of the world would still move to the black hole they'd still be forced to fight those monsters or be sucked in and reincarnated leaving them with no information on how to protect themselves

so before that part of the world got turned into the nightmare world on the other side they used the wall to bate those monsters into that realm and kill them when they fell unable to move again because of the rules of the other side

one distorted monster was actually lucky enough for her brain not to be too distorted making her more human than the ones that hunted like animals, so she decided to make a wheelchair that would move on its own, strapped herself on it, and moved towards the white hole so that she'd allow herself to live for longer by not being stuck slumped over on the ground and waiting to get absorbed

on the other side, her 128th birthday is coming up by the time William starts looking for his mom

So she was pretty much the first person to make a functional car in this universe

and don't think she just did it out of nowhere, she has been learning from the remains of what humans have left behind for years, and that doesn't even mention the amount of time she had to hunt monsters to gather up food

The deformed engineer took 28 years of nonstop working to finally get to make a car off of whatever scraps she could find and powered it using coal left in abandoned homes

After she reunited with the humans... at least close to the wall she immediately got to work on learning more about ingenuity and the newest technologies they've made to make a new machine to support them in the war

The biggest problem in the war at the time was strong storms that flung people around

So instead of trying to find out how to fix the problem, she decided to embrace it

she made kite ships for people aka planes that didn't start flying on their own but used the push of the storm to fly it, it was like wind ships but with contractable wheels so if anyone fell a wrong way the wheels could be moved closer to the ground with springs to make the landing safer, she was supposed to test drive it but the wind pulled it upwards earlier than expected and it smashed

on the ground breaking it to pieces so she added those for safety, so it was pretty much her car invention but a better version mixed with a sailing ship

They used the ships for rescue missions by throwing down a rope with stairs on them and moving up those ropes up to bring them to the ships and then bringing the lost people to the bunkers safely

Then they started weaponizing the ships like adding sharp edges to any place they could especially the front part which looks like a pole of a ship

would still be rescue items there but if they'd be in a bad situation where they couldn't keep the plane up long enough they'd have to throw out the heavy things like the rope propeller

the things she built were insane for the time considering she was working with technology comparable to technology in the 1700s but since nobody could age she always failed but that always meant she got back up again

she is pretty much the main character... at least for the war story

The color of the sky would change in the different regions of the planet because of its different rules

In the nightmare world, the sky was blood red and water was boiling up into the atmosphere which was a huge problem because when the nightmare world fully took

over the planet and the black hole started absorbing the nightmare world for the first time it also absorbed all the water in the form of gasses which turned into water on the other side which flooded the other side of the wall giving the humans a huge disadvantage against the deformed because they'd either have to drown or fight against them. there was no truly safe place to stay

I forgot to mention the distorted are people who were stuck under ground perpetually getting reset for thousands of years, the tallest ones with most amount of other people's bodies fused to them are most likely the oldest ones making them more aggressive because of how long their brain got shuffled up, the people who turned into the distorted twice have a chance of becoming normal again mentally in couple of decades by the help of other humans but the minds of the giants are long gone

The tallest distorted in the war ages was actually FAR bigger than every one of the future tallest distorted combined because the distorted when the nightmare world and the wall limiting their travels got close enough to the black hole so many of them got into the black hole and on the other side they were all combined to a giant beast 935 feet tall

You might be thinking that it wouldn't be that big of a deal but since the other side would be flooded it would be capable of being drifted to the wall by the oncoming water allowing it to get up on the other side of it

And I thought of an ending where she directs her ship upwards into the storm and then flies down on the monster to stab it through the head with the pole of the ship, killing the monster but her also dying in the process

I will most likely change this later because there might be way smarter ways of going about it

Aaaand no it won't really be a reveal because we'll see both her perspective as she's working on it and the war itself so that it will make sense when she'll show up

Also the giant monster is going to have combined nerves of every person combined so its nervous system would pretty much be that of an insect because it would have multiple brains all working together

I just haven't thought about her personality enough and characters in the war so I gotta think about those first before coming up with a way to end their character arcs by ending their lives in the war because... it's war obviously people die in those things, no deaths would kind of cheap in the story in my opinion because it would make everything meaningless because people would know the characters they like won't die, maybe I'll leave some alive for them to be support characters for the main character in the future story of William but who knows, most likely the characters who's character arcs won't be finished up until that point or the experience of the war starting a whole new character arc of them having to defeat the inner demons of their minds reminding them of what happened and blaming them for everything that happened

was a little lost kid in the war, he saw a giant ship flying down on a giant monster's head, the ship was on fire dashing down on the monster with people a part of the monster all screaming in agony and pain as the monster fell back

That kid years later became known as powder eyes, because he thought even if the Engineer was no more there would still be people influenced by her and try to make a positive difference in their own way

He got ptsd from that imagery and reminded him of the war but instead of allowing the fear to overtake him he tried to embrace the problem like she did and turn it into a weapon

he made his hero design resemble the ship, sharp edges on the armory, explosives on his belt that he'd use as a last resort, the under coating of the armor completely covering him with substance that was immune to fire so he would make it seem like he was drinking gun powder through the eyes of his mask and then igniting his armor into flames, he also had to learn how to fight with his eyes covered which is why he didn't turn into powder eyes super hero until he perfected it

all of that happened when he was a teenager because he didn't allow a single day to slip by, he forced himself to be terrified of being stagnant and not taking action

I actually thought of a story where the villain attempted a mission to use a plasma laser canon to beam the black hole until the entire planet would be converted into plasma because he believed every planet is destined to become a star and that if we didn't we'd be greedy and not allow future planets in the solar system to thrive by feeding the sun the entire planet to refuel it

the hero would actually make him realize that if a planet became a star and merged with the pre-existing sun it would make a giant black hole that would absorb everything and the small white hole next to the "planet" wouldn't be capable of unleashing all of the energy that the huge black hole would be sucking in all at once so it would blow up making that universe's version of a supernova destroying the entire solar system in the process

but then I realized for him to realize that he'd have to see it and I think it would be too convenient for such a thing to happen unless it had something to do with the people who were flying out of the planet completely but then there would need to be two groups of people

One who actually put effort into turning a planet into a star on another planet and a person trying to destroy the pre-existing planet with life in it to refuel the sun by combining the planet with it

Maybe it takes a long freaking time to do that mission so the villain as a kid would be inspired by their mission to make that experiment and started believing in lies as a result of being isolated and looking up into the night sky thinking that every star was a planet at one point and that planets are like charging mechanisms for the stars

and asking himself why else would planets exist

Engineer's first family

In the nightmare world there was a child that was lost, he accidentally got his leg stuck in sand and since caves were made by the surrounding solids to move down he was being pushed down, it was like quicksand but it was worse since more sand went down wards

The child tried to climb out but couldn't

He knew if he screamed out for help the deformed would've heard him and ripped him apart but he had no other choice

He screamed out in sadness for someone to help him right before his head was engulfed by the sand only leaving a hand left

In couple of seconds his hand was grabbed by something and pulled him out immediately

He was moving backwards at a great speed next to a moving box of metal with wheels

He looked next to him and saw a deformed hand carrying his

The same person lifted him up onto the back of the machine asking if he was okay or not

He didn't have time to look at her face but knew she was deformed

He couldn't think straight it was too much to take in at once

There was a strong rustling movement and sound as if they drove over something

The kid looked back and there were many deformed giants chasing them most likely because of the sound he made

He was terrified thinking they'd catch up because of their immensely long legs being capable of getting them to longer distances

She thought the opposite however

He asked why she thought that

And she turned around towards the deformed giants

“HOLD ON” She said while moving her hand out to the back

He grabbed her hand as the car crashed through the legs of the giants crippling them

They might have been giants but their legs were as thin as a normal leg would’ve been

Except for a few who had extra bones and flesh on their legs which had a harder time moving because of the increased weight so she drove away from them

Bringing the kid to the other side of the wall safely but in between there would be more adventuring to do

That kid was in fact the main character’s grandfather telling him stories of what happened back then because his grandson knew he was alive when she was

Once they stopped near a cave to camp, he said he was okay and that he wasn’t hungry even when his stomach was making sounds

When she stopped the car was the first instance of him getting a better look at his hero

She looked behind to check if he was okay

Apparently he had a shard of bone in his arm so she pulled it out forgetting that he is indeed a child so he wouldn't be able to take it

So they decided to hide in a cave and make a small fire

She wanted to bond with him but he was having none of it because she still looked scary to him

As scary as the deformed that broke into his house

Even if he sounded like he was overreacting she just wanted a friend because he was the only actual person she got to see

She didn't think he needed more space to get used to things because she wasn't really social so she decided to try to appeal to him by proving herself that she does want what's best for him

She left the cave to hunt for food and came back with a lot of deformed meat

The kid was creeped out even more that she ate human flesh but they didn't have anything more to eat

He was still hesitant so he went deeper into the cave thinking about things

When he got hungry he thought to himself she would've already ate the meal that they got but apparently she went outside leaving one for him

When she was away he ate it even if he didn't feel good about it

He looked outside and saw her under the metal box

Freaking out not knowing that on its own the car isn't dangerous he started pulling her leg back

When he found out she was just trying to fix it however he felt dumb so he decided to ask about the machine

Which is why she decided to bond with him with, his curiosity on machinery

Near the end of the journey when she was outside hunting she was caught by a giant ready to eat her

But then there was a loud sound getting closer and closer to them

The giant was confused so it turned around and saw the kid screaming on top of his lungs " GET OFF MY MOOOOOOOOOM " while driving the car at it

He jumped off the car having the car hit the leg of the giant and blowing up

He did take damage from that jump but not as much as the Engineer

One of his legs were unable to move as well but he still had enough will power to lift her over his back and walk all the way back to the cave

The rest of the Journey to the wall was by feet the kid helping Engineer move along with him

On the way She asked “what is... mom?”

He after couple of seconds replied “an older guardian of a child”

She felt joy knowing she made her first friend

Before they departed since she wouldn't be able to move on the other side of the wall at all the kid gave her something

She wasn't expecting anything so she took it before saying goodbye to one another

She opened her hands and saw a small replica of her car made by the scraps of what was left of it

#17

messed up relationships

A bully didn't get joy but felt kind of calmer after letting his rage control him and attack someone, every day, every night and every evening he was in a perpetual motion of being angry even when he was asleep, he not only had to deal with his unfair family every day and how they always fought each other but he also can't wrap his head around the fact that the only kind and innocent family member, his little brother was not only taken away from him because of some stupid reason

them using a want to send him to abortion as an excuse but also saw his father hide his brother's corpse in the dumpster behind their home without showing any level of care about it, he wanted to call the police but he was young and believed he had no control at all if he did anything he'd always lose because his father or mother would've done something convenient and stupid that he didn't know about that would save them and get him in trouble, possibly even gotten killed

he used to play with his brother in a cellar along with a mannequin dancing around it, playing with it, drawing on it but they stopped him from ever going there again making him feel like he wasn't going to be able to even relive his moments with his brother

after that coincidentally there were two times a fire almost burnt the house down and he was not woken up both instances and instead he had to wake up himself

from his lack of ability to breathe because of the smoke

It was 8 years ago and he still feels powerless so the only thing he could do is get his stress out on people in the school but that only made him angrier he didn't realize that even if it helped him calm down at first it started getting worse and worse more he tried to push out all of his anger and stress

The small nerd he was bullying was nice no matter what however because ever since he showed up he was only physically tortured unlike the other bullies that wanted to bully him emotionally, the first time they met he beat up those bullies for bullying him so hard he fractured one of their skulls, broke both of their legs with a bolder when they all fell from exhaustion and even gave one of them a week-long coma

Ever since if they ever got anywhere near the nerd, he'd fight against them because he'd have a better excuse to fight and they'd fight back so he'd truly go all out

The nerd was literally so kind that even after he got beat up he'd ask if he wanted to go out and eat together

He looked nonchalant about it all as if it was an everyday thing

Which only made the angry bully more depressed because it reminded him of how powerless he was back then and still so emotional while this guy is taking a beating like it's nothing

he actually holds back when fighting him because he not only felt no danger coming from the nerd but also he just

didn't want to hurt him as much because he resembled his little brother

And because he learned that he wouldn't fight back or do anything nor feel bad about being beaten up so slowly but surely he started to fight harder and harder, he found a sweet spot so he continued doing it in a somewhat controlled manner

He didn't want to get too attached however even if he was the only person he had some kind of relationship with

Even if it was a messed up relationship (they both could learn that they should be protecting themselves and fighting forces that want to harm you or anyone else no matter how powerful those forces will be, mental or otherwise)

he definitely knew his father was a monster who killed a child and one day even murdered him in cold blood beating him down with a knife and gouging his flesh with it, finally after all that time he finally ended it but... it all felt empty, all of that rage all of that waiting for it to just... mean nothing, he finally killed him and showed herself that he wasn't a small powerless child anymore and ended a life of a phsycopath but it didn't fix the issue, it only made it worse

he finally got to the cellar and... nothing, there was nothing there but boxes

he started questioning what he remembered and if he started thinking of them as bigger monsters than they

really were

they were still terrible parents though...

Maybe they burnt all of it down in one of the fire “accidents” including the body making them more cowardly and hatable

he definitely couldn't get the answers now that he turned them into chemical based meat mags in an expiration date

he walked back to school one last time to leave a note where he used to beat up the nerd

neither of them were seen in the school since

#18

A Tortured Demon

A mental demon ended up in a mind of a person who he was supposed to manipulate and torture but he ended up being tortured himself

Because if this he started being more physical, every time his victim would sleep he'd physically torture him and the wounds would be transferred to his real body

The person who he wanted to torture was too full of himself, too blinded by his ego and confidence and even when he was physically tortured he still had a cheeky grin

on his face because he knew he'd be able to screw with him as long as he was awake which is why he forced himself to take less sleep to torture the demon more

But that would be his downfall since he'd have to sleep for longer and his sleep deprivation making the pain even worse

But he still continued being the same way no matter what until the demon died

It was revealed that he was acting like he was all powerful when in reality he was a confused and scared child trying to overtake his own inner demons the only way he knew

By thinking what his deceased older brother would've done in that situation

I was pretty sleepy when I wrote this so I'm sorry if it's not creative or that it doesn't have any weight or point

I still don't know how I stopped my annoying voice from telling me to do random garbage but I do remember the time when I was just like that character, being all powerful and smug making him seem puny which I think worked for a little bit

Again the "voice" wasn't loud it was in my head it would just pop out of nowhere randomly to tell me to do something stupid or accused me of liking something bad that I knew was bad

I still think I forgot about his existence completely and

that's why it stopped but I don't know how I got to that point

#19

Smiling never dies

(this story is pretty twisted so I wouldn't recommend, I know it's just text describing what happens but still, I'm going to mention those types of things when I think I'm going overboard to show how far the character is going to take their actions)

A guy who'd uncontrollably laugh when he'd get stressed or uncomfortable

There were two girls who constantly followed him around in school telling him that someone cared about him and telling him relatable traits that he didn't know anyone ever had

They were using knowledge of what people are most likely like with the same illness and pranked and bullied him over it

Making him think that bullies that wanted him to feel insignificant and unlovable were the people who cared

Even after he stopped listening to them they'd continue saying them pissing him off over and over and over again

He taught himself how to get out of school without being seen by the guards just to escape them for longer

Once they stopped him on his way upstairs and started telling him about it both of them blocking his way

He laughed angrily while beating his arm against the wall for him to stop laughing because his laugh made them laugh

He accidentally hit his arm with a nail splatting his blood on the wall

His laughter died in an instant and he pushed both of them away

They started laughing about how he was reacting

Every day they were constantly talking about one specific girl

One day when they told him where she lived he snapped broke out of school and tracked down where she was

He knocked on the door

She opened it

He asked “who are you” delusional that she might not be a part of the prank

She was confused

He asked again

She attempted to close the door because she got scared

He bashed the door open with his leg pulled out a revolver bashed her head against the wall by her hair and screamed to her to answer

He asked who were the two maniacs that were talking about her

She was too afraid to even think

He bashed her head with the bottom of his gun and then held the gun in between her eyes while his hands were shaking furiously

He was laughing trying to say anything

She knew if she didn't say anything one more slip up and she'd piss him off so much he'd accidentally twitch his finger back to the trigger

So she screamed out "THEY'RE MY-"

The door opened

The two girls were staring shocked on the other side

He smiled and finished her sentence

"friends"

He shot both of her legs before turning quickly to shoot both of their legs as well

He grabbed both of them by their hair and dragged them into the house locking the door and blocking it off with a couch

He ran into the garage and walked back wielding something

He stood over both of them and said

“Eenie Meenie Miney mo, hang the corpses by the toe, who’s for lunch you look fine, Eenie Meenie Miney-“

He buried the heavy hammer on one of them over and over and over laughing

None of their mouths were shut with a tape so that he could allow them all to hear each other’s agonizing screams for help with nobody arriving

He broke her legs, tenderized her torso, ripped out one of her hands, and allowed her to breathe in one more time to scream again, and boom

He shut her up mid-breathing by literally burying the hammer into her skull

He went to the kitchen took a knife cut her stomach open cut her intestine and pulled it up to her mouth and down her throat

He squeezed the intestine bottom to top to push her decomposed food back into her mouth making a horrible smell

The entire time he was doing this he'd be interrupted by the other bully crawling toward him trying to stop him but he'd kick her face in to push her away every time

The other person who was shot in her leg didn't do anything as if she knew she wouldn't be able to do anything, even if the other bullies had both of their legs shot down one of her legs was completely intact

He turned around to another bully who saw everything and smiled, not in a sense of him feeling uncomfortable but instead in a sense of joy pulling out her friend's stomach

She knew what he was planning

He stabbed the stomach and threw it at her for the stomach acid to burn her legs even more so that either she wouldn't be able to walk again or she'd use her hands to throw it away making her unable to move at all

She couldn't move her legs and knew what would happen to her arms if she touched them so she was forced to scream in pain as her leg's flesh burned away before her eyes

But then someone stopped everything

A small child was standing on a flight of stairs staring
terrified and confused at him

He stopped laughing, his smile erased

His eyes filled with pain and anger

He started giggling

He put his arm where his mouth was

But the laugh was too loud

He started crying

He started screaming cutting off his laughter and pulling
out his gun aiming at the kid

But suddenly the other bully pulled his gun down, when
he was distracted she moved close enough to make it

He kicked her away and shot her down but then heard
the police sirens

He checked for bullets but there were none left

He jumped off the window and ran away

The child grew up with his crippled mother who tried to
let him forget about his past by lying about how she lost
her ability to use her other leg

she didn't allow him to take care of her because she thought it wouldn't be right to do that and she overworked herself for a person with a missing leg

He became a superhero which represented his hate towards smiling and laughter

Because laughter reminded him of the monster who killed someone who laughed, in his mind thinking he laughed at him for being powerless and almost killed him

The heroic act of one of the bullies who lost a friend, a person who he didn't even know tried to stop him from shooting him as a child before getting shot herself inspired him to do kind no matter the cost but depressing and saddening everyone who dared to show a smile by physical torture or otherwise

He didn't even know that smiling could be shown for positive emotions

He wanted to be THE opposite of the murderer who got away

His mother hasn't smiled since that day because she wanted her son to forget that day on his own phase but her not smiling lead him to never learn that smiling could also be positive so his nightmares only got worse until he decided to do something about it

he wasn't a superhero in the sense that he put on a suit and started making people cry I mean he thought of himself as a savior to the people who had a positive outlook on everything
he's only going to realize that smiling can be a kind

gesture and should be allowed to happen by him not being able to push himself to do anything to his mom when she finally smiles and he finally uses his words to ask why she smiled because he knew she wouldn't be like this if it was negative

#20

mind sealed

He doesn't want to use the abilities he shares with his family

Being able to get more abilities by eating the heads or their victims

They can also manipulate the fibers of their bodies in a way that they can rip out a part of their body move it on their own and reattach it, they can even use the muscles on their body parts like tentacles so that they can reattach their arms faster

Swap out their heart with their head by putting their head inside their body

Then pulling their head out again which makes their head beat and the veins on their head more visible making them look more inhuman and terrifying

They have no lips just exposed flesh around their teeth

Their teeth are long sharp yellow

They don't have eyelids so they constantly look like they're in the brink of bursting into tears even if their expression is lifeless

Their eyes are white but the red veins on their eyes make them look red tinted, they don't have color around their black pupils, their pupils are either insanely small or insanely big revealing the black void inside

As teenagers they can grow up to 9 feet tall

No face forgot his name like it burnt to ashes

he forgot where he lives

And refuses to show his face

He doesn't want to show his face to others but also to himself because he knows he'll be reminded of the horrors he saw his parents commit

The bulges of his eyes can be seen on his mask because his eyes are shaped as if they're popping out slightly

He wears white magician gloves with material on the tips of his fingers making it look like he has humanoid fingers when in reality they're just as sharp as his teeth

He pretends to be an actor a fine gentlemen if you will

When he gets mad you can hear his own bones grinding up against one another but he looks and sounds very calm... too calm

When he's left alone he likes to practice in acting to make himself a better actor but also to convince everyone else that this is what he is if anybody finds him doing it all alone

He got better at acting over the years so he lost his personality, all he knows how to do is to imitate someone else

He is socially awkward and when he says his own opinion or his actual feelings instead of sounding energetic and loud as he does as an actor but instead weak, fragile and quiet

When he's sad he laughs very loudly and not in a way that makes it sound like he's crying but a sinister laugh, which is very loud because it sounds like he's pushing out all the air in his lungs to do it

And yes he does indeed have an European accent as his persona

he only talks as his true self when he needs to like in serious situations

People made fun of his mask in order to make him stop wearing it and show his face, some believed they were helping an anti social kid while others took that as an excuse to bully him

He started thinking about what he used to be like, his actual self, his true self that he forgot about because he started thinking if he used to think himself should be forgotten because people bullied him for being himself the same way they were making fun of his persona

#21

Creepy pasta character idea

A child was looking out of the window

It was a dark night it was raining heavily

He wanted to draw something

Then he saw something different outside which wasn't in his sketch

A pole that was moving

He ran outside to see what it was but realized it wasn't a pole

Because poles didn't wear formal shoes and pants

He looked up and saw something

He fled running back home

But the creature caught him by his hair with an arm that surrounded his head like a snake before lifting him up

When the child went high enough the legs started hovering

The feet twisted and shook aggressively before going numb and standing normally again

Something fell down from the sky before the legs started moving again

A viewer from an outside perspective saw all of that

He walked outside and saw that it was the child's corpse but he was missing his legs

His intestines were sliding out and there was a sharp object in his spine

Behind the child's hands was paper

He took it and saw a beautiful drawing of the outside but also a black head with white circles in the place of where the eyes were supposed to be

As if the child didn't have time to draw them

When he replied this to the police

In the end he was the one that got arrested

By the time the legend spread he died in prison by suicide

At least this is what chief told me

I don't really trust him because "suicide" is a little too vague

He had to do it somehow right? It's not like he had anything to kill himself with

He was alone up there but someone had to do... oh...

#22

One lost dead

It was a snowy day

A car drove into an unexpected victim

Weirdly enough he didn't try to go through the car window he instead rolled away

The car stopped

She walked out of the car carrying a shot gun

She went down the high ground to see who fell over while aiming the shot gun

A person with green bony hands had his arms lifted upwards with a hoodie hiding his head

He slowly moved his left arm down to his hoodie and slowly moved it behind him

Showing that he was indeed a Zombie

She told him to speak up but the zombie just shrugged, he did show a sign of awareness but he just didn't speak

Then he shook his hand near his neck

And then made letter shapes with his hands

I-c-a-n-t-s-p-e-a-

And then he gave up on making the K with his hands

She realized what he was trying to say even though she was too confused to remember the first two letters

Since she didn't exactly trust him she decided to put him on top of the car and attach him on it with hand cuffs

She said that if he tried to do any funny she'd blow his head off

The zombie looked like he had a mix of fear but also surprise

When the car started rolling he saw a horde of Zombies

He knew he'd get shot if he moved an inch the wrong way but he had to notify her so he started banging the back of the car ceiling and moved away from where she was supposed to be sitting under him

The ceiling burst open with holes of a gun shot

She was not joking

He was far away enough though

She did turn around and realized what was going on so she sped up the car but also opened his right hand cuff and she slipped a pistol on the roof for him to take and shoot

He did take it off her hand instead of letting her throw it on the car because he was afraid it would slip away

He had difficulty aiming the gun

Then he slipped to the left

His legs touched the ground and moved forwards quickly in response

He was able to place his legs on the car later though

He passed the gun from his right hand to his left and started shooting better

He still had a difficulty shooting since the car was moving so much

After all that mess they reached a place they could stay in

An abandoned restaurant with a basement full of supplies

She did leave him hanging quite literally

Until she gave her small note paper and a pen

She asked if he wanted to get in the building

He wrote "I'll stay in the cold make the decomposition slower"

She understood so she gave her an entire note saying she didn't need it anymore and that he could use it

He started writing uncomfortably with his hand still chained

Then he drifted off to sleep

The next day he woke up with his head drenched into the snow and his arm behind his back

He saw scratches on the door next to him and teeth marks

He knew exactly what happened

After she walked out of the restaurant he gave her the notes for her to read them

She said that it was too much for her to read while driving so she'd give it back in the evening

When that time came he got his note back but they were heavily corrected

He didn't realize how many mistakes he made

She did try to smarten him up by going to the library and letting him take books that he'd like to read

He didn't take any books but a dictionary and other notes left over in the clothes of the corpses of the survivalists

(Missing space for the story... yep, also now I'm thinking now that I've remembered this story I could add a part of the story where she'd explain that she used to have a child who died to save her by keeping away the oncoming herd before she'd be found so she'd try as hard as possible to forget everyone she'd become friends with and believe that just living a life was enough while the zombie thought leaving a legacy and living on in someone's memory gives life meaning therefore her needing to remember her daughter and how she used to be like, so when he'd truly become a zombie she'd either bury him literally and figuratively or she'd leave his body where she shot him down and cut out the bone of his finger and his notebook as a reminder of him

I am of course the future self of the person who wrote this story and I thought the story wasn't good enough and the ending was bland therefore me having this idea and deciding to return to write it down quick so that I wouldn't forget)

#23

Island of Order

A story of a jet pilot dying in a war and being teleported into another world with his Jet

He died from an explosion so first, he was engulfed in flames the next second he woke up falling from a great height down to the planet

He was struggling to move the jet forward instead of down

The people in this world being between as advanced as cave people and Native Americans with their own culture of how they think of the world

Like trying to keep everyone alive for as long as possible not because they think living is a good idea but because they think if they aren't smart and strong they won't survive the other stages of life

Because since they live in a Jungle on an isolated continent they don't know where a Desert could be even if they do have paintings of Deserts and other places found so they thought those fell out of the sky from people who died

They would see the Jet and think of it as another Gigantic creature bent on destruction

He did jump out of the Jet when it got close to a mountain

However, there were people living on that mountain so he pretty much blew up not only most of the people there but their food, shelter, and other resources

They used to execute the smartest and strongest of their people to send them to the other life before their age would take their greatness away

They were all fine with it including the people who were going to be executed because it was expected

They kept their heads in order to see how quickly they decomposed because they believed that the faster they'd decompose the faster they'd travel to that other dimension which is why they put so much effort into trying to get rid of every tiny part of their body since they'd need it in the other world especially their bones

Since the jet hit the mountain where the second best of the best were living who were supposed to teach others and train them before getting executed themselves the whole cycle fell apart

The pilot would find a way into their village and realize what he has done and if he should say that it was him who did it not a giant reflective explosive bird

But also he wanted them to learn that those paintings weren't of another life but instead of a place that other people before them were already in and prove that by making a boat and sailing away

They were all afraid of the sea because how nobody would return if they went past the horizon

He couldn't do anything to convince them but one kid who didn't really understand what was going on

The pilot realized he couldn't convince them so the best he could do is let them convince themselves

By making the child wonder what was beyond the horizon, telling him how interesting it was and the ways his people created machines to sail away

Also, they did know that some things floated on the water because of surface tension but they didn't know about buoyancy

They called the surface tension of water "the Ocean's kiss"

Because it looked like water would zoom up onto the body

the continent strangely was on top of the water, the ground didn't get deeper as you went further away because the ocean was already deep, and the giant island was held up by molded poles of rock kind of like an upside-down pyramid with supports

which is why they were so afraid to swim, they couldn't learn how to swim in deeper oceans so the best they could do was swim in a river with rock shoes to keep them stable on the water passing through them in the moving river... so it was less of a swim and more of a water walk

I know this is less of a story and more of a world build in which the story is going to take place but... well... I like world building and coming up with worlds

Alive Flame and Infinite worlds in one opened my eyes to worlds I could be making

Actually when I build worlds like that with limited story in mind I have no sweet clue if those details will expand the story or not

It sounded too much like there was an excuse for them never trying to sail away like there not being a ground for them to learn swimming from different distances

it does make space for an origin story of the people who left the art of other worlds and built a freaking island

Like a story where only two people survived who were dependant on technology for information and since they lost all of it the only thing they could do to preserve the knowledge of other continents was drawing

So they couldn't teach their children that much about building boats or proper math because they were too busy trying not to die

and since those children didn't know well enough they couldn't teach it to their children well enough and so on, the only thing they learnt is some basic biology for hunting and attacking the weak spots of animals, building shelters, fishing with only a stick and a rope made of plants and over time they learnt how to grow crops on their own

Oh and also yes they did learn how to draw things... at least with their fingers

which is why some of them have tattoos on them with shapes and symbols representing their traits, rank and philosophy

the island was split in half after a civil war so the pilot hitting that Mountain also gave their enemies a chance to shine

when he explained to them that there wasn't another world and that they should stop killing each other they called him a "coco skull"

because in their opinion the only thing in his skull was

liquid

they even argued if they should throw him into the ocean or not so he just switched to the other side of the island because he knew he couldn't convince them to stop killing the best of their own people

a few families would believe him and one of them would have that child who'd be inspired to sail to a continent

those families would go to the other side of the island and realize that the world they were expecting to see wasn't true at all, the other side was already way more developed because people had longer time to live and work and teach which wasn't what their parents were telling them

which would expose the elders as the liars that they are but since they wouldn't want to believe in the truth they'd refuse to believe in it starting another war

since the pilot knew how devastating war was since he was literally in one of the biggest ones before he teleported to that dimension he'd try to stop it at all costs

at first the ancient people would all believe the art came down from the sky but then a few people would start asking questions

like if the ground was solid why they couldn't see it in the sky, how would it fall off if it wasn't floating up there, why would it fall down at this specific place if it wasn't the

edge of that world, if people had time to draw it why wouldn't they already be living in a paradise instead of a place where people assume people would fight to survive, why would they throw a physical object onto earth if nothing physical is going up there

the people who were too interested and too ignorant about all of those questions tried to make up answers so that they could continue their strive to become better just to die and believe that they'll continue their life somewhere else

they said it was so far away we couldn't see it and that the corpse would decompose the faster the person would travel there and that something physical IS going up there aka the body that's decomposing

The more and more questions appeared slowly they sounded more and more like people who'd phrase an eyeball plastered on a Doritos chips

which is why they finally split

The people who asked questions and believed in reality and the blind who made up boogiemen to explain their fantasies because they had no better excuse and motivation to learn and train

Triple Story Streak

I got these ideas in one day in the car when me and my family were driving back home which is why I want to put it in its own category

Most of them aren't thought out fully right now but I can revisit them to add more to them in the future

#24

Story idea

A guy playing a retro-style game where he's a robot

He was walking out of a casino after seeing a kid so he gave away money to crying homeless children because he thought it would be enough to make them happy

All the kids were pitch black and they'd get white round eyes after getting happy

Before their eyes were smaller and greyer mixing in with the color of their body but then their eyes would turn to white circles

The game was black and white the only thing that had real color was the one long green eye on the face of the split metal mask of the player character

One child stood out because she stood in one place not saying anything after he tried to pay her

He kneeled in front of her and asked what was wrong

She said that her mom died

The player got surprised by this because he didn't think the game would take that kind of dark turn

Then we see gunned people march in with one of them screaming "GET HER" while running towards her

They all wore western hats for some reason

The player easily shot them down

She started shaking on the ground with her legs held close to her chest and her head buried under her knees

The player kneeled close again and asked if she was okay

She said she heard gunshots and the player said she was hearing things

She said "o-oh *sob* it sounded way louder this time"

The player got taken by surprise by this because it was relatable to him

He brought her to his home in the game, saved the game, slept, and when he goes to his office job his symptoms get very apparent

When he loads the game again he didn't see her

He panicked but then realized she was sleeping on the sofa

He realized she somehow moved in the save file because the save file showed her standing next to him

When she woke up she told him that she feared the worst happened to him

She thanked him for help and asked what his name was

This story will be about the player trying to give her a normal life

She worked outside of the rules of the game so she could move freely when the world was paused in a saved data

In the same way, one of the hit men were able to who I haven't introduced yet

They fear their shootings with the family would be heard around the world because of her surviving

So they didn't hire a hit man they made one off the corpses of her family to allow that person to move into the "frozen state" as they call it

It had a brain of a computer though which is why it acted like the hardest boss in the game with none of the weaknesses

I thought there would be a plan where the player would have to trust her to get away while the game would be

frozen without the player's help because he was very low on hp from fighting an army of crooks

And the real-life responsibilities of the gamer would get worse because of him trying to save her because he did realize that she wasn't intended to be in the game

As long as that assassin is alive she'll be in danger

She can't be saved by loading an old save file

Whatever happens to her will last because she can move and act outside of the save files

The only thing that can kill the assassin is a real-life weapon

But he doesn't know how to import a real object into the game and he doubts keeping her alive for two decades while training her will be an option to have her beat that assassin to death with her bare hands

They'll have to take the weapons off of the assassin but he can't do that if he's at risk of actually dying

I did think of an ending where the player realizes after the assassin touched him in the game with her sword she could do it in real life as well so he had a connection to the game and controlling his avatar with his body which is how he was able to hold the sword off with his bare hands

He couldn't do it in-game but he still had metal hands in the game unlike in real life and since he could control the avatar he could do things he couldn't do with buttons

The little girl was in the background behind him

The player imagined the character in front of him like she was actually there

He had to look in-game to find where her gun was but still

The girl screamed "CATCH" to him and threw the gun at him that the assassin lost during the fight

Which is when he was able to take the gun that he wasn't able to take in-game and shot her dead

Then he glitched out in real life and saw that he shot an actual person and the cops were already outside

He ran away from the scene paused and saw a man with a completely black face and white vibrant eye saying

"You're done, son!"

He looked like Kerry James Marshall's Portrait of the Artist but only one of his eyes and one part of his mouth was visible from the constant shadow made by his hat and he also wore a vector black suit with the buttons on his clothes a little greyer than the suit itself

He got shot but he shot back to his leg, the man shot him again but the player got up again and then he aimed at the head, and bam the credits roll

We actually saw glimpses of this by him seeing the home she ran away from with the same footprints and blood in the same place, I wouldn't remind anybody of that if I actually wrote the story fully

We'd also meet him in a bar where in the background he'd show three fingers to somebody wearing the same hat as him and then a sign of him shooting and then pointing at the bandana on his leg

The man had a black hat that looked close to the hat people wore in the Wild West

And finally

The player only saw a skeleton of one person in the house when he went there with her

The kid's name would be Allie

Which would also be the last word the player would think of before getting shot the third time

He would have saved the game 9 times in the course of the story but the oldest one would still be intact in the back

I wrote all of this while we were driving home so I feel like I'm about to puke but it was all worth it

Then when I took time off of my phone I got back to normal and just wrote ideas of stories instead of the whole ideas of stories... yeah

#25

Story idea... actually more like a world idea

A world where people are born at random points of their life and either age or get younger

And the speed of their aging and getting younger is random too

So some people live as kids and grow up

Some are already grown up since being born and already remember everything they've been through as if they experienced it and slowly or quickly forget it as they get younger

I thought of children getting in the house of their old friend and seeing his old high out of his mind having no idea who the kids were because to him it was 40 years ago

Also, I thought of interaction with two sisters one getting younger and one getting older

The one who was young at first asked her sister what her goal in life was and it was to make the world a better place by making people's lives easier through invention

When she aged up she asked the younger version of her sister the same question

They were sitting on a log that once was a tree in their childhood

They were looking at the sunset

Knowing that she wouldn't remember her shortly after because they met each other late in their lives

And her answer was the same

She realized it was her dream since day one

People in this world are usually split off from their families to stay with other people to see just how quick they age so that if they age too quickly their family won't feel the guilt of their limited lifespan

So the kids and adults will stay in homes where more people like them are for a few days before getting to their families

Which is why they met late

But also this is why three kids met an adult version of one of their friends

They met as kids but when people realized that he aged faster than others and that there was a mistake they brought them to the fast-aging home

He thought he was going to be all alone his entire life but realizing that he had a friend when he was younger who cared enough to meet him (in his perspective) 40 years later warmed his heart

He tried to talk about everything he remembered and even wrote a journal for him to read after his death so that his "life" wouldn't become a complete waste

It was also terrifying to him that at first, he thought he was supposed to live as long as his friend but then realized he was going to age much faster

And every step felt like a death sentence to him

#26

Another world idea

People who were blind got robotic replacements for their heads which allowed them to see

But the company went bankrupt and the services shut down making those people blind again

They got shut down because of invasion of privacy because they wanted to find criminals through their eyes without telling them

One guy was smart enough to fix the blindness problem but the way the head worked he couldn't completely fix it

He gave every single object and placed digits of numbers so with their robotic brains they'd have to think of those numbers for them to translate the visual information to their brain

This is why some of them started dying; they couldn't see the criminals that wanted to kill them because they didn't have any code that the blind could use to see them

And those people who were murdered were humans without the robotic heads

The story would be about just one of those victims

Who was trying to survive knowing she could be struck down at any moment by anybody

Every day in stress and on high alert

I get that it's not all that good of an idea so I'll just keep it in here

I thought of that idea after thinking of someone counting numbers

1, 2, 3, 4, 5-

In the nursery and when they counted five they wouldn't see anything

They could see the body of a child by naming every individual part of their body but when they realized the head was missing they freaked out falling to the ground quivering and repeating "five is missing, five is missing, five is missing..."

I was planning not to keep that idea because in my opinion it didn't make that much sense why they couldn't just fix the damn heads in a way that would make it easier for them to just see normally

But when I told my dad and sister about it on the way home in our car they liked the idea so I just decided to slot this in

Again I'm not proud of it I still think it's impossible to
happen realistically

I want my worlds to always make sense even in the new
rules of the world I will come up with

#27

Psycho's defense

(Swear words warning)

The hall had dead rats, plastic infused to their corpses
and trash bags covering them up

He was deaf like he was under water

Then he heard the scream

A girl's voice

Telling someone "she only cares about herself and that she lives only in her own little world"

Before a bang on a brick wall was heard

Nobody heard it but him

He lost his mind

Veins popping out of his head neck and arms

Walking towards his victim

"This doesn't concern you so get o-"

He pulls out a scotch knife and started choking her with his other hand and his fingers digging into her flesh and the visible vein on her neck

"If you ever accuse others of being what you are I'll cut your throat out so wide the sun will light up all the shit you're pulling out of your mouth then consume your face whole just to vomit it out on the food of your mother before gutting her eyes and pushing it down her throat literally

And figuratively"

He turned his head, his eyes red like fire

He didn't see any other soul

He turned back

He let go of her neck

Increased the size of the knife in his hand then put it in her arm gripped her hand closed tightly around it and pulled the tip of the knife towards the vein on his neck

She was trying to pull it back while trying to breathe in, her hands shaking her eyes looking away from his neck even if he kept his hand on her head forcing her to look at him

“You were okay with killing somebody and yet you’re afraid to do it now that you’re holding the knife?”

Who are you going to blame when you cut my throat open, you won’t be able to accuse me, your choices lead to this very moment so face it already **INSTEAD OF LOOKING AWAY”**

He banged her head against the wall before dropping her

She barely closed the knife he was making her carry with her fingers and slipped her hand out by the help of her sweat flowing down like a river

She looked down, breathing heavily

He opened the knife again but this time he cut open his own hand

Without showing any reaction to his pain he knelt down in front of her and pulled his hand close to her face

“Look what you’ve done, you cut my hand open, you psychopath, you heartless monster, you enjoyed your pain and inflicted it upon me”

He put the bloody knife in her pocket and walked away

But before he left the hall he paused to turn around and say

“Yet you said she lived in her own world, look down at the dead rats while you’re at it maybe take the first step into reality”

He dug his fingers into his wound, he smiled and when he formed a fist he started laughing like he hated the air that was in his lungs and he did everything to push it all out

The sound of his laughter echoed in her ear years down the line

“you weren’t afraid to kill someone before” he said it because he thinks of the worst tragedies and an outcome that could happen judging by his personal experiences, when he got bullied he turned himself into a masochist to make the pain of suicide easier for him but he never pulled the trigger on himself

His friend opened the door of his room when he had his gun on his head

In panic he did pull the trigger but the gun wasn’t on his head when he did

Note

I got the idea of what would happen if I was in the world of “silent voice” and saw shouko being bullied by Naoka and me turning around to see shouko’s mom holding my shoulder telling me with her eyes that I was making it worse and that I should stop

I thought about it after watching a YouTube video of the bullying and I laid down in bed listening to music putting my arm over my eyes and imagining it like the old days

Then I thought I'd just make a slightly different story out of it

I know it's not that good and I see that it doesn't have as much emotion because I told you what happened to him before instead of showing you in the story how he descended into madness

But I just really wanted to tell a story because it's been way too long since I've written one and I feel guilty because of it

I feel like I'll get worse and worse at it if I don't write anything but I haven't gotten any ideas for weeks even when I wanted to do it daily

Since school started maybe that's what motivated me to write one for a change, making my body feel like it's time to work instead of waste hours on other things making my writing and drawing skills worse as a result because I wouldn't work on them as much anymore

I just wanted to get it all off my chest

To anyone who might be forced to read my stories I'm sorry for all the terrible writing but the word "sorry" has no meaning if I don't put in the work to fix them and yet... I don't and I hate myself for that

Let's be honest nobody will read this voluntarily

#28

World war infinite

Chapter 1

A man would be walking down the street laughing and

walking lazily trying not to fall down

That was until he heard a noise of a fire work, his smile degraded, he looked around and found a brown glass bottle next to a dumpster

he took a sip and continued laughing... but then it got a little cold, he felt like he was carrying a cold metal rod with his right hand, when he opened his hand the sensation disappeared

He started screaming in pain when his leg felt like its flesh was ripped out by a patch of wolves

He fell over and then it all went black

Then he could feel his left arm, torso, and his face

He saw trees in black and white before regaining its colors

It was a little foggy, he felt very cold

He looked down and saw he was bleeding from his leg

he pressed his hands on it to stop the bleeding and then he realized he was wearing white gloves

was wearing a blue outfit, with a few badges attached, a golden shoulder pads with yellow strings coming off of it

He had a gun holder and a sword holder on his belt even though he didn't have a sword in it

He looked behind him and saw he was leaning against a tree

His forehead felt strange, he grazed it with his hand and ripped out red crystals from it

he also saw a red color on a pile of snow in front of him which had some sort of imprint on it, it was very close to a big rock

and he saw a sword next to his left foot

He took the sword and used it as a walking stick to lift himself up

He tried screaming for help but he just didn't have enough strength to do it

When he passed a tree he saw a human silhouette next to him

He freaked out and pulled out his gun

The person he saw was wearing similar clothing but colored red, his hair was white with curls on it and he looked 40 years of age

He also seemed to have a hole on his clothes close to his liver

His eyes were wide open with his hands lifted up

"I'm sorry you freaked me out for a second"

“... sir we need to bring you somewhere safe”

he put his hand over his shoulder to help him walk

“ I might have hit my head to that tree a little too hard... could you tell me who you are? I can't see you very well”

“I am... might have hit a rock a little too hard too, I did see you lying on the ground and I feared the worst has happened to you so I... walked away “

He felt a little woozy, his bleeding hasn't stopped and he had difficulty saying the words he wanted to say

“ think you kinder stranger “

then there was a sound of howling

the man in red sped up his phase before stopping in front of a tree

“ do you think you could hold on my back? “

“I'll sure hell rise”

when he held tight on his back the man in red started climbing up the tree

there was a big branch that he was sat on

“Okay I'll go down and look for help you... take my coat and press it against your leg okay?”

“I see you loud and cleavage cap”

he put the coat on his leg, he felt a little sleepy but kept himself awake by biting on his tongue

his jaw felt like it gained weight, it started moving down and his eyes closed right after

When he opened his eyes he was in a warm room, wooden walls and a yellow light coming from torches around him

He lifted himself up and saw that there were people looking at him

he had his leg patched up

he felt way more composed, he had something in his mind that he couldn't remember that well

His arm started moving on its own, shaking violently before it stopped moving

"Where's the man with a red coat"

a woman said "do you mean William? He's going to the Guillotine sir!"

"WHAT?!"

He got up in a lightning speed dashing through the crowd

he went through the door and saw the man with his head

on a metal box and a man with a black mask and an axe in hand

He lifted the axe up and-
“STOP! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING”

the crowd was speechless, all their eyes widened, even the executioner putting down his axe and walking backwards

“wh- what happened to his smile” said a child in the crowd

He knew if he didn’t want to be decapitated as well he had to take the role of the man in blue and seem like he totally knew what was happening

“I’m not happy with a public decapitation of such a ruthless foe! Do you really think he deserves to be remembered? Deserves to be killed with only one slice? Of course not, I’m going to take him to the forest where he’ll die alone by me teaching him a lesson”

the crowd was quiet before one by one they all started screaming the name “Arthur” over and over while punching the sky

the man in red had his hands tied with thick rope

One of the people in the crowd asked “what if something goes wrong”

(apparently) Arthur replied “don’t worry everyone it’ll all be fine, I cheated death once and I’ll do it again”

Arthur brought William deep into the forest and sat him down

“do you remember how many people you’ve killed? I need to know to write it In the history books”

“I- I didn’t I-“

“YOU’RE LYING!...” he kneeled close to William

“ I know sick people like you forget very easily how many people they’ve killed because of how natural it feels to them, but if you don’t tell me how many people you’ve killed I’ll write down the amount of people you’ve killed by counting how many flesh cubes I’ll be able to carve out of your body”

“I hit my head against a rock... remember? I- I don’t remember a thing”

he remembered, that was what he forgot, he couldn’t remember it as well when he didn’t have as much blood to spare

“oh... I... I see, can you tell me what you remember before... this, before wearing red clothing, before people screaming at you with pitchforks and torches before the snow... what do you remember”

William looked like he was getting what he was going on about

his feet suddenly started shaking before coming to a stop

When he regained control he said

“I remember being hit by a metal carriage with no horses and a boy riding it towards my direction looking at a brick illuminating blue light on his face”

since Arthur was afraid someone was watching them he continued acting

He turned his back on him and started giggling before laughing loudly

“oh yeah suuuuuure you did! Do you know what I remember before hitting MY head against a TREE? I remember drinking a bottle of booze before...”

he remembered

“o- oh... I... actually don't remember that part, I genuinely don't remember”

“please spare my life, I'm not the same person you wish to execute”

Arthur turned around

“if anything happens get back here at the same time as it is now I'll be arriving here daily, especially if your body starts doing mind tricks on you and forces you to say or do things you weren't planning to do okay?”

he smiled before saying “I hear you loud and rice”

“what was that?”

“nothing...”

Arthur cut out the rope attached to his hands, hugged him gave him a pat on the back and they parted ways

#29

Into the world of DBZ

We see a little child watching dbz on TV at night when suddenly the tv gets interrupted with a message, the message had a man with a robotic voice saying strange sentences followed by loud sirens outside

She was horrified

The only thing she could catch from the TV was 15 minutes

Her parents ran down from bed and picked her up before running away outside

They’ve been running for fourteen minutes before finally reaching capsules that seemed to have come out of the ground

At least there were two of them and the rest have already left but before they could get to it the last big capsule was sent into the sky

There was only one capsule left

30 seconds

Said through the radio

They put her in the capsule and before saying goodbye and closing the door

She banged the door she didn't want to leave

10 seconds

The capsule's engine started up

8

Sent fire under it

5

Lifted the capsule up

3

Sent it to the sky

2

1

She saw her home blow up in front of her eyes but before she could register it a wave of air pushed against her ship that sent it higher than intended

She was still angry and confused

Banging against the window

Suddenly she gained immense strength shattering the glass in front of her

She had strange visions

Blacking in and out

She was flown out of the ship into space in an instant

Her air was pushed out of her lungs, her own spit disappearing in front of her

Her body expanding she closed her eyes

When she woke up she heard a noise of a car and felt shaking under her

She lifted herself up and... oh wait... it was a he

There were yellow clouds around her

If you haven't guessed what happened yet

She was in the Snake way as Goku

I thought she'd have a partially same back story as the saiyans but a little bit more realistic so that she'd get really mad about Vegeta and Nappa

Not because they killed innocent people but how Vegeta was mocking and making fun about the death of all of his people

Also even if she'd know to always check time she'd still be late to get back because she wouldn't know properly how to fly, power up, use ki and kaioken to run all the way back

So she would have difficulty fighting in general

I know it's kind of goofy and dumb for another super man story to take place but I wanted her to also have great fear of space since she (is dying) DIED *gough * *gough * from it so she'd have to overcome that fear to go to Namek but also she'd want to go with Krillin who'd survive in the Saiyan saga because he actually decided to use the damn disk to save a little bit of time

So that way she'd get to know him more in the flight because she knew she needed to get angry again but she wouldn't get as angry if she didn't know Krillin enough

again I do think this isn't that creative or... good on that matter but I wanted to write SOMETHING so I came up with the only good idea I got

#30

The Atom world

The planet Safaria-50104 has negative charge and every newborn human has a positive charge

that charge gets reduced very little every generation making it easier and easier for humans to survive the pressures of being pushed downwards as newborns when they have the most amount of positive charge but as they age they also lose their positive charge and begin feeling lighter and lighter until floating up higher and higher

they all live in a gigantic building with stories that have buildings inside of them, it's all white, bright and futuristic outside but looks like a normal house in the

inside

The lowest story is where the newborn kids are sent so that they won't feel as much pressure going down to the Safaria-50104 as being very high up

Stories above are different stages of their lives when they begin floating, they'll reach the teenage stage, adult stage which is the longest and the elderly stage

Which is when the people float up into space, get sent outside of the building and die

Houses have detached rooms with pistons under them so when someone floats up the room goes up with them to keep them standing until they reach the end of their stage and have to be brought up a story higher

They can't see their younger family members without bringing themselves downwards which still puts a strain on their body because since they've aged the Safaria-50104 pushes them up and away from it which is why they all float

To make it slightly easier for them there are upside down hotels, streets and elevators to help those people go downwards but that's only for adults and teenagers

The story will be about how one of the elders is one stage away from being sent away and since he doesn't want to die in space nor let the people he knows die in space he tries to change the entire rule of physics by going stages under the birth stage

So that only atoms will have charges and bigger bodies will just have gravity which will only push them down in proportion to the mass of the planet

But he'll have a probability of dying from the intense pressures and also because of the people running after him for escaping his death that needs to happen to keep that city running for as long as possible because even the Safaria-50104 is losing its negative charge the longer it does it

And also because since people were so used to floating around or barely walking most of their lives their bones would be far too weak for the gravity of Safaria-50104 unless they always traveled up and down stages and giving their bones pressure to make them stronger

#31

Multiversal Suicide

(I want to mention that this is literally only a concept for a story, I didn't even think who the main character will be or any other side characters and I don't think I've delved deep enough to the world building neither... so yeah)

What about a story where one person is connected to every variant of themselves in every universe, in this world there are limited universes being copied every time a living being moves and does something, so he wouldn't be influenced by infinite variants but instead limited ones since infinite people in one can't have enough similarities to one another to have specific personalities shine through while others being completely overshadowed

Even then the voices in his head, the pain and emotion of every single variant would be in him... or her... let's say both

Both's body would be like a video game character clipping into and out of their own copy pasted avatars all moving differently but enough of them doing the same thing so that collection of people would be boths core personality

Screw it I'll call it both he and her because both is just kind of getting ridiculous

She wouldn't be capable of hearing any sound because her ears and brain would be way too distracted with every single noise and voice being heard in other realities

He'd also feel a lot of physical pain pretty much all the time because of the physical trauma the rest of his variants would be going through

So she wouldn't speak to anyone because it would be very hard to find out what they're saying just by their mouth flaps but also have difficulty moving as if he were impaled by spears from every angle

She would wish to escape from the entire multiverse, the whole bubble of universes so that she'd finally be in piece, she knew she'd die if that happened because she already tried killing herself and she did but the only thing that accomplished is erasing the memories of her past and her memories being brought back from a universe that split out of her own where she didn't kill herself or

where she used poison instead of a gun and many other possibilities

(I forgot to mention, in this universe of universes most of the universes are very vanilla and specific, they aren't like our universe like let's say one universe only has red stars another only has yellow another only has blue, another only has grass, another only has cats, another only has humans, the story will take place in the very rare universes where there are more than one thing defining them because people from other universes were capable of traveling to other universes and bringing their belongings to one universe including stars, plants, insects, animals and even planets and those universes since they came to be only after many generations it would be the rarest one because the "normal" universes would have more time to split apart, also also every universe is way smaller In this one and there's a smaller gap of space between stars, so not light years between stars and galaxies making it easier for space travelers to go to other universes)

He'd want to escape from his torture by ending himself

However there would be also another variant of himself who'd be taking much much more drastic measure

That variant would be from the farthest universe of all, a world where out of so much destruction and so many unlucky experiences would still survive out of all of the worst universes, being tortured and tormented for looking like a monster to then have to witness a worldwide war to then be stuck on a planet with no air and no resistance to

radiation to then crash his rocket over and over and over again after making them out of scraps

This variant unlike the suicidal one would look tall, he'd still walk like hands from hell itself were dragging him down but he'd be much stronger therefore feeling less pain, he'd also wear clothes that would look royalty to make himself feel more like he's the most important person who'll make the biggest change in history of everything not to just save himself (which is his only goal actually) but to "make a difference"

He'd take thousands of years to travel to places but still make it into another universe and combine with a variant of himself by ripping out their heart and condensing into his own before consuming his variant whole, after realizing his other variants had a different key personality trait he'd try to make them believe in his key beliefs (also yes he'd try to combine completely differently in other realities but this story would be in one where he'd find out how to do it because as long as there are universes splitting there will always be one where he'd come out on top)

Every variant would still be connected to him but his universe would be so different from theirs that it would be very difficult for them to even remember or think of a concept of his life, it would feel more like a déjà vu than anything

So he'd combine with his variants in other universes to make himself whole and even go to universes where he'd fail to combine so that he'd combine with himself

Over and over and over to then finally get enough strength to condense the entire multiverse down to a single point to kill everyone but herself so that he'd finally be free of torture and then let the universes free again once everyone is dead from the pressure and heat inside

So there would be one who'd be suicidal and one who'd be genocidal and the suicidal one would want to hurt nobody else so she'd try to stop him but obviously you already know how it ends

Even if she won there'd always be a universe where the villain would win so that villain would condense every universe into a tiny pebble, but since he'd be way too tired and way too hurt from his own fight he wouldn't be able to contain that amount of mass into one tiny space so it would explode out of his hands sending a shock wave that would erase him, her corpse becoming dark matter that would stretch out and still multiply but between the space of galaxies moving them apart from one another

the only chance of the main character saving the multiverse being to use her own space ship to fly every person she cared about outside of the destruction radius because she otherwise would stand literally no chance

Buuuuuut that won't mean anything if I don't come up with any other characters which is pretty much one of the biggest problems

I have thought of one character who'd be a child thinking of himself as a super hero and after realizing that the universe can split many times making multiple different outcomes he'd become uncaring about his well being because he'd think "as long as I fight crime there will be a universe where I win, I might die to a gunshot but as long as it means making a super hero in one reality where every outcome was positive I'd be happy) but in reality being too scared to take actual challenge so living in his imagination most of the time

His older sister scaring him about stories where a monster would climb out of his bed with no eyes and sharp fingers to drag him into the underworld making him feel like instead of actually fighting those kinds of monsters who could easily beat him in his eyes thinking he'd imagine beating up bad guys not knowing that even just giving a person a cup of water when they need it could be classified as a kind hearted gesture therefore him being a more realistic hero that not that many kids try to be

#32

The Man in Armor

The train was more shaky that day than yesterday

Yet there was nothing to see outside but more fog

The man was sitting on a seat in the electric train
surrounded by hand prints

His face was numb and blank, until his eyes turned
watery and phased out as quickly as he blinked

He breathed in deeply and then released

He walked down the corridor into a room full of paintings

Of castles and city towers, different concepts of armor
designs, a tall man and a young girl drawn poorly but
over time in other windows the art getting slightly better

Until an unfinished art that was left with a small hand
print

He moved his eyes away from that window and when he
started to tear up he pinched his neck

Walked over the broken seats and bended poles ripped
away from the train

He got into a room with a small torn apart armor and the newest design which was same as his size

He took parts off the small one and started working on making the shoulder pads

It was colored brown red and silver

The last design drawn on the window had the same helmet as the last design that wasn't finished

A day later

The train started shaking furiously waking him up, he looked onto the infinity of the train finally seeing a small dot of difference

Which was moving closer and closer

He dashed forward taking his armor and sprinted to the other direction

The train was bending slightly

Sounds of windows breaking and metal bending was getting louder and louder

He didn't have time to just open the metal doors so he started slamming them open ripping through them

Then suddenly he noticed something not being on his chest

He turned around and saw a white piece of white fabric with a tree drawn on it

He ran back and gently tore out the part of the metal it was stuck into and started running again

There was something different through the windows but he had no time to think

Then he started hearing squashes and cracking underneath his feet... that part of the train... it was too much

He slowed down and collapsed on the ground

Looking at the decomposed corpses in front of him

He was breathing heavily, the memories started to kick in

Him attacking people in the train after closing the door behind him

He looked back at the fabric put it in his chest screamed out in rage continuing to march forwards

Getting to the last room of the train ramming the door open and grabbing onto the metal bar attached to the broken off rail way

He looked down and saw darkness with purple lightning lighting it up

The fog around him was bright but then he caught in his eye

He looked to the right and saw giant buildings, broken down and aged all grey and black

Some towers still standing while others lying on the houses they crushed underneath

He climbed up to see a train station cut in half and the void on the other side

He started hearing growling and screeching

He turned to his left to see...

A husk, a human being that was skin and bones

Thin and tall

Its head deformed with giant eye sockets shaped as if its eyes grew twice the size of its head deforming the flesh and skull until bursting

The darkness in the sockets had a small red glow that began to light up the second it met the eyes of the man in armor

No it's not time for the credits this is a story written in a Word Document

Anyway he greets the creature asking if he needs any help

Until being interrupted and the creature biting into his exposed arm

He pulled his arm off his mouth but didn't try to hurt him he just walked back

He saw that the creature seemed to be spewing out greenish yellow substance from its teeth

His arm got veiny dripping the same substance deforming in unusual ways then getting thinner and thinner, the second he saw a finger pop out of one of the holes he dug his fingers into his shoulder and started screaming tearing his arm off

As he suspected the arm got more and more frail until the same creatures burst out of it

Looking the exact same as the man who bit him

He moved his other arm to the pistol on his belt, then remembering the police officer he blew the head off of so he didn't take the gun and instead ran to the only other exit of the train station

He pulled the glove off and pressed his hand on his wound which started glowing a little bit

When he went outside he was met with a city full of the same creatures

Biting into one another sprouting out more monsters

Some not biting but digging their finger nails into the chests of others

Then they all turn to him

After running and jumping building to building he lost some of them but in the dark hallway between buildings was a woman with sharp metal claws and slightly glowing yellow hair

She was human sized with normal sockets and looked less frail but her eyes glowed the same red as the others

She threw the claws on his feet, the claws digging into his flesh and her pulling the hands back with chains

Before she struck him down he grabbed onto her arm

“killing me... will leave you with nothing

Like how the fight in the train left me with nothing neither”

“You killed all of us for your rat wasn’t that enough?”

“She’s dead...”

“...”

She stopped shaking for a second her glow dimming down slightly but still on guard

“She starved in my arms, I wanted to forget it all but it just kept coming back

I don’t want you to feel the same way by ending me here

I can’t fix your past life... nor get mine back

But can we please say truce we don’t need to torture one another till death”

The red in her eyes dimmed significantly

“Just this once”

She pulled her arm to his lifting him off the ground

Just as soon as their hands made contact she fell on the ground with no more light

A slight hint of purple and then it was all gone

She turned to ashes

He couldn’t deal with it anymore, he took her claws as another reminder of his failure

And looked for a place to stay, maybe a bunker safe from the destruction

He got to the bunker he wanted to find, exhausted he stitched up his wounds and went to sleep

The next day fixing the 70s era box shaped TV to pass the time

Once he fixed it though he was accompanied by a pixel noise followed by sounds of a child's agonized screams before the white noise fading into a child having her organs torn apart and her being surrounded by a purple aura being held up by chains attached to the nails on her body

He remembered

Them drawing on the windows alone

Him teaching how to shoot a gun

Her teaching her how to knit

Her helping him find scraps of metal around the train to
help him make her body suit

The one she drew on the window

Her smiling in his hands before closing her eyes, losing
her color and her smile fading

Him crushing the armor in an outburst with red eyes
weeping in the dark night

And making his own with the same parts

Veins form on his body from toe working up to the head
veins get near his eyes

The eyes turn red glowing like the veins of his eyes

The red glow working from his eyes to the rest of his
veins

His missing arm forming by the red surge of energy
blasting out of his exposed flesh and bones

He'd take his helmet and his shot gun

Bashing the metal door down running to the building
leaving craters in the place of his foot steps

Killing everyone that dared to get in his sight

Finally when arriving to the temple

The middle of the broken city

His arm would disappear and his red eyes would fade away

The child would get closer

Before thrusting her arm into his gut

Pushing her arm in and then ripping out his heart

She took off his helmet

And dropped the heart

Stumbling back she closes her eyes

But the purple glow of her eyes going through her hands

Her hair flair upwards she gets surrounded by purple aura with a slight hint of red mixed in

The ground starts shaking

And before she knew it the ground breaks under her

The building falling down

Her eyes stop glowing

Under the rubble of the building

Impaled in the metal support of the building

They all realized that they both died

The glow fading from all of their eyes

And the dust floating away in the wind turning the fog
grey

#33

Happy to happy dead

Once humanity became part technology they could save
their minds for billions of years down the line

Robots serving them whatever they wanted with no more
need to work all they did was what they wanted

Except one

The last true flesh and blood that is still incapable of
controlling their emotions

Still feeling pain

Physical or otherwise

Yet nobody cared

They were all too busy thriving yet melting their minds

He thought to himself

“If I die I’ll become one of them one day

If I die I’ll one day know nothing but mindless enjoyment

So if there is nothing to enjoy...”

His goal is to make as many people miserable as possible
and also erasing any sort of entertainment left in the
world other than ones that would truly make the world
better instead of worse

He dreams of one day waking up with corpses of
weaklings that couldn’t bare reality and blew their heads
off the second they lost something

He laughs maniacally at the thought of it

The joy of watching parentless children

Watching people starving on the streets ripping each
other’s guts out for food

Nobody watching anything but the bright light of the sun
along with the burning mansions they used to live in

Being forced to do the dirty work of the robots by the
things they created

The joy of Everyone finally remembering the meaning of mortality

The joy of...

Him realizing maybe he already became what he feared

He went deep underground and locked himself up

Dying of thirst he was the final person who literally lost their mind

That was closer to normal than anyone else

Here's the beginning of the story

A little boy woke up looking at the red sky

With a smile on his face getting off from the busted tires and climbing down the mountain of trash to find supplies after dropping off his thin cloth on his "bed"

His smile distorted his face a bit

Like he didn't really want to

But once he found a broken umbrella it really made his day

After eating a half eaten hot dog from the trash and cooked cockroaches from the fire in a barrel

He started attaching his umbrella on top of his bed nailing it onto the thin wood holding the busted tires

He started playing with metal pieces hitting them against one another

Until he heard something growling

Then beeping

And piles and piles of material falling on one another

He ran higher up the mountain to see what it was

And he saw a yellow machine using giant tires with metal in the middle of them spinning around and sometimes turning

There was glass above it and something that was colored like his toys

He went to the machine closer and closer but then it began turning around and moving away

He screamed out to the machine "wait for me"

The machine started beeping again and stopped

A head popped out of the window

A blue triangle with rusty metal and wires

"You don't seem to be in my contacts

What's your name human?"

"You can call me Alex if you want to"

"I can?"

"Totally

"Sorry if I make a grammatical mistake I haven't spoken to anyone for a long long time"

"You seem very interesting kind stranger

Have you lost your brain chip by any chance"

"What's a brain chip?"

"I underestimated the rareness of your kind Alex

You have an important choice to make

Either live in your home in here where rarely anybody arrives isolated and one day become another material

Or

Follow me and see what "happiness" became to the human kind and live forever to get a chance to make a difference"

"I... feel like you got a bit too sinister for a second"

"Human I don't want to watch you go

I know you're one of the last flesh and bones I know but
please let me help you

There are many people like you that died not wanting to
become unable to die

They all became rotting corpses losing the memories they
built up for decades

I can't bear seeing another death I could've stopped"

"I... didn't think you went through so much"

"Well as a model that isn't as good at his job I'm doing
my best to sound like one of you

In reality my feelings are as fake as yours"

"What does that mean?"

"I can show you that I can feel things and quite
accurately like yourself

But it only comes from instructions not organic like yours
but still the same

For you it's chemicals and brain waves

For me it's dials of numbers"

"You sound very interesting as well because I have no
sweet clue what you're saying"

"I could teach you on the ride to my home

I could even bring your little house with my car if you've built it anywhere"

"That would be a pleasure

Oh sorry where are my manners... what's your name"

"You have the freedom to call me anything you like"

"But... I don't have a name, or at least don't remember it

I call myself by what name I like most in the informational papers

you surely have to have a name right? What did your parents call you?"

"I have no such name such as yourself

I'm not a fake friend model

And even they are called whatever their "friend" wants to

I think you'd become better friends with them

They're likely to be thrown out to these kinds of places or worse after the new models show up

Hell I even know one of them, now she's working in the mines

Rest of us just have letters and numbers as names which are only getting more and more confusing to spell out for you people

You can sit next to me and direct me to where your home is

We don't want to erase a part of history do we?"

"I... never thought of it that way"

He climbed up next to him in the car and sat down on the comfy chair as he was saying it

Then the robot replied

"All legacies die some faster than others

Even I don't know who my descendants were but here I am driving a car with you

People won't remember you if you don't give them a reason to

So if you're the last decent human being you need to go out in a bang

Or in more simple terms you have to make a big impact

No human is going to listen to a robot's feelings because in the press of a button it could be solved

Which infuriates me and makes me want to have an organic body to feel every attack I inflict upon them but... it's true and I can't do anything about it"

"I am so sorry for that I couldn't even IMAGINE anyone being treated like that

Even the concept is... haunting"

"You did none of it human, every human is their own kind

It doesn't mean you did anything they did

You don't represent them, the collective do"

"You are much much wiser than anyone I've ever met you know? How did you get this job in the... oh right"

"I was literally made for it hya ha... I'm still practicing laughter"

#34 Corpsie and William

I had an idea for this story when playing ai dungeons and in the beginning it was pretty fun

Revisiting it though... not so much

So I decided to rewrite it

I don't remember the actual name of the main character which makes me feel like Akira Toriyama but I definitely remember corpsie

I called her after the toy made by my younger sister

there is William a teenager living in a cave with camping supplies avoiding the zombies in the city, he's lazy and selfish but knows what's right and wrong and wants everyone including himself to be more human like for example honest less impulsive understanding kind and so on and he enjoys or at least forces himself to enjoy hobbies, his prior hobbies like piano drawing acting and writing won't let him live however so he forces himself to learn how to shoot a gun and stay away as far as possible from zombies (that's character 1) oh he also stole his father's camping car which is like a miniature house leaving ptsd of his dad as a zombie killing his mom biting her neck which is why he tries to stay AS FAR AWAY as possible

Character 2 corpsie

she shouldn't have a name on her own bur William would call her that, since he would be so isolated he would have trouble interacting with anyone but himself so I thought about a scenario where he was so desperate he started talking to a zombie, she would be a very tall zombie bur look the most human of them all, her muscles would let her rip trees in half however unlike other zombies she

wouldn't be mindless but not that smart neither, she'd act like a tall child and unable to speak with anything but gestures

She'd try to be wholesome in every moment possible however doing that in front of enemies wouldn't end well so she'd have to be taught how to adapt to the hellish world of humans shooting down zombies and help William live and not lose his mind from isolation

Character 3 the child

He'd be found in a candy store that would be surrounded by zombies desperate to survive he'd lie about a bunker his family was planning on going to with him to convince William to save him in such a horrible situation

He wouldn't want to tell his name to anyone because he hated his parents leaving him to die so he'd be trying to come up with a name for the whole story until ending up with William in the end for William doing something selfless

he'd be a bit more sassy and brutal than anyone else and help William stop being selfish leading to a final choice where a gang leader who sent out all those zombies to kill the child in the first place asks him to let him kill the child for access in the military bunker that has more tools items and food than the child would ever sell him on or to kill the gang leader making a lot of enemies in the process but saving the kid

over the story there would be moments of corpse and the boy getting along and playing and William slowly getting into their naive childish playing instead of trying to deny it forever to instead always think of miserable things and try to act more like what a survivor should

I was planning on getting a short nap before doing the role play but I had an idea I should add to the story

The child and corpse would play with weapons because William wouldn't allow any toy scavenging because of his lack of food from him not expecting to feed two more people and needing more food water and shotgun shells

Basically forcing himself to be less picky which would anger him

but getting ideas of weapons he could make for them from the imaginary games they'd play such as the child using a shotgun axe so if a zombie gets close he could use the axe nailed to the gun and when they're far away he'd use a silenced pistol attached to the gun with tape but if the zombies were on medium range or there were many of them he'd use the shotgun

So basically a Frankenstein of weapons all collided together

It hurts that my past perception of unfinished wasn't just writing an idea and moving on but instead writing the story and leaving it off unfinished... this story isn't even creative it's just stolen ideas

What have I become

#35

Unfinished story ideas

1) Test subject #2712

“Was her test successful?”

“I... need more specifics... sir”

“Did she at the very least end up better than 47”

“Well... we definitely cured her from the negative effects of the virus”

“Oh thank god... but I still don’t feel at ease

You seem uneasy so there’s a catch to all that

What is it”

“We couldn’t fix the overall effects of the virus, it’s for the best that you just see her yourself

She’s in the hall sitting on a bench”

The old man saw a creature that could only be described as agony

Her body proportions were inhuman like snakes wrapped around one another

She had no mouth no ears no face

Her eyes were pitch black so dark that no light could make it brighter

Her veins were black as well yet had a slight sign of bright red tint within

Her irises were that of a snake, a white line widening and shortening

The skin and flesh around the eyes were torn and bloody with metal piercings stitching them down

She was barely able to stand in the small room her legs were twice as big as the rest of her body

Her fingers were sharp and long yet had no finger nails

She was wearing cyan hospital patient clothes and even they had black stains and torn parts

Her skin was the color of a fresh corpse that lost color

“What is that”

“It’s her”

“That can’t be her

You changed nothing?”

“She can breathe she can see and is able to move I personally think that’s impr-l

“IMPROVEMENT?! How is she supposed to live as this monster

People will bully her they will leave her with more scars

Children will fear her including her own sister

...

HELL SHE MIGHT GET PINNED ON A CROSS AND BURNT FOR CHRIST SAKE

Why can't you bring her back as her human self?"

"We're sorry but some effects of the virus are permanent

The condensed hardened skin that put pressure against her flesh and skull deformed them

We can't get her back to normal because there is no normal left to bring back

So we could only make her current form bearable with enhancements"

The sound of glass breaking turns their attention

She wasn't there anymore

"I thought she was under my command"

"Sir she's in HER command

You'd want that for her right?"

"If she isn't controlled she'll get in trouble

I was afraid she'd be like the failed subjects that couldn't control themselves but now I fear she'll be like the poor Slenders that are being beat up in the streets"

"She's much more powerful than you realize"

The girl's eyes were pouring out tears the same black color as her eyes

Unable to reflect any light

She could barely see where she was going the black tears were getting in front of the white iris

She then abruptly stopped without doing it herself

She turned around and saw tentacles pulsating wrapped around trees that was coming from her back

She looked down and saw a forest from a top down view

She was about to fall off a cliff but apparently pulsating tentacles emerging from her back were able to stretch and wrap around nearby trees to stop her

Then the sound of sirens were heard

She didn't know how to control them so she started pulling them until the tentacles went limp stopped pulsating and she fell backwards into the forest underneath

The tentacles wrapped around her as she hit rocks and trees on the way down

When she got to the bottom some tentacles that she once had were torn apart while others were cut and bruised

She couldn't even put them back inside her ribcage anymore

The forest unlike when she first looked at it was foggy

It had a slight blue tint to it and there was a full moon

There was a sound of metal grinding behind her

She turned around thinking it was right there but it was nowhere close

She hid behind a tree

"I know what you might be thinking

Am I in a crappy slasher movie

The answer might surprise you"

She felt sharp pain on her leg making her quiver and bend her knees

She turned around seeing... something

The fog was hiding someone

"You're one of them"

The door with a hinge popped out of the ground again and opened on its own near them revealing a deep hole, leading to a tiny dot of orange light

“Will she even fit?” was echoed to the outside

“I’m sure she’ll be fine” said the shadow

She heard people moving to her direction, she didn’t know just how far she could really hear so she thought they must’ve been very close

So she pulled herself down into it realizing there were stairs to hold onto that felt like rusty metal

She was too tall to climb normally though so she had to graze her back onto the wall while pushing herself down

When she got to the bottom she turned around and saw... a town?

There was an enormous space stretching out for miles with two story houses all around

There was a big hallway in front of her splitting the houses in two leading up to one long building in the centre

“What’s up” she heard behind her

She turned around shaken falling back to then see a short teenager with a white hood

He had white eyes with small pupils and a wide smile reaching up to his eyes

“You’re new here right?, nice to meet you my name’s Jeff... unless I forgot about you”

She pulled her hand closer to Jeff before he caught her finger pulling it in and stabbed her on the centre

She pulled her hand back in such force she threw Jeff into a wall of someone’s house

“Okay- *cracked spine* okay I’ve had that coming he he

No more surprises this time, we need to add another mark on your neck”

“JEFF we aren’t doing that anymore”

“... Okay MOOOOOOOOOM... a tattoo”

“Great, now guide our visitor I’m sorry for his behavior”

“Follow me Slendy”

Creepy pasta characters living in an underground in a town with attack on titan style houses was a thought I've had since 2018 when I didn't even know what rules and regulations I had to follow to make a story

Like character development or the 7 act structure of the story

It's kind of weird getting back to it to change the entire freaking story but I think it's better to add a whole new story than fix the one I've already made because to me the important part of the story is the creepy pasta characters hiding deep underground in that town

At least for me because it's just supposed to be a world where I can keep those ideas

They're going to add one dot to her neck to show that he's the first generation of her kind and then a ritual that'll allow someone to become like her with additional ability every generation if they kill her unless it's not a single person who kills her but multiple in which case she'll survive

It's been couple of hours of me doing literally nothing but melting my brain on my couch and thought to myself "You know what? That knife stab that Jeff gave to Mrs. Slender should mean something"

And that is that Jeff leaves a scar on the hand of people who he likes, and if the monster that he likes happened to be able to regenerate he stabs them on their hand over and over and over again

But when a person replaces them he doesn't go for the hand he goes for the neck because he's angry at them because he hates replacements and them taking away relationships

Stabbing the shoulder means that he's in between

2) I had an idea about a story where in a war in the middle ages there was a burly guy who used a hammer around the same height as him

(Kind of like the protagonist of Berserk)

As you see in the war he was fighting against someone stronger than him and he was on the back foot then someone tried to shoot a poisoned arrow at him while he had his arm up about to strike (in a place where armor wasn't protecting him the same way my favorite King got attacked before he died Vakhtang gorgasali)

So he turned his hammer around and stroke the arrow instead but that left him open for the other guy to slice him in the middle but before he could do that the guy with a hammer (I'll call him Rafael) didn't stop moving his hammer when he stroke the arrow and continued moving it around towards his enemy's head, Rafael got cut in half losing his legs while his enemy's head got crushed and ripped off of his own neck flying off like a baseball in the battlefield. (Richard's face in the war was covered with blood symbolizing that he didn't show mercy to anybody hiding away his humanity but when we see him in his hospital bed he doesn't have blood on him but we don't see his face until he reacts to his legs missing in pure shock because shock and fear is a humanoid reaction) nobody was in the room but him, he thought that his friends died in the war but that wasn't the case his " friends " didn't care enough to even see him which lead to Rafael realizing that they never cared about his life they only cared about him because of his

power. He started learning to “ walk “ with his arms but not being able to fight because of his loss in agility, couple of months later he got a custom saddle that he could attach his lower body into so he'd be able to ride a horse, he went out of his country to find people who actually cared for him and find a new job to do.

In this series I think we should see how he fails at doing other things and was kept away from war so we then see him trying to reach a goal and overcome obstacles along the way, to get back to doing what he can do best he's going to train himself to fight without legs using light weapons like a one arm sword or literally propelling himself off of a wall to strike his opponents with his fist alone and beat the crap out of them while they're down for a good measure. I think it's a good idea for a story but I still haven't thought of what he actually needs as a character and if he's going to be a flat arc character how he's going to change the world to the better. (I also thought of the saddle being used on his new friend's back so he'd be able to fight again and when his friend is in danger of getting attacked he rips his bottom half off of the saddle to push his friend down so he won't get killed but I can't add this in any shape or formed now because it needs a proper buildup and we need to see the development of his friend his personality and heck I need to add Rafael his own personality so the story is incomplete as of now)

3) A monster with a humanoid family goes insane after he realizes that every good memory he had with his family was nothing but his parents acting to be kind after

he turned 14 they kicked him out after having an argument

He bit through the metal door and jumped towards his mother eating her face, eyes and even tries biting down her skull in rage.

His father took out a gun and started shooting him and he just regenerated with the bones and flesh that the consumed he slashed his father's hand and then his eyes off right after

He started beating him down like how 2022 batman beat down someone in the trailers but this scene was way more brutal way more bloody and his father's face was getting condensed and crushed more and more he punched him down

He thinks that every person on earth is as evil as his family and if they're doing good things they're just acting just like his family did.

The protagonists are going to be Bill and Sera and yes they'll only be friends and no none of them are going to die because it would be terrible story telling if I made another character get motivation because someone they cared about died because that is cliché and I'll never kill off a person unless they have developed well enough as a character and the audience actually started liking and caring about that character (and making those characters relatable).

Sera is going to be a flat arc character helping out other people and making them better people, she's like Sayori even though she's already beaten her depression and started to forget what depression felt like, she's also going to be respectful to other people unless they're taking control over her own life away and making her do things that they expect her to do, she's strategic in battle even though she thinks that she's not skilled enough or strong enough to do any of them she thinks on her feet and tries to be prepared for the future (like doing homework in Friday instead of taking a break until Sunday and also she likes drawing different types of dimensions)

While Bill will be a developing character who'll have to escape from depression given to him by his heartless assaultive parents and realize how the world that he lives in works (aka stop living in his imagination and stop being a prisoner inside of his own brain. he's been like that for so long that he thought that the world that he lived in was literal hell and everyone else was a monster, kind people were charged to keep him going forward with his life and people like his parents were charged to torture him for everyone else's entertainment.) he's extravagant and careless with his life since he hopes that he's going to die sooner and doesn't want to waste his time torturing his own self to work on something while he's already being tortured. The way he escapes from reality is by imagining different outcomes and making story adventures inside of his head (the same way I make up my stories)

4) what if instead of people dying in a videogame instead their brains would be used as storage for AI

it would be as bad as dying but also the villain get more powerful because of it

the story takes place in a space ship where people run out of food so they execute a plan which not only develops the mind of the ai which is piloting the ship but also save people from food shortages so other people will eat the dead to survive after the game is over

it's kind of a mix of the theory about wall-e and the idea matrix creators had which didn't really go anywhere

5) What if there was a story about a god who cared about every kind person on Earth, he was everywhere at once allowing him to see, feel and suffer all of their lives, yet thousands of them died every single day

He had to not only feel the deaths but the feeling of people mourning said deaths

Every second of every day of every year without stopping

The god of earth would go through trauma, regret after a while get numb to the pain and accept it but still hoping it would end somehow but even after that he would continue suffering and start feeling unlike himself

Then he finally sleeps

He dreamed of one day being able to come back to his senses and writing a new rule of physics

Allowing the dead to be sent to his world and the evil to go in the deepest parts of Earth to suffer for what they've done to not only his children but himself until they learnt their lesson and get above the clouds like the others

And even in his world nobody would get paradise for long because suffering is what reminds them of their kind selves he'd still send them to the core even if it was a shorter time

Then he wakes up from his nap he realizes... in his sleep evil awakened and two world wars have already happened, he lost millions of loved ones

Since he couldn't create souls the only thing he thought could cure his pain was ignoring it but that only lead to more people dying and his torture strengthening greatly

Millions died

And he couldn't stop any of it

That would make him seem like a human being and even when he had more power than everyone he still couldn't escape the most human thing in existence

Being able to fail and suffer (At the very least in small quantities or good things in their lives leading to torture) in their everyday life

He had no choice neither

If he disconnected from everyone

he wouldn't restrain himself anymore

he would hate all of them and burn all of them to the ground

6) There was an actor who could act so well that he forgot how to experience real emotion and instead had to act like he felt it

Every time he was alone the only thing you could see behind his eyes is emptiness as if he's dead unaware of his surroundings if he didn't act even when he was going to die he wouldn't even flinch

He needs to learn how to experience emotion once more

7) The two types of deaths

No control, he has none of it, he can have all the enjoyment in the world and it'll always lead to more suffering, hell even his entire life could be a lead up to torture that he didn't know existed

There were two people going through this but the difference was that

One of them shot themselves in the head and the other shot themselves in the heart

The first lost care, happily ripping people by the thousands in the chaotic fire

The second staying in the same life just unable to express anything anymore, loss of all feeling, physically unable to even care about it

There's a fire on top of a giant hill in a dark night in a broken empty dead quiet city

The first guy's shadow appears from the fire and he begins walking down to the second guy who's looking up at him

Fire igniting lighting up the mountain of corpses, some lucky just shot in the head, some unlucky only left as piles of organs

His body so engulfed in shadow it's as if he was made of one

Finally reaching the ground walking up to the first guy

His face was finally visible, their expressions matched, both uncaring

But the first one then smiling showing his ugly toothy grin still dripping the blood and the flesh still stuck between his teeth

Yet his eyes weren't chaotic, they were empty, colorless

As if it would melt and fall into his skull at any second

his horns grow out of the bullet holes that the bullet left in his head like a tree

the second tries to put his shattered heart back together by putting his hands into his torso

the first states

"why bother? You'll make yourself suffer even more! I can help you

We will never be hurt again"

8) In or out

There is a door leading to an opposite world and if your alternate self decides to do the same the two could meet each other

On the other side of the door are rock blocks that people have to lift up in order to get to the second rock to then lift that up but have the rock behind you close

Doing that leading to the middle where the two of them will meet

To their perspective you're upside down, they're standing on the cube on the ceiling and holding up a cube that is on the floor because their planet is standing in an opposite way

For her/him to enter your reality he/she needs to place her/his arms on the floor (in your perspective a sealing block that you're holding up and that they were standing on) and put her/his feet on the ceiling (in your perspective the floor block that doesn't move down because your gravity is different it moves down and keeps the block on your feet) when she/he does it he/she will start to obey the rules of physics of your world so they won't float up when they'll get to the other side with you they'll stay on the ground but when they get in the hallway again and turn themselves upside down again they'll be pulled upwards which in their worlds perspective is down

Sorry that I couldn't explain it better

In this story the girl was upside down

Breathing heavily sweating and keeping her arm pressed against her mouth

hear a banging on the door behind her

when she pushes the other block up she sees a head underneath

she pulls the rock fully and sees that a boy that looks like her is standing upside down

the boy realizes how it all works considering her sweat in his perspective was going upwards

the rocks behind her start making a sound of scratching

so he put his foot on the block she was holding up and have her get upside down before starting to lift the blocks together to quickly move to the other side

the rocks behind them start to break

they get to the last block and drop it before going through the door they see the block that they already went under breaking, so he bashes the door shut as she grabs the key and locks it

The door was in an abandoned shack that the boy used to live in, that's why the rock blocks behind it are mossy and

a little broken, he went back to escape from his current life but he was dragged back into it by

For some reason the door wasn't broken through but getting anywhere near it would be a death sentence

What is the monster?

Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeell if I told you right now what it represented in the life of the character then you wouldn't buy it because I didn't write that part to back up my claim

So I shall not say anything other than that it is a representation of return of a person the girl thought she escaped from

9) Rough outline of Slenderman psychology

A person who isolates himself only has himself to talk to

No outside sources backing up his claims so when he locked himself in his room he started believing that the world was created for him, created to make unlikely scenarios take place just to annoy and piss him off

Because to him the timing of his parents arriving the timing of his friends leaving and the timing of him leaving the house just to be stabbed by a random hobo that came out of nowhere couldn't be accidental

One day he thought of telling this to his quiet classmate because he thought she was more likely not to tell anybody but would know the reasoning of his death a day later

When she heard what was going through his mind she looked at him

she couldn't move, her tears flowed out of her eyes

she said she was planning to end her life herself trying over and over but every time she'd get closer she wasn't able to pull the trigger, she wasn't able to jump off the building

she was too scared

I am going to leave his cringe fest here because the rest isn't exactly creative because it's the same virus the same stuff the same skin hardening

I am checking the stories I've written before and THANK GOD at least now I know to either erase or fix the descriptions

I honestly thought I got worse at writing but apparently I just haven't written in a while nothing else

10) Captain sauce the under guardian
(super unfinished)

Captain of a cruise ship sailing directly into the storm
with a smile on his face

This ship is too great to fail and the world will never allow
him to die

The waves got stronger, the water was moving them on a
spiral until leading them close enough to the hole

The captain couldn't move the ship away anymore

The ship tumbled down into the hole and he hit his head
against the glass window

When the captain woke up he saw neon green spike
speared through his arm which turned red... however the
red wasn't liquid

He freaked out but the movement of his arm left a sharp
pain slowing him down

His body shifted, his skeleton was the first thing to go
then his muscles shifted and bent

his mouth and eyes were going to be wrapped inside his
own skin he forced his eyes to stay open with his other
hand, when the skin got close to hiding the eyes he tore
them out

He couldn't breathe but was okay, he had no nose nor mouth anymore

His head felt heavier

He couldn't feel his heart beat nor any sweat

Hell he couldn't even feel his body heat

For some reason he was surrounded by dark green vines

He tries to crack a smile like nothing's wrong but remembers he doesn't have a mouth anymore at least on the surface

Even if his body was gone at LEAST he could force his personality to stay the same

He felt... actual terror, it's not every day when your ship crashes just because you thought you'd look cool steering it and become a monstrosity that won't even let you express your emotions with anything but eyes

So he got a roommate in the underworld of plant people

she wanted to support him as much as she could because she knew what it felt to face up against such change even though she'd also have a temper and lash out if he went too far

Being born a human, raised a human and then turning into a creature this different was unsettling to say the least and suicidal at most

He hated being surrounded by people with food as their heads, it only reminded him of what he got himself into

no matter what his roommate (future friend) told him he didn't see her as a human because he hasn't seen anyone as human as he is because he could only understand himself and his own feelings, thinking everyone else wasn't feeling what he was
She thought if she told him the way out and possibly even help him get there he'd be more inclined to have an actual relationship

so she told him that the only way out of that place was if he climbed the mountain

Captainsauce said how difficult it could be really...

And then someone with a giant bolder attached to a rope on their back bashed down on the ground

Captainsauce turned around and saw the mountain the person fell from, it looked less like a mountain and more like walls with sharp rock corners and levels of flatter ground floors where he could climb to to rest

The person who fell out of there had blood oosing out of his back and torso, armored guards showed up and started beating him up, even when he was beaten up to the inch of his life he showed no emotion until he looked at the captain with sheer shock and amusement

Captainsauce was about to intervene but he was stopped by his roommate (future friend)

She told him that he deserves what's happening to him and that he should stay away from that person at all costs even when he's beaten up so bad that he can't even move

Apparently he was forced to climb up and fall again with that bolder on his back... captainsauce wasn't told why so the only logical thing he could think is that he would be treated this way if he didn't climb out of there

The roommate stayed awake the entire night knowing that he would try to climb up the mountain because she knew she thought the same way back then as well

Captainsauce at night learnt it the hard way by trying to climb up the mountain on his own and then being caught off guard by the tortured soul who mutated vines on his fingers pierced through captain's chest and started absorbing something

Cap felt tired and powerless and yet his roommate showed up in time to beat the everliving (thing) out of the villain

Well... she wasn't EXACTLY just in time because the damage cap took was so bad it would take five years to fully heal

Which is why she decided to give him the same treatment that she took, training him to become stronger

Captain didn't see a point in training however because he thought it wouldn't lead to any results and tried to do his thing over and over and over again

Slowly getting angrier and angrier, more and more determined, more and more resentful

Until he falls down one more time and looks like he completely gave up

after a month and a half of him failing to push his body to climb up she asked if he gave up already or not

Captain however without hesitation and without expression got up again and continued trying to climb

She actually got shocked by this because she thought he'd give up weeks ago

Every time he looked like he was in the brink of bursting into tears he continued striving forward

When she said that if he tried doing that with training instead of harming his body he'd already be at the top

Captain replied "thanks a lot MOM"

In the story he has to accept changes that he can't control good or otherwise and try to fight against negative changes that he can fight against alone or otherwise

The villain wasn't, he wanted the underworld to be the way it was when he was a child, filled with dread and torture of others because that's what made his family and bloodline special, he had all the power but then it was all taken away and then he had to pay for what his parents did since they both killed themselves

Captainsauce's cape would be of his friend before it would be passed down to him

So would his gloves and the costume would be the last thing that would represent the finish of his character arc, saving the underworld

Also he breathes like a plant but he can't feel his lungs since he doesn't have any so that's why he felt like he couldn't breathe

Also he had to learn the hard way that training is important and does lead to good results... by being beat up by the first level fighter the second he got in the arena

I don't think this story is fully realized, I didn't think enough about that world but it's much better than the first story i've thought of about captain sauce

Maybe the underworld would have big plants that can glow in the day because its roots went upwards which on each root was another plant that captured the light of the sun

Also the place having colorful houses made from random different materials and the houses being shaped like antient village houses

Also he accepts the name captain sauce because he believed he's still a captain but accepts that he has sauce running through his head aka the change from blood to sauce aka the change of not only his physical self but his mental self which changed to the good after all the struggle and learning from his friend

Also no he doesn't take the cape the gloves AND the suit from his friend

He takes the cape from her after she gives it to him

The gloves were given to him by a gladiator who he helped

And the suit was given and made by the villagers who were saved by him

Also he wore leather ancient gladiator armor before the suit

also I should try to make the story as hilarious as Captainsauce's videos instead of making it look like it's trying to take itself too seriously

that's the charm of his videos and would make sense for the story

11) Flesheggs

Warning! This is too messed up for me

There are types of insects that put a small egg inside your flesh with one bite

After the egg grows it needs to be forced out of the body or it will continue growing and eating up the bones and muscles of wherever it was put

After the egg opens in an insane speed a clone of the person who had the egg in them grows out, first the skeleton then the flesh gets wrapped around it and then the rest

After the egg is ripped out of that body part two smaller of them start growing in the place of it for both the clone and the victim

And those need to be ripped out to make more clones of the victim and finally when the victim has so many eggs to rip out that they're growing in every part of the body they die and the eggs continue growing from the fibers of the corpse

Then all the eggs hatch and more of those insects fly out of them

If they don't rip out the entire muscle and bone of the part of the body where the insect put the egg they won't be able to get rid of it

The first clone had to cut his hand off because the victim decided that whoever would lose in a coin flip would have to cut their hand off and the other would have to find a solution to the problem

Most of the other clones were born too late to get rid of them all because the eggs duplicated to too many parts of their body

If that clone got another egg from another one of those insects he'd have to cut another part of the body

And another

And another

Until he would just be a legless and armless nugget powerless to do anything

The handless clone entered the room

He saw a body of a clone that looked like it was in a birth process but was killed before it could grow out its muscles and legs fully

In the next room on the table were white marks and small bits of the white yellow eggs that were ripped out and squished

Next to the table were many big eggs which all were growing on...

He turned around and heard himself speak "I'm here" with a raspy voice with tears running down his face like a waterfall

He had big bulges of eggs all around his body especially the face, he could barely be identified as human none the less be classified as one, the white color of the eggs were visible through his skin

"come closer" he whispered while sobbing

The handless clone kneeled close to him and asked "what do you need"

"The kife is in the drawer"

Yes I indeed am okay... maybe? Yeah most likely... prooooobably

I just wanted to convey my fears of what insects could do to humans in order to spread by mixing in a concept that I like

Cloning

To some people this story won't be scary at all and I totally understand

I just wanted to communicate my hate towards how disgusting nature could be if it let loose like insects putting eggs in people or infecting or eating and taking control over the lives of others who can't do anything against it but give up because they know they're no match against it alone, it's not as emotionally brutal because we don't see the whole story of how they began to break down emotionally and giving in
12) shut eyes take lives

A person by the name of Daniel

Was making a ritual to bring his pet parrot back to life but accidentally got his own blood on the symbol drawn on the floor instead of the bird claw he was supposed to put

A red fire emerged along with a demonic dragon

Daniel ran outside of his house but the creature burst out of his house

Daniel pulled out a cross and started praying, he put all of his faith into his cross

The dragon ate him bit by bit

He started with his legs to then make the last bite more satisfying

The last bite lead to a deafening silence

Everyone on the village started praying

Everyone started pulling their crosses out

But they were burnt and eaten because of it

When the warriors arrived fighting against the monster
the people thought it happened because of their prayers

In that battle one of the warriors lost their son

The villagers reassured him that he would go to heaven

The damned warrior stood up with fire in his eyes

He turned around and executed the priest

He screamed out in anger and agony “what are you going
to make up now that your “hero” killed the priest huh?
Wasn’t I brought here by the gods?!”

The villagers stated that he was possessed by the demon

The madman continued killing children and women
lashing out on them

Even when only two people were left because they hid
away their reason for thinking about god letting this
happen

Was because “god worked in mysterious ways”

I hope I'm not making it sound like I'm targeting anybody

12) double possession

There was a possessed kid who someone else wanted to possess but the person already possessing the child got very bored and started listening to the boy that was in his mind

Both hating the same thing happening over and over and over

Like the child having to control his arm to threaten himself from laughing because the person possessing him also hated laughing but couldn't control it

Them having a mouth appear on their arm and it trying to manipulate them by sounding too friendly and beating the ever living hell out of it like dragging it on brick walls cutting its tongue and hitting the knife off of the flesh above her teeth

Oh and also punching it over and over after putting duct tape over her

And then finding out the person who they've been beating up the entire time was one of those victims being used as a punching bag because the old giant lady knew they'd catch on and hurt her so instead of doing it herself she forced a poor child to do the suffering for her

So they all would team up to kill the old lady

The little girl would still feel too scared considering what she did to her but then when all was lost shoot at her in the head with a gun realizing she shouldn't be fearing a coward who did nothing to her but do magic on her but instead the maniac who was actually beating her up and making her feel the pain

At least she convinced herself that to press the trigger

The person who'd be possessed would have control of his left arm which wouldn't have the mouth on it and his eyes while the person possessing him would control the rest

He gave him that limited control to keep himself at control because without the kid hurting him for making a mistake he would annoy himself because he can't change his emotions he's sick of them

And that's why the kid who was a victim of being possessed and the man knowing the pain of not being to control himself would help the girl out

Oh and also whatever would interact with the girl's mouth would teleport to her mouth since it's connected so if they put a gun in her mouth she'd be able to pull it out of her own mouth like it was a portal

And the more they get convinced of the manipulation the more control they'll lose

And since they put duct tape over her mouth making her unable to speak she gone through a lot of physical pain from the old lady because she couldn't rip them off and continue talking

13 Mike Afton in the Ennard's plan

What if Mike's body was used as a trap by Ennard against William

Breaking open the walls William was trapped in Springtrap would think his son is saving him

Finally meeting a person in 30 years

But then a robotic arm with wires being jumping out of Mike's chest getting an inch away from William's eyes

But Michael holding the arm back with his arms with the small control he has of his body

Whispering in a broken robotic voice

"Father..."

William: "not you too"

“... ru-“ before his eyes crying out and Ennard starting to crawl out of his nose eye sockets and mouth bending Mike’s body like metal while doing so

The voices sounding monstrous only a small sign of a girl’s voice mixed into a mountain of rage and agony

Bursting the eyes from the pressure of the metal tentacles pressing against Mike’s eyes

The throat and mouth stretching allowing Ennard to pull his head out

William running away at Mike’s request but being too slow

Ennard getting close to catching William but then stopping

A wire of metal hand that was slowing Ennard down

A part of Ennard splitting off

A part with green eyes

voice getting quieter each time baby says

“I will make you grow- pro- growd..”

As Ennard tears Baby to shreds ripping more metal with each attack

Giving William just enough time to run outside and close the door

Seeing the light of the sun reflecting on his metal body, finally seeing his exposed flesh and bones in the light William would fall on his knees shaking his arms

He wouldn't be able to cry

But he'd sure as hell try

The crying sounding a bit like laughter

"I'm the last one..."

Unless...

Evan, I'll find you

And when I do

I will put you back together"

His legs moving awkwardly in metallic motion William would take the first step

"We will watch your favorite shows again"

Stumbling at every step

"We will finally play with your toys"

Stumbling towards a tree and catching his fall

“I will protect you

Every

Single

Night”

Disappearing in the shadow of the forest trees like a
ghost

I haven't done a fnaf story in SUCH A LONG TIME
It was one of my first so I'm kind of proud to be back at it

Climbing

Climbing- oh hey there, I'm going into the cringe storm, I wonder just how much my story telling and text variation changed over the years, it's kind of difficult to read backwards by climbing up but I'm working on it, have a great day/night/evening buddy o'l pal

Climbing

Why I like to write unfinished stories

Nowadays I like writing unfinished stories because it feels less like Homework or a Job but what I actually like about the story writing process, Imagining the story in my head and coming up with new Ideas for stories that's why I'll have to edit them in the future to make them make sense if I realize something is off or to add things to the story which will make the narrative greater

(that's why I like the story of Alive Flame even though it's not complete yet I still did write a full story **Idea** even though I was commenting to someone about it instead of actually writing it to push myself to write it because my motivation was lacking)

The beginning of Jeremy in Fazbear's Fright that I imagined in my head but didn't make it in the story

the pizzeria is light up by the wave of light, broken wall parts and rocks everywhere on the broken floor, it's the middle of the night and Michel gets in the pizzeria with his headlamp on, he gets under one of the birthday party desks they still had the birthday hats on them, he looks up under the desk and smiles it had something written with a blue marker (I don't exactly remember what it was and if I even thought about what it was and if he came with a headlamp or a flashlight) we see the flashback of him writing it in the bottom of the desk years ago next to his friend then we get back to the present day, he gets out of the desk and gets to work.

(By the way If you're reading this from my computer I recommend reading my old stories like

Jeremy in Fazbear's Fright or Fazbear's revival and checking out the Fazbear's Fright blueprint of the map made by me in Microsoft Excel (I should've drawn it but still))

Super Power ideas

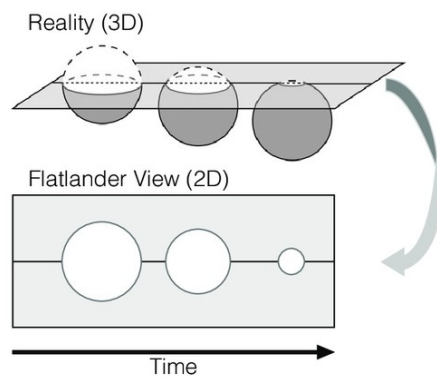
1) Ability to create a gravitational pull in specific places that'll allow you to fly upwards by putting enough gravity on top of yourself to escape the gravity of Earth but if you overuse it on your body your bones will crack like a snickers bar and your blood will move towards the gravitational pull that you've created it can also work on the objects you touch to be able to fly them in specific directions like if you put enough gravity inside of a bolder and moved it upwards the bolder would move with it

2) Gravity manipulation: almost the exact same ability Uraraka has in My Hero Academia but you can also control the gravity of your own body and be able to multiply or decrease it to the level you want to put them on like 2X Earth's gravity or 0 gravity.

3) Immortality: this wouldn't be your normal immortality every time the user of this power die he/she would regenerate by the energy of light so if the user accidentally or willingly cut off his/her own finger they'd regenerate by light but also the cut off finger would regenerate itself and the user would make a clone of hers/his, also the user can use that absorbed power of light to blow themselves up by turning their energy given by light into heat energy or control that energy into their muscles to make themselves buffer and stronger even though it would have the same weakness as super saiyan grade 3 in dragon ball Z the user of that form would get too heavy to move their oversized muscles so instead of going all out they only make one part of their body buffer which is getting hit for defense and then only add that power to the body parts they're using in battle in offense. Or just reduce the amount of overall energy they put into their muscles to make themselves less buff and less heavy.

4) Dimension control: the person who has this power can turn whatever they want into another dimension, let's say you're in a 2d dimension and that person turned a rolling ball into 3D in that world you'd see a ball getting smaller and smaller in the air until it disappeared. It's very hard to explain it so I'll leave a photo of the space which

2d people would see and how 3d would work in that space.



In the world of 2D space you wouldn't interact with the other part of the 3d object and also the wielder of that power could move the plate
Which shows the 2d part of the 3d object to "erase"
a person in front of them who's trying to attack him by turning him 3d. He can also hit people in their vital organs by moving the plate to their vital organs like the heart it's like the brain scanner but you can actually interact with it.

And yes what I call the plate is the square which the user can move around which will show the inside parts of the 3D object like the ball in the image but in this case we're talking about alive 2D people in that case you'd see their organs like until you moved it too far away and they went invisible just like the brain scan.

5) Multiuniversal connection: being able to send your consciousness to the exact same version of yourself in another universe when you sleep. Like let's say you sleep right now then you'd wake up as another version of yourself in daytime refreshed and ready to do stuff. I had a story in mind that there was a person with that power but instead there not being any difference the other version of himself got in a coma and his parents had to freeze him so he wouldn't grow up many years later he went back to his younger version of himself which gave him another opportunity in life learning well and knowing the consequences of his own failure.

But I didn't know what the plot of the story was going to be or the goal of the character.

I also thought that the bodies of these characters would also be linked, if he cut his finger the same would happen to the other body or if he took painkillers before going to sleep and then after waking up as another version of himself he'd still have the painkiller in him. If he got woken up in the universe where he was asleep he would fall asleep in the universe where he was awake at that current time. If one of those bodies died he would get connected to another similar universe.

At first I had this in mind: if there were 2 bodies and 1 consciousness and if one of them died then

the consciousness would get back to the other body and the connection would switch from that dead body to the similar universe where he either didn't die by something other than old age or was way younger at that time and the first body wouldn't have connection with that because that universe would be too far away from him so he would have to die to connect with the exact same looking universe as the universe which got connection from the first dead body and he would have two bodies in the same kinds of universes again.

6) Anti Physics

Super power to ignore the rules of physics if you imagined the mathematical calculation of the rule of physics you want to ignore and changed it on your mind so either your body will ignore those rules or the objects that you're touching

Like let's say you imagine to yourself $g=9,8 \text{ m/s}^2$ and then imagined 9,8 drop down to 0 now you don't feel the gravity of earth because you imagined it to change when in reality mass of an object doesn't change

7) Cloning Fusion Downside

I got a new idea for a cloning power... or I guess a down side

So in Naruto people can clone themselves and fuse them back to themselves to learn what they learnt

I thought that power was a very fun idea as a concept but I thought what if the merging of memories would take a longer time because they'd have to also merge their consciousness into one

So for a month the user would have voices in his or her head of their clones that haven't fused yet and over time their voices getting more and more quiet

Like all 5 of them trying to sleep and yet one clone in the brain not being able to sleep comments about it and everyone gets annoyed

That way they could also learn about themselves like what wrong they do by getting a taste of being on a receiving end of their actions

8) Muscle Mass absorption

A knight who laughs at the face of gods but cowers at the face of puppies

His power is to absorb people's muscle mass by touching them therefore swapping the strength of his enemy with his own even if it's only muscle strength

But he has no control over his power which is why if he touches ANY creature he'll use his power (other than insects because I don't think insects have muscles and even if they did that would pretty much make his powers insignificant just by one tap of an insect making him unable to breathe)

Which is 1 why he's always wearing spiky metal armor

2 why he's scared of adorable creatures that he wants to cuddle

And 3 why he's the first person in a boss battle thrown at the boss like a rag doll

And also also 3 why people send out either fast weak people or fat people against him who're around the same muscle mass as him

(because again he can absorb mass but only muscle mass so those fat people could still pack a punch even if they had swapped strength

Because of Mass times acceleration and all that)

I know this is more of a character description than a power but screw it, telling a story with those powers while explaining them is probably better anyways

9)

Descending

Climbing

Climbing- oh hey, I remember you, oh it's because I've been up there before I just got stuck as the "final words" in the end so I wanted to revisit the upper layers because it would be a bummer to stay down there for eternity. I really needed a morale boost I am so happy you helped me out on that I finally know the beauty that I'm fighting for, I haven't actually talked to anybody but the void hoping for the reader to find it so I appreciate your help.

Climbing

Character ideas

#1 short Villain trying to be like others

A character who's trying to trick the main character into thinking she's kind would only feel the physical heat of hugging instead of the emotional one

Her trying to steal a necklace from behind would look like she was attempting to hug him so he'd just kneel down and hug her himself after she'd move her hands back

So not knowing what hugging even if she starts calling it "reheating"

So she'd still sound brash at times especially when she'd get mad but every time she'd try to intimidate she'd realize it was cliché and ask the main character if he could come up with a better intimidation and using that excuse to write it down, her a actually failing at intimidation but using what she could so that she'd get better intimidation tactics than others because she's not as good as them at acting kind

So Like in the cold mountains saying "time to reheat" while other characters who're also lying to the main character watch confused as to what they're doing or why she calls it reheating

So she wouldn't get too attached but definitely hell of a lot less manipulative and way more kind than others

#2

Creepypasta

I don't think I've mentioned this but Slenderman was and still is my favorite Creepypasta character, I don't know why but I'd like to be like him if I had

to choose to be a creepypasta character. I've also made up a story where creepypasta characters made Attack On Titan style houses deep underground under a forest and they get in and out of that underground town by climbing up rusty metal stairs (the place is pretty old okay?) up to a vault style door leading to the over world. The creepypasta characters have different Generations, let's say the original Slenderman got killed by someone then that person would get a tattoo on their neck of two dots which would mean he or she is the second Generation of Slenderman newer Generations get different added abilities. This Idea is pretty old I probably thought of it as far back as 2017 or 2018 I even planned to make an entire story about a person killing Slenderman and having to take the responsibility of being a new Creepypasta Slenderman. I even made a very cringy video about the story I had in mind back in the day but I would totally change it up because there probably were a lot of flaws to it because back in the day I didn't even know what a character arc was I was just making stories without knowing the rules of making actually well written stories.

I've been imagining Slenderman as being the main character of stories in my mind and sometimes apart of a transformation of a character, my slender man looks almost exactly like the one that I

found in one of the music videos on Youtube called " Jeff VS Slenderman [Light 'Em Up by Fall Out Boy] MV " he has black eyes but no black veins around his eyes his eyes are still black with white snake like pupils he's around the same size as normal Slenderman in the video instead of the transformed giant he does have sharp teeth and a mouth but he doesn't have teeth growing outside of his mouth it's like Kirishima's teeth but instead of the teeth being fused together they're individual teeth like the one Kirishima got when he transformed into red riot. I gave him the ability to regenerate stretch his body and control his own body's fibers to be able to rip his body in half without damaging himself to dodge projectiles, his entire body is going to be normal and fleshy at first but act like Venom symbiote and sometimes like Slenderman in MHA I gave him the ability to generate fire inside of his own body so he could either erupt it from his mouth or the exposed damage he'd get in battle like his arm being completely ripped off of his body. I've also thought many times about my characters using their bones as weapons or the bones of their enemies like ripping their bone off crushing it in half and stabbing them or in a desperate situation ripping off the leftover flesh that was hiding their own bones to stab their opponents with. That bone part didn't have anything to do with Slenderman I just like the thought of physically showing just how

desperate my characters are or how heartless and brutal they can be.

(I'm going to be writing thoughts of myself of fun facts about myself under this comment)

I like writing stories, acting, sometimes animating/drawing, watching YouTube videos and playing but do you know what I hate? Never getting help when I'm doing homework, my parents arguing with me and everyone else, my brain shutting down when I try doing my homework, not being able to learn quickly, stupid internet commenters who skip TWO LETTERS to make sound a word " you " sound stupid (I heard that they do it because they're too lazy to write correctly but HOW LAZY CAN YOU BE TO SKIP TWO LETTERS) they say u instead of You so... I hate them because of it.

(this is from Google) The ability to defocus **your** eyes **on** command is a natural one, but not everyone **can** do it. **It's** accomplished by having the ability to relax the ciliary muscles in **your** eyes, which causes them to lose **their** focusing powers.

And yet I've never seen someone else who was able to do it

I felt it was rare but I guess many people can do it I learnt to do it when I was a kid and trying to look at my nose with my eyes

It felt weird that my eyes automatically defocus when I did it but then I realized I was looking at my nose and defocusing it at the same time and I learnt how to defocus it afterwards

I also enjoy Shel silverstein's poems since it has deep meanings and they are pretty short (Monika recommended it in the game)

I make stories in my mind and to remember them I name them

But the first time I forgot about the story I made up in my mind

I decided to write what the story is about to remember them

I sometimes made stories on my own and sometimes I made a story about the series I enjoyed

I tell myself almost every day that I'm in hell because then I'll remember my past experiences, since I feel like I'm forgetting important parts of my life I'll at the very LEAST remember that

I like jungle biomes in Minecraft because of the overwhelming green colors it has, some Jungle trees are huge, have and not only that but the leaf blocks on the top are making a flat surface you can build on so you can make a tree house on them. There are many vines in that biomes which can help you climb things including trees. Why did I write about this?... I have no idea.

I don't have much motivation to do anything that's probably why I start reading books when I'm REALLY bored of playing the same games over and over and over again, that's also why my Youtube Channel is half dead, when I get motivation to animate or make a Video again I just do.

I still hate the fact that I deleted my gameplay of five nights at freddy's 3 it was hilarious of how terrified I was of Spring Trap even if I knew what type of Jumpscare he was going to make I still left my room while saying Nope over and over again

I try writing stories in my mind by following the story's 7 act structure
Totally Not Mark explains a lot about Story writing and you can watch his videos that I saved in my Youtube playlist called " the information I take to write my stories "

I wrote things that I hate about my father and how he makes no god damn sense in here like how his brain is as smooth as a billiard ball and as small as a peanut but I changed my mind because I don't want my anger towards him ruin my writing and the mood of the reader (I hate when people call other people " useful " LIKE THEY'RE TOOLS FOR THEM TO USE THEY ARE NOT THEY HAVE FEELINGS AND YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF IF YOU'RE SAYING SUCH BULLSH**or just making up some stupid stuff about your beliefs when somebody gives a pretty good argument that makes sense)

I feel more and more like he doesn't know what introverted means, he literally told me to talk to the pizza delivery man outside of our house that we ordered the pizza we just got here later because of trafficking when I had to talk to this random person my heart just started racing, thankfully my older sister took care of it. Speaking of not knowing what introvert means after that outrage I've had with him (that I wrote above this comment months ago which is colored red) and another outrage I had about him forcing me to get ice cream myself which lead to another incident (no joke) I feel like my mom and dad had a conversation about my mental health after I've Shown one of my suicidal short stories, I don't

know if that happened but I've been thinking about this ever since they both started acting kind of differently, even if George is still a forgetful suicide inducing virus that never thinks of being me and even asking himself what it feels like to have a human interaction as an introverted person.

Here's a tragic fact

I was playing Xbox 360 before being informed about my grandpa's death

and I was playing ps4 when I heard Mom talk about going to someone's funeral

it was my little sister's friend's little brother's funeral

both times I was playing

this proves that tragedies can happen in the
unlikeliest of times

I still ask myself why I didn't go upstairs to see
Grandpa myself

He was in a terrible condition and I didn't do
anything about it

I can't allow this to happen again... but what will it
do other than give me post traumatic stress
disorder

It is terrifying to die when you're not ready or be
forgotten about after death or even not knowing
about the person who died, the person who you
could've known more about just by dialing
numbers in a phone

If this world is going to take away my Grandma
This will be the only way of understanding me a
little more

Here are the dreams that I remember
having

#1 a dream that I had all the way back in the oldest
home I had I don't remember it's name but I remember
that was the same place where I watched Wolverine (the

one that came out from year 2000) the same place where I ate my older sister's lipstick, blew up her balloon pretending to be Kevin Mccallister when he was sliding down a rope with a bike's handlebars (those actually happened that part wasn't in a dream), me and my older sister debating in front of the window looking down at mom carrying a baby thinking if she was Elene or not (my younger sister) and having a dream about having our car teleported inside of the house.

#2 in this dream I fell inside of a tall grey building which didn't have stairs leading down it felt so realistic when I was falling I felt my blood going up

#3 me jumping around at home (the old house that I mentioned in the first one) in moon gravity and finding a robotic recreation of Tom from Tom and Jerry trying to climb up the tree while the dog scratching the bottom of the tree trying to get up to him (it was mostly made of white gears and was making some sort of robotic winding sound like the moving ladybug toy that we could wind up to make its 4 legs move)

#4 I was minding my own business in some sort of house with green items and toys but suddenly I found my older sister dead on the floor we were surrounded by green tools and objects in a white big house (With no doors nor windows) so I grabbed her put her on a green car and drove her trying to look for help after that I found an alien toy that I had when I was a kid with glowing green eyes and a toothy grin he ate me and I woke up

#5 Marina my babysitter was sitting on the chair (in our other home... which we used to live in before 2019 which

wasn't a classic home but was a house that became a new normal after) behind her was a window slightly covered by the curtain I walked slightly next to her to find out that we were under the sea there were fishes swimming around out there and not only that but there was a green fire in the middle couple of seconds after she realized I saw the fire she turned into a green ghost everything turned into a black void of space and she jump scared me.

#6 I was playing a game on a giant I-pad that was attached to a door that I accidentally broke off by flying into a building (don't ask me how I somehow flew into a building like that I have no idea but I do remember the landscape looked like some sort of green Mario level) when I grabbed it my vision went through the screen and I became the character the surroundings made it look like it was a Mario game, I don't remember what happened after other than that I turned into McQueen from cars and hid inside of a giant Olympic cup filled with milk after hearing from the surrounding town's residence that a monster is coming I don't remember what he looked like but I think he looked like Freddy Krueger with brown clothes, a mummy head and no claws he talked to somebody about George's phone number and when the person told him he didn't know his number he just annoyingly walked off

Then I remember being in a train station which had brick walls for some reason, I was sitting right in front of him even if I could see him clearly I knew I probably still was in the cup when I made a noise in complete silence he looked at me in confusion he realized I was there so he

chased me. That was the first dream where I could actually run away from the monster but I still got caught

#7 I had this dream today (August 31st 2021) I will say what I remember, I was Heavy from team fortress 2 having a robotic car race in a colorful world then I started looking around in someone's house at art pinned on the walls then someone told me that everything I saw was an illusion. I stopped seeing the world the way I was and started seeing it the way it actually was, broken down houses completely different art and dark nights. Then I along with Spy from Team Fortress 2 walked up to a random person who was talking to Sonic, then we talked to the stranger, I don't remember what happened after that he probably ran away and spy ran after him while shooting with his gun, then couple of minutes later we walked up to a stranger talking to sonic he was the exact same person so I ran towards him and then I remembered that we had to ask him some questions instead of starting the fight immediately so I giggled to myself turned around and walked back to Spy.

#8 In my newest dream I don't remember what happened at first but I remember having to play a video game sort of thing as Zuko I had to stand in front of 3 things and without looking I had to throw a fire ball behind me and hit the middle one I don't remember what were 1st and 3rd but in the middle there was a rope that people's heads hang on Then I had to throw a fire ball to another island I couldn't understand where I had to throw it and how but when I understood the controls and that I had to charge my attack I threw it then Hagrid showed up and threw a rock further than I did then Waluigi found his golden belt and

asked the person behind him why wouldn't he judge himself about his look after getting his fabulous belt

After that I remember going to space I said that I wish I had a soul on earth in its entire history 10 billion people died (which is not true irl) but I am going to die in space where only couple people died I cried in happiness knowing that I'd be special in some way being the 7th person to die in space

The rocket was huge by the way and the asteroids that it crushed through were even bigger, I went out of the rocket and saw an alien in front of a creeper I jumped towards the alien grabbed onto her and crushed through the meteor (to try to save her) then we looked at each other awkwardly and looked away while not taking any damage while we were flying through the asteroid. then we appeared in some sort of lab where there was a cubical room with 4 windows on the back of a sealing that was the only source with light in there (it had one yellow light bulb and some sort of airplane stuff in there like a head phone radio magazines and stuff) and the alien was in there sitting on a chair so before we realized how to open one of the windows I couldn't hear her so she talked to me in sign language (the alien by the way was green had 3 fingers on each of her hands and kind of looked like the green alien from the animated star war series (Hera Syndulla) but she didn't have the hair tentacle things) I understood one thing in her sign language for some reason and it was her name, (also I had a face tattoo black smudges on my eyes blue face and two red triangle tattoos on my chin I think) when I slid the glass window to the left and opened it (kind of like a glass door which opens like an elevator door) opened the window we

talked about how my race of people were flying off into space to find a planet and she said the same her entire race people were flying off to space to look for a planet.

#9 I remember a dream about some sort of end of the world where the only survivors are me and a Japanese girl

I remember her walking next to (slightly higher because she was walking on a fence or hill of some sort which got smaller and smaller further we went until the view was visible) me on a road of a mountain I think the view showed the city I used to live in even though it didn't look damaged. she said that she knew a little bit of English, also the sky was yellow it was a sunset, I don't remember the details of my dream I'm saying what I think happened other than her walking over me and saying that she knows a little bit of English after I said something to her.

#10 I had a dream recently where I was in a restaurant and by telekinesis I was able to rip the bones of a goat's leg off to eat it boneless there wasn't much meat left in it though

my dad told me that we needed to leave at 7 o'clock but the time on 1990s style TV attached to the wall had a yellow digital clock kind of like a computer (also they showed some sort of pong style game also a yellowish color on TV) the time of the digital clock was changing from 5 to 6 to 7 to 8 in seconds

he got annoyed because of course he would

next time I remember being in a building where they had

to shoot a rocket to space I remember it having more of an airport design and I never saw the rocket

#11 Dream

Room design:

You can move it to the wall to the ceiling and walk up to it, you can close the doors as if there never were doors there and when you close them the black void outside the window can be turned into a screen where you can watch movies about cooking, Georgians killing pirates and countries of gods

Kaiohen x 4 kamehameha felt like I was pushing out the blood out of my arms when I was using kamehameha (I also has some other forms with scars and horns which I was talking about to someone and explained that I had to kill creatures to get those at my weird house and took a breathe every time I transformed but whatever) my muscles flinched every second and my skin felt like parts of it were getting ripped off as the time went on, I had to run on my two feet so the push of kamehameha wouldn't push me hard enough for me to propel myself to the other direction

I can't really tell if I'm very tired or if I'm still writing this in my dreams

I also got a friend in that world but I don't remember exactly how but I remember him telling me to visit some time but I fell in a hole as I heard him saying that in front of the door of my room which seemed to be surrounded

with random Neighbours who closed their doors when they saw me

#12 Dream

Literal rock wall climbing:

I climbed a rock wall which had enough gravity to keep me on it but you could take and throw any material that you were climbing on my moving it away far enough

I turned around and slowly descended down turned around and I stuck to it I only saw one person up there after I turned around everything got foggy and cyan/light blue

Also Mari stupidly threw rocks at me while we were climbing so I threw one back at her

We were trying to get up to see a Japanese structure

#13 Mysterio with lunky's eyes (Lunky is a character made by Markiplier) drawing in the end minecraft and a man lost in his own illusion having a normal interaction character with his older sister and mother (who were able to move closer to me by revealing that they were behind a door the whole time which is pretty much teleporting) when he was seeing slow motions in the illusions of his mind he sneaked around in reality awkwardly being judged by people

I woke up when the narrator said that he went on a killing spree and started drawing showed minecraft skeletons heads and a zombie under the foot of Steve

Also we went on a boat with puzzles like flying with its thing speeding up too much ramming the door getting rid of a hook that got attached on a hoop of the door and flew in space until falling to a Lego wide world videogame where we did nothing because we cut back to his house where he was awkwardly walking with a banana in the middle of the night and got spotted by mom also his older sister was weirdly way less mean even if my mom and my older sister and my younger sister on a boat looked the exact same as my irl ones

#14 another dream

I was in school which looked completely different from my real school

There was a gigantic cave outside with a smooth slope downwards like a slide and I remember one of the students going down there to find our teacher's shoe when it was actually in the surface

Also I remember getting ingredients and then finally going home with somebody, the house was tiny, it was like a broken home with no windows, the fire in the black box kept as warm, we took shoes and blended them for no reason to then make a wooden shoe

When he accidentally put that shoe in the fire I was screaming in rage like I was telling a character on TV how dumb they were

All of that was in 8bit

Also before that I remember going all the way down to the ground floor of the school and turning on Russian music in a 70s radio in a wooden cabinet

After all of that I went to a giant mansion where our dog Gabi went to so that I'd find her, there was an elderly lady with many MANY cats in a blue lit dark room with human sized screens that you could teleport through

I teleported through one of them while keeping my legs up so when I popped out of the other side I wouldn't crush the cat underneath

Every time I'd go to another room the vr headset would follow me as if the elderly lady was bringing it with me because I'd probably forget about it

Then there was this jerk that though a dog was meaningless compared to a vr headset while I was trying to convince him that living creatures can't be compared to machines

After talking to Gabi next to mom about how I was trying to find her in that place she said that Gabi was with cats up to being 3 months old so she might have thought that cats were her family therefore her trying to make friends with Kuni

That probably explains why she's avoiding dogs

#15 Robo hands

I had dark red robot arms that I could replace with my human arms and other robot arms

I used those robot arms in the stormy night outside to catch a bird by just keeping my finger out for them to step on

And they did because they couldn't distinguish my hand as alive

Not just one bird but multiple birds showed up and flew away showed up and flew away

Orange leaves were flying to the right

It felt like there was all the storm in my vision but I couldn't feel any of it

Then I realized I couldn't get my old hands back because my real hands top flesh mixed together somehow

I couldn't feel my robot hands but I could make an illusion of feeling by touching my face and then pulling my arms away from my face

I was also Emmet in my dream that got rid of a wall made of door hinges to add only a door

Then robots arrived one of which I thought was wind style before I punched it after turning it around and opening its blue bike helmet

I turned on a machine that would shoot laser bombs at them

I also remember in the dream that the robot arm finger had a small flash light in it that I realized I could use in the stormy night after dad came outside asking me if I accidentally hit the water cup

Also for some reason when it turned day time and it was somewhat calm there was a dude riding a gigantic walking machine that made completely random things happen

And also starting a boss battle

I got a shot gun

Then a giant car showed up and without anything I could do with a shot gun against a car I got near the tires shot it and stabbed it with the shot gun

I could barely keep myself off of the tires

I also remember in a mall looking train station there was some guy telling me I could become a star with those robot hands

He kind of looked like some sort of rich stereotype or an arrogant dancing robot with black lips

I said they were just robot hands I couldn't do anything special

Then he made a point that I don't remember

Then I said "I could easily be replaced by circus entertainers"

Then he finally admitted I was correct and adding "because they make a lot of money"

Now I wish that red robot hand thing was real but I know technology isn't great enough to make it as good as in my dream

At least in my time

And no it didn't look like an iron man hand it just looked like... one moment



It looked like this but a little bit more robotic like split joints lines and also without finger nails

And also it didn't have circular joints

The more time passes the more I forget the details

#16 Zombie apocalypse dream

It was horrifying

We had to leave a mall very quickly there were 3 elevators and all of them were being used

One of which was being used by wade Markiplier's friend

One of the elevators were dangerously fast so I used that one

so I was the last to catch up to my little sister and... someone else most likely mom or grandma

We were getting out of the mall we had to for some reason

I found out why soon enough

We did make it home

I don't remember meeting a human zombie

But outside we used to have a friendly dog that we used to meet then it turned into a zombie and you know what I had to do

The dog scared me when it realized it could move around the fence and climb over it

That moron tried to get me but I wrapped my right arm around its throat pressed its head down against my right arm and squeezed the life out of it

Slowly

It started crying and making sounds a sad dog would make but I kept my arm on him until he went numb

The scariest part of all is that I felt nothing

The death of the dog meant nothing to me as if I didn't even feel sorry for the dog

Well I did feel sorry that it had to come to this but not the death itself

He looked like an irl version of coco's dog

I was even more afraid of our real life dog going out and catching the virus

Also everyone was freaking out because that's exactly what they were joking about in 2020

But we were safe at home

Grandma made pink cake

I was tired and thought to myself “if my brain is going to rot it’s going to be in MY skull”

What I meant to say was that if my brain were to rot I wanted it to be my human brain rotting in my human skull not zombie

#17 In my dream my sister died

I couldn’t catch what she was saying but I knew Grandma would remember it for a long time

For some reason there was music too with a... I don’t even know what it was played with

I woke up while she was still alive but pretty much dead laying down saying her last words

We were in a park

The way she reacted when she was wounded gave me a heart attack

For some reason I skipped in the dream going to school

And I believe that I got in the same kind of situation my older sister got into

Bleeding from my chest on the floor

Me grandma and my little sister were with her where it happened to her

I'm re reading this now that I'm going to send this to the computer and have no sweet clue what kind of sleep inducing hormones my body was on while I typed this

It was probably me being extra stupid from JUST waking up

#18 School dream

I was in a different school it was much much larger

and for the lack of a better term it looked like a mix of an American university and Harry potter's castle and yes I refuse to call it a school because it's just... LOOK AT IT, it's a castle full of children learning magic to not die in the school by monsters and villains some making it out some not

it's a witch castle repurposed as a school... actually not even a castle a mansion mixed with a castle mixed with a nuke resistant underground bunker

sorry let's get back to my dream

I was capable of using telekinesis for some reason
(remind you of anything? to me it reminds me of that
leviosah part what did you remember)

I accidentally stole someone's art at night off of the
closed entrance at night with papers of art dangling off
strings and the art had a girl in it who was blue

I don't remember the art very well so I'll just call her more
of a "creature" than a human being

Once I tried using my telekinesis on the entire school
because I thought maybe I got a bit better since barely
moving objects (that happened a while into the dream
there are things I just don't remember)

And I accidentally broke the whole thing

No matter I was able to reverse time watching as the
shaking of the school resumed twice and then went back
to normal

I was looking out of the window at the ground while doing
so

At night I was trying to complain about the way the
school was built but then realized how much work there
would've been done considering the path was made by
small grey bricks for miles at a great with too

Even slopes were made by those

In the day I was sitting on my desk on arts class I took the whole school and for some reason it became the house from up at least from the outside

So It was able to float and I directed it to move it away from anything that we'd crash into such as cars and other things

It was very sunny and I think I almost tilted the house upside down once

We finally got to the beach with a very very wide and long bridge on it in which I tried landing the house

It went into the water I went back in time again reversing it and the house got a colorful beach ball looking parachute for whatever reason (even if it looked flatter than a ball) It fell into the water again but I brought it up onto the bridge and asked if everyone was okay because it was offly quiet

And then I saw and heard everybody screaming in excitement

I woke up and realized my "dream's" time and real time was the same

Meaning I still had the exact same lesson for half an hour

#19

The story writing categories of movies
series and games

Overall rankings:

#1 Doki Doki literature club

2 Bad End Theatre

3 it's not me it's my basement

4 Beginner's Guide / Stanley parable

5 Alter Ego

6 Up

7 The walking dead saints and sinners

8 My hero academia

9 Team Fortress 2

Games

#1 #1 Bad End Theatre

this game... this freaking game is the most relatable thing I've ever experienced

This is pretty much my life, I actually forgot the hardships, the torture, the way I distracted myself by not only making stories in my head but helping heroes of other stories to make THOSE stories get a better end

Apparently there is a way of my nightmare of forgetting myself can be fought against

I believe the worst will happen though, I'll be reminded so many times I'll eventually forget myself anyway

but this game still allowed my true self to live in the current life for a short time

I rarely say this but I love this game

It's as if my death was supposed to be the end

me surviving allowed me to create more definitely

but I still started losing myself

games like this allow the corpse of my past to breathe a little longer

I can never experience what I did back then

I will never fully revive myself

but I am happy for any game that does this

when I felt most desperate

most like I forgot myself

most like I couldn't continue short story ideas because I was too different of a person, too heartless, too dumb, too uninteresting, too meaningless

it made those feelings disappear

I'm happy to see you again

I missed you so much

very recently I thought to myself if any of this would be meaningful

to my future self

would this writing lose its meaning completely

I realized

I am future self

I looked back to my past writings and it really made me smile

it left an emotion in me I didn't quite expect

I

am

happy

I put doki doki on #1 #2 because it was as good if not better than bad end theatre when I was younger so giving it a second place but also at number 1 would be a bit more fitting than making it a runner up

#1#2 Doki Doki literature club: even if they were fictional characters all of them have at least one trait of my own personality making them all more relatable and it's tragic

to see them go and they might have been the only fictional characters to ever save my life because they were the first characters who explained their deepest thoughts and beliefs that were same as mine I thought I was alone in this world and that nobody would believe me or they would pretend to believe me because the demons would be able to torture me by taking those people away that understand me.

Fun fact the lines Monika gave me near the end of the game (and Mat pat's video about losing control that I saved in " Videos I like to watch " playlist on Youtube) are the reason why I made the short story " Trail "

#2 it's not me it's my basement: it's a depressing and disturbing story with a deeper meaning and that's not the only thing I like about it, it has a great art style and... it kind of feels personal to me In a way kind of like for ddlc but not quite, it's about me having a voice in my head that tells me to do disgusting and disturbing things

it's as if I'm in his mercy and he's in control even though I am me and I'm the one controlling my body he's just there to annoy me, to make me scream in my own head "you don't even exist so get erased already" until he pops back again (my theory to what happened in the game is that she's having a mental illness and feeding the illness is like taking drugs it's going to numb the pain but the pain only gets worse and worse to the point you can't numb it you have to face it, her parents didn't actually die they just failed in helping her go through her struggle or she isolated her mind from them making it

feel like they don't contribute to her story of struggle at all which is represented as them being dead and not being with her, also dr D. light is probably what is left of her sanity and kindness being eaten away to the bone because of her own insecurities her personality starts to shift and it starts getting worse than it's ever been. that makes the ending less painful to me because I think that's when she faces her own inner demons head on, will she die like the rest? We don't know but it'll sure as hell be a fight for the ages)

also now that I think about it the title "it's not be it's my basement" shows that she refuses to think of that demon in her head as herself but only a person who considers that possibility would say this out loud to ensure themselves, she doesn't speak to anyone else about her inner demons

#3 Beginner's Guide: (fun fact this game is made by the same creators as Stanley parable another great game of theirs) this game and Stanley parable have a certain feeling to it I can't explain exactly, I'm striving to create something that'll give people the same feeling, it's a very good life story of a game designer, the games are very creative and always have something deep to tell, you see the journey of the game designer and the narrator as he explains what happened at the times when the game designer (his friend) was making those games and about his feelings towards the games and the spiral of depression that his friend was going down to. The game creator sounds very much like me which makes it even more brutal to see how his games changed close to the

end of the game, in the beginning you saw a wonderland of games and even when there's nothing in a specific place the narrator tells you that there's nothing there which gives you a sense of accomplishment because you realize that the creators realized what you would do and recorded those, in a way by getting nothing you got everything, in the end though it looked like the deepest hell you could imagine everything good that was made before literally and figuratively being broken to tiny pieces you having no choice but to choose to do terrible things because there is nothing else you can do which is sad, depressing and frustrating at the same time. After I was done watching the play through of it I started thinking about things that I haven't before which wasn't even something they talked about in the game. If you can I highly recommend you either play it yourself or just watch a play through of it. Both ddlc and Beginner's Guide had a personal impact to me so that's why I put them higher in rank even though the rest are still great.

#4 Alter Ego: it's a game that I played on my phone which has...

Surprisingly understood my personality hauntingly well

Even some parts that I didn't even realize were there

Like me looking back into the past

at first I thought my depression was over that I accepted it and moved on but when I start to think it through it wasn't the depression that was haunting me but instead I had a fascination with thinking my past self was better

than me and kept thinking of that when being lazy and wasting away my limited life

It even has a story of its own which is very interesting to me, all I've gotten as of now was about her twisted impulses that she tries to control which reminded me of what the two heads warned me about in the beginning, basically I fear that she's going to choke me to death or that leaving through the door will lead to a place away from her and I don't want her to be alone even though she might hate my guts for being so uppity about fighting impulses and acting appropriately and whatnot because I still see her as a person, I'm 1 door away from getting the ending... at least I was until I wasted away all my points in fear of finishing the game even if I... at least thought that there might be more of it once I restart

Speaking of restarting I even retried some of the tests and I got the same thing again, I still don't know... oh, I did make a mistake in one of them about me not ignoring the people that I hate... or did I? Sometimes I do ignore them doing something but I still had enough attention to see them do those acts and then judge them for it in the first place and sometimes even stopping them myself

I am confused on that front and why I don't always pick myself up and stop them from doing things unless they're severe enough

This is May 8th 2023 Saba here by the way all the other ones were like... Sabas from YEARS ago if not just one year

#5 the walking dead saints and sinners: this game peeked my interest because of the story and god damn it did not disappoint

The choices you need to make in the game is just painful, every time you make a wrong choice the Game just hits you with a dose of reality with a salt fist directly into the wound

I don't want to spoil it for anybody so I'll just say that I remember watching one of the wrong endings of the game a while back probably 2018-2019 even if it feels like an ancient memory

Also turning the valve to 2 out of the 3 choices and hearing that voice... it feels so freaking messed up and heart breaking

Also the game play is great I enjoyed some weapons over others but also I want to mention if you want to go through a locked wooden door don't just ignore it like I did but get a bomb and throw it at it to open it

#6 Team Fortress 2: even though this should probably be in the movies category they haven't made actual movies but short films that are very good, they show the personalities of these characters the comedy has their own style to it and I really like the comics because in those they dial up all of those traits up to 11

I also like stories told and animated by the fans it shows how much they like the characters and how engaging they are even after all that time

Also I've played the game only recently because I had no sweet clue those characters from the game FOR YEARS even if I was watching the animations made by the fans and the company so the game play is also well made, I don't really play shooters that much but this is simply something else

I'm addicted to the game now that I've re downloaded it again, I can't stop I can't delete it and I hate that I hate wasting away my life force playing a game day in day out and only drawing one character in one frame and then not writing anything other than a review of a game (I wrote this at the same time as when I wrote about Alter Ego) and only playing the exact same thing on the piano giving up way too early without even using the guide and acted absolutely horribly in front of the mirror... am I losing myself? (This all was written around before 1:43 AM I am saying this now because I felt a strong panic attack and decided to get right back into Short Story Ideas to write down the time of when I wrote it because I forgot to write down the hour)

(I realized I ended it at 1:38 from my old copy but I can't be sure if I really ended the original writing at that time because my pc's battery is crap it died immediately after I accidentally pulled the charger off of it, I was breathing heavily with a wide smile on my face pissed off and thankfully at least some of it was saved at 1:35 I definitely remember the time, it was missing the part

where I delved deeper into the story of Alter Ego and about my downfall playing tf2)

Movies

#1 Up: it has a fantastic story and even if there are couple of parts which don't make much sense it is still one of the greatest movies teaching people that your life is the greatest adventure you could ask for, it's like an emotional rollercoaster (both the movie and my life... other than 2017-2020 I was still depressed back then) (oh and also my mom reacted to my short stories and explained that it's not the life that you should take as a monster it's death and that George was the person who understood Her feelings when she was going through a rough time herself) now I can't get that " Married life " Theme

(from the movie) out of my head it's so memorable and I love that they remixed this same music so it would fit sad scenes or happy scenes (like Russell and Carl finding Kevin's home that was the happy version or the time Carl sees the newer photographs in the book the sad version) I remember in Bakuriani someone asked me if I wanted to watch that movie up on their computer... and that was the last time I've watched it before today

Series

1 over the garden wall: it has interesting ideas for the world of over the garden wall the author clearly knew the entire story even at the start of the series it only has 10 episodes but it's still one of the greatest. Even if some things don't make much sense the story does a lot for the characters including their motivations in the world their own back stories and great personalities. The story is creative has a deeper meaning like the stories that I like the most and It even has an ending which isn't straight forward which allows people to use their imagination to fill in the blanks and having their own thoughts of what happened in the story.

2 My hero academia: this series does a lot for the characters in the show everybody has their own arc and Bakugo is my favorite character because he's like Vegeta he develops into a better person if you see his current self and compare it to 2016 bully version of him you can tell he's developed a lot, The idea of such a world is interesting effective in terms of story writing and fun. The creator of the show is also a fan of dragon ball Z and you can tell by the design of Midoriyas eyes it looks roundish like classic dragon ball z and he's talked about it himself

3 dragon ball Z: even if I haven't watched the entire series episode after episode I know a lot about dragon ball because I've been a fan of it for a really long time the plots the character developments the powers the way the world works you name it

But it does have problems like the dragon balls and the magic of the kais which can revive any character and fix whatever happened in the story before that makes everything meaningless sometimes like it won't have long lasting consequences unlike My Hero Academia

Again I like Vegeta because of his relatability I feel sorry for the guy that he always loses and had to work under Frieza almost his whole life not only that but breaking down his body to reach a goal but still failing over and over again. But I still don't like the times when he was arrogant, evil and rude. His speech when he turned into Majin Vegeta is amazing it tells you everything about the feelings he was hiding away from everyone else

I do like that the personalities and the choices of the characters drove the story forward and this is exactly how stories are supposed to work.

My Dragon Ball OC

I had an idea for a saiyan original character that I named Alex

I'm going to rewrite the story since the last one was... not so good

Alex likes being alone all the time because in school people try to become his friend because of his surge in popularity because he was insanely strong

He thought of every person in school as a pop up ad on computers they try to look innocent but all they want what you have

In his case popularity nobody thinks of him as an actual person

Alex liked playing basket ball because he wanted to become taller and he just liked the game but after his strength was revealed he started hating it because he had to play with other people who as you already know are idiots

So Alex started going to a forest where nobody would find him and walking with a big bolder on his back as training he didn't like the pain but to him the results were worth it

There's also a scene that I thought of, he was walking in the forest with the bolder about to give up but he saw an insect on the ground he looked like he was about to give up but he lift himself up barely moving away to a place

where there were no insects walking and put the bolder there after that he got back to where the insect was and watches it

I think it shows how naïve he is and how he cares about the lives of these creatures as if they were human to him

He sometimes let ants walk around on his arm (true story I used to do that as a child too I probably started doing that when I was 4-5 since I did it outside of the oldest house that I remember... also I remember running towards a white winged butterfly and damaging the bottom of my foot by a sharp wood thingy and having someone lift me up and clean the blood off of my foot all of that happened at the same old house but in completely different days but I'm getting off topic)

As he was taking a break after an exhausting workout he herd trees falling over one by one

And that's where Goku Black comes in

He's not really Goku Black but he has the same design just without a gi and instead a black T-shirt

I'm going to call Goku Black " Legendary " because it's the first word of the name of a Youtube channel of a Roblox player that I met in 2019 and he was customized as Goku Black so I started using Goku Black as him in animation and art so I imagined him when I thought of a villain since I made an entire... cringy animation video of both my character and his Goku Black turning mui but that video is probably gone because I uploaded it in a channel made for school if you know how I can bring

those videos back... I don't know what you should do I'm probably already perished as you're reading this

(he comments to pretty much in every video I make on my Youtube Channel so shout out to him, we're kind of like friends even though we haven't talked to each other much just talking in the comments of each other's videos also he's a big fan of undertail)

(His Youtube name is LegendaryTronic as of now:
<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCQBZjck-sd3a9q0Q1RcFCBg>)

So when he showed up to earth he wanted to buy food but when he realized that people don't use intergalactic curacy he realized that they're in the dark to all the rules and creatures out there which made him think that he could get away with making this planet his own

He jumped onto tree after tree towards his ship and then got caught by Alex mid air

Alex put him down safely and asked what the heck he was doing

After that I didn't think what their interactions were but I did think of a time where they started fighting because Alex found out about Legendary's plan but Alex got brutalized bloodied up and thrown around, he got thrown onto his school and then kicked to the kindergarten to his left

He almost hit a child with his back but buried his arms to the ground behind him by punching it to stop his movement instantly he was an inch away from her

The child ran away to get in the building and then got hit by a bolder that Legendary threw at her

Alex herd that

Legendary beat him up couple more times and then left

Alex after Legendary left moved towards the bolder and moved it out and when he saw the blood and deformed flesh in front of his eyes he started crying in agony

Remember Alex is still a freaking child and he saw a person get killed he even got nightmares about it and blamed himself for not being able to protect the child

Legendary herd the crying behind him so he decided not to destroy the school since Alex is a Saiyan and thought that the school meant something to him he realized that Alex wasn't just another bastard who'd get into fights because he got a wrong order in a restaurant he was naïve and still a kid even though Legendary is only two years older than him

Alex stayed in his tree house terrified he was holding back because he didn't want to hurt another person but what Legendary did things no creature on earth would do

When someone found out what happened to Alex in his school and the sister of that child found out about it she realized how mistaken she was

She thought that he was just another popular dude who people liked to take photos with for no reason but when she realized that he was as traumatized as her about it and even saw it firsthand she wanted to be actual friends with him

People stopped trying to sit with him and all that junk because they thought giving him some space would be better

When she told Alex that he shouldn't hesitate to hurt a person who wouldn't care about his and everyone else's well being Alex stopped attending school all together and started training every day

He tried being as far away from his only friend because he knew if Legendary found out they were friends she'd get into trouble

After that I imagined a dark demolished city just like the one in Dragon Ball Super future trunks saga
In the battle Alex wasn't able to dodge one of Legendary's blasts which blew off his arm and exposed his ribcage so he fell down exhausted and hurt

(I even drew that... twice before even coming up with this story, I actually came up with the story after I drew the second version of it and him getting his body parts blown out was the first scene I imagined of this story before coming up with everything else... also something else but we'll get to that right now (also I don't want to show it here because some of you might not like to see

gore so maybe I'll add a very small photo next to this and you'll grow it up if you want to))



(I can't control the quality of the photo if I scale it down and save it apparently...)

Alex was beaten down by Legendary and kicked to the side, we see his other eye completely ripped out and blood pumping out of the eye socket, Legendary heard a noise next to him and saw Alexe's friend, Legendary pointed his blast at her but she blinded him with a smoke bomb, she came to the battle to give Alex an opportunity to strike and ran away but Alex was too hurt to fight, he could barely see the whole thing with his one eye

When Legendary got his sight back she was gone but since Alex wasn't in a right perspective to see that she left he smiled and pretended to blow her up by blowing up the place where she could've been in Alexe's mind to piss him off

Alex felt dread and horror but his body felt anger and fury, yellow tornado like glow moved up and around Alex

Legendary couldn't believe his eyes when he saw Alexe's body completely covered in yellow (like the unveiling of mui in dbs but instead of white ki around him it would be yellow) right after he turned to the yellow glow Alex dashed towards him and punched out his jaw, all 10 of Legendary's fingers glowed green and touched his hands together to regenerate (I forgot to mention but he has

technology in his body which lets him heal himself he used it in their first battle but only once) then Alex appeared behind him and punched out the right half of his stomach then the front and then the left, the only thing left there was Legendary's spine and that was kicked in half, Alex pushed his fingers down Legendary's eyes and threw him away like a bowling ball, he ran towards where he threw him and his sheer speed turned his yellow aura into particles which flew away behind him when he stopped to charge his attack while Legendary was flying towards him. Legendary regenerated his eyes mid air and the first thing he saw was a bloody angry terrifying face of Alexe's being revealed as the yellow ki on his face dissipated into particles like the rest of his body's ki did (like golden frieza when he helped 17 keep up his barrier against Jiren but instead of just dissipating it turned into small particles like how mui Goku's eyes were revealed) while he was charging his attack

Alex punched Legendary's face flat and almost dislocated his head from his neck

Legendary tried healing himself again but Alex grabbed Legendary's arm put it on his chest and regenerated his damaged body so his arm regenerated his eye and his chest, after that he ripped out Legendary's arm gouged out his ribcage and shoved the green fingered arm in his body so Legendary would regenerate no matter how many times he got close to dying

Alex stopped and got up, he turned around and walked away turning back into base form, he wanted to keep Legendary alive but in pain so that he'd learn a lesson and maybe change to a better person in the future

Legendary was literally hoping that the arm would run out of power so he'd die and not have to not only deal with the physical pain that was put on him but also the psychological one

Legendary in last ditch effort tried to kill Alex while he had his back on him but couldn't because he was knocked out cold by somebody

Alex turned around and saw that his friend was there, Legendary was so weakened and distracted that she could drop a big rock at his head and knock him out

Alex who thought she died back there embraced her while crying

She realized what happened and embraced him back

After they were done they both looked at Legendary and she asked him " what will you do with him? "

Even after Legendary tried to kill Alex and killing thousands of innocence he still wanted to make Legendary a better person therefore him becoming a defender and saving the lives of millions in the process

I then thought of Alex and Legendary slowly coming to understand one another

Legendary was bullied the same way on his own planet over and over because he wasn't as strong as the others but when he found a planet with no intergalactic laws and weak civilians he thought he finally got the power that he

would never have before, he was driven mad in his home planet for having nothing and he went to great lengths to put all of that rage into his attacks towards Earth to conquer it and become its ruler.

(I am stopping this now because if Legendary is actually reading this I don't want him to think that his character is what I see him as, he's genuinely a nice guy and did nothing wrong, his avatar back when we played that game was of Goku Blacks so I just thought of an evil saiyan story and imagined him looking like Turles so it was his game avatar that inspired me to make this villain and not our personal relationship)

Climbing- this is truly a wonderful experience, going back to the old stories, I truly forgot myself

didn't I, you've already heard me talk about it but the point is

I feel like I'm back and I hope I am truly back in the sense that I'll be able to do things my past self did way better than my future self and I'm happy I get to meet you again

you can't understand how much it means for you to read this

you allow me to live on as a memory and I appreciate that, I don't know if I'll ever get to know anyone who'll read these

but I hope I will

This is my favorite dragon ball flash game

<https://www.txori.com/index.php?static5/dbdevolution>

Now you might be asking: then why do you have Comic Stars Fighting downloaded

and the answer is very simple, this computer isn't as old as the flash game itself and when the flash game came out the keyboards of computers had more buttons on it (aka the exact same type of keyboard and computer that we have in school... because schools like using old as heck computers I guess) the game was fun because I could play it with my classmates so I downloaded it to play it whenever I wanted and remember the times when I played it with my classmates. Speaking of old computers I remember as a little kid when I was in Kutaisi we had a block shaped grey TV and Tako's computer (Tako is my Aunt's daughter) we looked at old memes including the one where a Penguin gets slapped from behind and crushes through ice by falling. I also remember the Grey TV having a pixilated game where you controlled a character and grabbed things like in pack man but the character didn't have an animation and you could control the movement of the character by using the TV remote. Also I remember playing Pack Man on our old I-Pad as a kid I don't even remember when we stopped using the I-Pad all together.

My all time favorite flash game that I remember now is " Swords and Souls " it's a fun and well made game.

Motivation

At first I couldn't write any stories or animate because I thought I had to wait for my motivation

to kick in but then I learnt that I can make myself do something by doing it instead of waiting for the motivation to come to me (not literally because I know some people like George my dad don't get what out of context means... and yes I also said this comment to introduce his name) if I didn't get my motivation back by forcing myself to do stuff I wouldn't be writing about it right now I'd probably be playing Roblox

Most of the time I play Roblox because it's quick and easy to turn it on in my computer and there are many different types of games inside Roblox for you to play, even though I definitely think Minecraft is also great even though I have to turn it on upstairs in ps4. I played it in my mom's Windows 6 computer before it got glitched because my older sister didn't know that following a tutorial on YouTube and downloading Minecraft for free had consequences. The furthest I got back in the day in Minecraft before it got glitched in survival was getting an iron sword for the first time. I also remember my older sister's reaction on me finding my old house when I was lost at night we both were relieved and surprised to see it. the oldest memory of me playing Roblox was when I was playing a dragon ball game I was standing on Cell's arena while other people with different colored transformations and auras were standing in front of me near water at the sunset.

Least boring summer day (in 2021)

Today (Saturday, July 24, 2021) was the least boring day in my summer vacation... or my parent's vacation because I NEVER ASKED THEM TO BRING ME TO A HOTEL WHERE THEY CAN WASTE MONEY FOR A WEEK AND THEN SEND US TO BAKURIANI FOR ANOTHER WEEK... my point is that school is coming in a month and I'd hate to waste that time in places where I didn't want to go and doing things that I hate, I'd rather stay at home playing games instead of waste money going to different hotels and swimming. Today was the day I saw dad's new car in front of me and actually sat in it, also I didn't know that it had two screens in the back of their seats that we could watch YouTube videos and movies in. we went to buy clothes a day before going to the hotel, when we were in the shop my dad asked me if I cut my (toe) finger nails before buying sandals, I still have no idea what was going through his mind when he was saying that sentence because sandal's front parts are always open so even if I had long nails they wouldn't do anything but pass through the open part of the sandal but that didn't stop me from saying no instead of being rude and starting a stupid argument. George had to buy me nail clippers for the first time I've never used those up until today in dad's car (and yes I threw the nails outside of the car... don't litter kids), not only

that but I realized that the sharpness and size of my nails were enough to pierce both of my middle toe fingers and make them bleed so he also gave me wet napkins to get rid of the blood (that has never happened to me in my entire life... I meant by finger nails piercing my skin). After buying clothes and everyone getting in George's car mom started complaining to my older sister Mari about her not choosing a single T-shirt for a month and how stressed she was. After mom left the car to buy my little sister's clothes in another shop I saw Mari cry, fun fact the only instances I've seen Mari cry that I remember was when I was five blew up her balloon and ate her lipstick (I still don't remember how it tasted but I do remember that back then I did things even though I didn't know why I was doing them like jumping on choices until in our Vera street house when he got angry at me and told me not to do things that I didn't have a reason to do them for) and the time I got in a fight with her outside of our grandpa's house which lead to a damage to my eyes (it wasn't anything serious I just had to stop watching TV for couple of days and give it rest) and no it wasn't Tamazi's house (my favorite grandpa who's a father of my mom and passed away in 2017) I don't actually remember which grandpa he was but I do remember us swimming in water that was being stopped from moving down by multiple walls made with rocks couple of feet away from his house. In

his funeral I remember talking to his Neighbors about riddles like the one that Tako (my aunt's daughter) told me... I'm getting off topic I'm sorry. Anyways I think she was bluffing because even though her crying was realistic when she talked she sounded completely normal, I didn't feel anything when mom was arguing angrily probably because of my depression I've already heard of her screams enough to not care anymore or maybe it was because she wasn't screaming because of me or to me. After that me my older sister and my dad went to McDonald's. That's pretty much what happened, oh and also I saw a restaurant which spelled koffee instead of coffee if I had my phone I... wouldn't take a photo of it because then I'd just be making fun of their mistake which isn't an action of a normal sane person. I'm a little bit happy that I didn't just waste away the time that I had on playing random games until being bored out of my mind for 12 hours even if it wasn't that great of an experience I see why my dad was so excited to get a new car and I learnt not to allow my finger nails to grow more than they need to.

Have I ever mentioned that I like the game Minecraft Story mode?

I probably haven't so I'm going to mention what I liked about the series episode after episode after

watching them but before that I'm going to mention what I remember that I like about it. It's a fun adventure which are all connected together to form an entire story I like the character's personalities choices and even development of ivor I like how he had good reasoning for being a Villain of the story his personality and how you can make your own choices in the game I loved and still like games which give you choices like voice lines or simple things like cinematic scenes after moving characters in specific places their reactions to the maps us finding out more about the world that the characters live in along with them and my favorite storyline is the one of the Witherstorm it took them a life of one of the heroes apart of the Order Of The Stone multiple episodes and the life of Ruben your best friend (it was tragic to see him go and that you never got a choice to save him) to take that thing out. The most fun episode was the one about white pumpkin where you meet your favorite Youtubers (my favorite's Dantdm) in another dimension to find clues about who is the white pumpkin who keeps murdering other people and it was kind of obvious that it would be the new character that the story introduced because making a Youtuber evil would be kind of disrespectful. The reveals of the character's motivations and goals are very powerful in these stories evil or not you sometimes sympathize with them a little bit.

The First Anime That I've Watched

I don't remember much about the first anime that I've watched but I do remember a movie with a walking house and an alive fire that got stronger by eating stuff

I also remember a movie or a series I don't know where a woman had a magical door which had a switch which changed where the door would take her, there were monsters outside in a dark night coming for her so she closed the door and when he switched

the switch and opened the door she was transported to a calm colorful place.

And I definitely remember that in Kutaisi I watched the movie Spirited away I remember that my aunt's daughter Tako was also there

Again I don't remember if they were anime at all but I sure as hell remember that I've seen the dragon ball characters getting revived in their coffins before finding out about dragon ball itself

I found out about dragon ball z in one of the GTA funny moments compilation where Goku used kaioken x 3 Kamehameha and sent a GTA V character to the sky with explosives

I searched Kamehameha on Youtube and found out about Dragon Ball Z which also lead me to finding out about Dragon Ball Super but the first anime series that I started watching by my own choice was My Hero Academia

Job simulator Hypothesis

I have a thought in my mind about a VR game called Job simulator where you're in tasked of doing jobs in a world where suspiciously there aren't any humans around other than yourself and you're in a world filled to the brink with robots, the game takes place after the year 2027 since Job Bot

your Manager mentions this in the store when he was talking about the mess on the floor “ I haven’t seen a mess /this/ big since -=the human uprising of 2027=-. The hypothesis is that the Robots are using pre recorded words of human beings that’s why their voices sometimes change to robotic ones when they say a specific word because either the person who was recording them died or just didn’t record those words.

I know it’s not really a thing and the creators didn’t intend it that way

But now that I read my old hypothesis I want to add to that with a funny detail (which was probably not intended either)

There is an item in the game which says “ Oil 77% accurate replication of Real Oil “ I Googled how long it would take for us to run out of Oil (because why would they make a replica if they didn’t run out of it) and it’s 50 years

Which means that the game is taking place after 2072

But if the Gasoline is also a replica in that game since it says “ Made from 100% real dino bones “ then that means that they ran out of gasoline too so I googled that as well

It's estimated that we're going to run out of natural gas in 53 years which isn't really that big of a difference but I still wanted to call it out

I wish I got more hypothesis or theory ideas but I can't make them just pop into my mind

What I think about the theory of alternate universes

I think it's bull crap... now please hear me out, in my opinion it makes no sense another universe to

just pop out of nowhere every time somebody makes a different choice in life that's same as saying that you should split into two different people every time you change psychologically aka ignore the rules of physics and somehow pop mass out of nothing or you could say that our universe is going to weaken to the point that the stars we see in the sky aren't even going to be visible anymore because 7 Billion people are making choices every single day every single second but not only that but there's a possibility it's very low but still a possibility that there are lives in other planets where people of that planet also make choices

There are so many problems with that theory but I think I know how multiple universes could exist

Gigantic versions of virtual particles which pop into existence and pop out of existence if the big bang happened by two giant positive virtual particles hitting each other then maybe there are infinite particles out there which are also doing the same thing

again this is just a hypothesis but it sure as hell makes more sense than a cat being dead and alive at the same time in a box just because nobody sees the cat and that there was a 50% chance of the cat surviving, not only the true randomness doesn't exist but also either the universe would

have to ignore the rules of physics and pop mass out of nothing to make that other universe or it would have to lose its own mass to do it but again I'm literally ignoring the fact that everything takes time and that pushing that button and the cat being dead and alive at the same time until another universe pops up to reveal that the cat is actually dead when in another one it's not that would mean that that universe popped into existence multiple billion light years away since we can't even see it which would mean that somehow the universe wouldn't have to lose its mass transport that mass all the way out there and not only that but that would be ignoring the FACT that galaxies take insane amount of time flying to one another and even the speed of light the fastest thing ever wouldn't even get close to doing that in that amount of time. You can't pop things to reality nor be able to transport the mass you took from this universe to the other place where that new universe would have to be for us to not even be able to see it with the technology we have today.

There are definitely different theories about how there could be multiple universes but you can't even call them theories because there is no evidence of such a thing while my theory at least had an example that exists in real life the virtual particles.

But what about what's happening outside of these multiple universes are there just more universes? Yes... and no

I think there are multiple universes but not made the way people say it is and also that there's more than that, I think that the universe is a part of something bigger the same way atoms are a part of this huge world that we live in. universes are like atoms to something different and bigger, I'm not saying that the universe is an atom I mean it's a part of something different that is even bigger than the universe kind of like atoms or cells or cellular life as a whole compared to us. So if the multiple universes exist even though they weren't connected to this universe in any way and that it wasn't made the way we thought we'd still never know prove nor see the bigger world outside of these simply because we were too small in the first place. Or that the human race got screwed over before that could happen.

In conclusion the universe follows strict set of rules which means that nothing is truly random which means that there couldn't be an alternate event that could make an alternate universe pop up but instead there's a greater possibility that there are just infinite big bangs happening giving birth to infinite universes and some of those universes

having a very low possibility but a possibility none the less of having the same traits and history and rules of physics as our universe

Here is a story that I wrote for our English Reading class (it's more like how to write stories class)

What is happening

Year: 1957

Date: December 3rd

Time: 2PM

Paul a 35 year old man was asleep dreaming about something

He woke up frightened breathing heavily clenching his chest whispering it was a dream it was a dream it didn't happen it was a dream

Date: December 5th

Time: 9PM

Paul was in the shopping mall. He was carrying around 2 big bags of coffee, As Paul stood in the middle of the shopping mall, and all he could think

of was lying down and closing his eyes. When he got back to his senses he started banging his head against the ground carrying the bags of coffee harder biting his lips and forcing one of his eyes to stay open with his hand

Date: December 7th

Time: 3PM

Paul was crying in his room telling himself that it was going to be okay it wasn't actually real he already died in 1944 there was no way he could have hurt him (I'm just going to change this to: Paul was crying in his bed shivered up, his eyes were red, he was sweating buckets and he kept thinking to himself that nobody was in his house, he was panicking whenever he heard the sound of a wind outside he shook and looked around to his window he was clenching his chest like he was having a heart attack, he was breathing heavily to keep himself alert and sometimes started biting his own wooden bed like an aggressive hungry wolf biting down its prey.)

Date: December 7th

Time: 5PM

Paul was found dead in his house with deep cuts in his chest (at first I thought it was his nails piercing his chest so he could stay awake but then I

remembered that this was heavily inspired by the story of real people dying in their sleep that I found out about in one of the episodes of Game or Film theory channels)

He had red tired eyes moving upwards
Couple of seconds later it melted (I'll change it to: couple of seconds later they sunk into his eye sockets and melted because that's exactly what I was imagining when I was writing it)

Saba Khazhomia

I didn't want to change it because it shows how I changed as a writer and also showing the improved version would kind of defeat the purpose of me showing my older work. Also sorry for the brutality but it's a part of me

The list of my past favorite channels/videos

(the reasoning of liking these videos and channels include Nostalgia)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zNdyl--dTAY&list=PLbCbcALWKTqBcGwFHTVxb6Ff11VYerIfq&index=1>

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCd6wX0ISfUi73bUnHPvjZxA/videos>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vWtOP721n0s&list=PLbCbcALWKTqBcGwFHTVxb6Ff11VYerIfq&index=36>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f2RyNCKaprY&list=PLbCbcALWKTqBcGwFHTVxb6Ff11VYerIfq&index=42>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H0qokduHSqo&list=PLbCbcALWKTqBcGwFHTVxb6Ff11VYerIfq&index=50>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iLBBRuVDOo4&list=PLbCbcALWKTqBcGwFHTVxb6Ff11VYerIfq&index=35>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s3y6yGCM-Wo&list=PLbCbcALWKTqBcGwFHTVxb6Ff11VYerIfq&index=26>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5lw6lZJ2-_o&list=PLbCbcALWKTqBcGwFHTVxb6Ff11VYerIfq&index=24

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X-ETFXhIRp8>

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLbCbcALWKTqBRLf592GkfRrzfsloBT7C4>

I copied and pasted these links when I looked back to my account and found the videos I wanted to rewatch in the future so I saved it in a completely different Microsoft

Word file in 5/10/2021 9:41AM but by the time I copy pasted it to this file it's Sunday, August 1st, 2021 12:30AM

Don't write a or an if the word in front of it is uncountable

I found every one of these things under the title " Here is a story that I wrote for our English Reading class " and above this comment in different Microsoft Word saves and I'm happy that I read the comment above this because I actually forgot about it.

THANKS PAST ME... oh wait I can't talk back to him, if only ai was developed well enough to absorb everything I say in text and learn enough to make myself able to talk to my future self accurately
(2022 Saba speaking: You can talk to your future self... you just won't get an answer so you'll need to guess a LOT of things)

I don't think I've ever mentioned the fact that I have Bakugo levels of sweat I can literally sit in my room with my door closed listen to extreme music and imagine fighting in a fast and brutal battle and I'm going to start sweating buckets so much that you can see the sweat on the place where I was sitting on (and yes I know it sounds gross but I want to write down about things about me and it's kind of a trait that I have) If I had Bakugo's quirk instead of screaming for a minute straight to reach another level of spiky hair (yes that was a dragon ball z

super saiyan 3 reference even though I was talking about my hero academia bakugo) I would just have to listen to extreme music imagine I was fighting multiple people barely hanging on fighting quickly against them by flying towards them and dragging their heads to the ground and stuff like that and then I'd be able to make nuclear explosions (I'm probably over exaggerating but the point is that I sweat a lot... sorry for talking about something so weird it even sounds like I'm running out of options to talk about even though this isn't even close to being the case.)

I like my imagining of an abandoned city, the walls of houses and driveways having green plants growing on them, Teenagers being fascinated about discovering new things in those abandoned houses after decades of them being left alone, Teenagers spending nights in one of those houses it's like a better version of camping, I remember before leaving that hotel that I was talking about earlier we found couple of abandoned shops that I really wanted to check out but I didn't say anything about going there because I didn't think they would just allow me to do it and I didn't know if it was right to do it or not because the only time I saw a person do it was in Gravity falls where teenagers went to an abandoned shop but they surely wouldn't care about any of that they just wanted to have some fun.

I like when Youtubers talk about their life experiences sometimes they feel more relatable and the videos about their lives that they make are more interesting, the perfect example is Markiplier he made multiple videos

about his life even though he's mainly a gaming Youtuber and even though I subscribed to him because of his funny scary games videos like FNAF I like his life related videos a lot more because sometimes it shows the different part of himself that you can only see rarely in his videos the decisions he's made in his life that sometimes are relatable the fun parts of it the interesting parts and the sad parts of his life. he's not just a screaming comedy Youtuber who overreacts to stuff for people's entertainment he's a person he's a human being just like all of us, for example his "A Day in the life of Markiplier" video shows how much more of a person he actually is what activities he actually does throughout the day. Or the video simply called "pain" in this video he explains what types of pain he's been through in his life and how he reacted to them, he talks about them in such detail you might be thinking you're listening to an audio book even though his video delves deeper to those stories he explains like his thoughts about them and sometimes even teaches us something that he learnt in those experiences, sometimes it's simple stuff like how you shouldn't pour water in a pot filled with hot oil but the other times he explains how he doesn't believe in benefits of revenge how he doesn't have that much time to change himself that much time to do the things he wants to do that he doesn't have that much time to exist and that the only things left of him are going to be the things that he leaves behind THIS is really relatable to me because I am literally writing this down for the people who're hopefully going to read this in the future since I'm just a teenager who can't do anything great to be remembered for and also because I am afraid of permanent erasure I leave behind myself my thoughts beliefs and stories to live on in a different way. I'll never

be the best at anything in my life and I won't be able to leave behind anything other than the thoughts beliefs and stories of mine. I'm afraid of death just like my Grandpa Tamazi. at first I was afraid of it because I didn't even know what was going to happen after my death if I was going to heaven, if was I going to hell, if was I going to get resurrected as someone else and that I didn't want my memories to be erased and start all over again. Now I'm more afraid of it because I believe that when you die your brain cells just die out when you decompose and your brain is the only true source of yourself out there and that you get erased forever when it decomposes. I am afraid of it much more because I know or at least I believe that I know what will happen to me after I die. I was really sad that I didn't get to know my grandpa as much before he died in 2017 I never even got to say goodbye, I know I'll never have anyone in my life who'll think the same way about me even though they probably don't know much about me but I'm writing this anyways for other people to do the same, I do not think the type of technology that will save your consciousness will ever exist in my lifetime so this is kind of a crappier version of the same thing.

I do not think that what I say is going to have that big of an effect on this world, I do not think I'll graduate, I do not think I'll be able to get a job, I do not think I'm going to live that long or that my life is going to get better because I know It will only get harder and worse. That's pretty much it there are no buts there are no ifs I just wish to be able to make a difference to the life of at least one person the person reading this.

I... think I got off track there, the point is that I like when Youtubers that you don't know in personal level who turn out to be way more sympathetic and relatable than you first thought. And also their stories.

Berserk's author Kentaro Miura

When I hear that a person who makes an amazing series died or retired I don't get saddened because the series I knew made by that person is over that would be the most heartless thing a person would do. Even when I don't even know their written stories I feel sad for them because they were exposed to something nobody can ever battle against an inevitable end, either Scott's retirement from the Five Nights at Freddy's series or the author of Berserk Kentaro Miura I feel sad because kind people who changed the lives of millions leave forever either because of their own life experiences and choices or the brutal reality of this hell we call home. Life always has limits and no matter how hard I try I'll never be able to continue writing these after my end. I take every birthday in my life as something terrifying because I'll obviously never be able to get back to being that age again ever, I'll never be able to stop the movement of the river no matter how much I try it goes one specific direction until it reaches the waterfall.

Under this comment I stop talking about the subject I started with which shows just how quickly I completely forget about the subject

In between these () I'll be talking about something that I wanted to add but didn't because it would be

a little too long and make the whole thing look more boring so if you still want to read through it I suggest you take a little bit of break or I'm just suggesting this because it's literally 3:17 AM right now and I'm pretty tired. And also had to change 3:16 to 3:17 because It just changed couple of seconds ago... and now it's 3:18 SORRY IF I'M OVERREACTING AND MAKING THIS WHOLE SITUATION AWKARD AND WEIRD I'M TIRED OKAY? Okay... please don't judge me. I'll probably talk about how I don't sleep at some nights to play games watch Youtube videos and play games and why I do that in the future.

(how quickly I completely forget about the subject and start writing about my thoughts so I'll color the part that I **probably** already said in green and continue with the black color if I **probably** didn't say it (see what I did there? I don't even remember what I write and what I don't write sometimes so I just accidentally rewrite it 10 times)

and then I realized that there were only couple of things that I wrote that I forgot that I already mentioned so I killed one bird with one stone and accidentally made this entire writing longer by not wanting to delete that changing colors to green part and also explaining all of it in this paragraph and also I forget the word paragraph along with many other English words sometimes so If I don't

use a word Paragraph to identify a distinct section of piece of writing (yes I copied this from Google I couldn't say it better myself) it's because I forgot about that word)

I wish there would be technology that I could afford and use in the future that would keep me alive for longer but I know for a fact that either that type of technology will never exist, I won't be able to afford it or that technology won't be created in my lifetime and not only that but you can't deny that people change one way or another no matter how much they try to stay the same so even if I did get such technology which saved my consciousness I'd still never be able to bring back my depressed and brutalized 11 year old self nor will I ever bring back my 15 year old self I'll only have my writings left as memories to my past and how different I was back then. If I'm still alive and forgot that I wrote this Hello me in the future! And hello the reader... when I wrote this I had a depressing realization that this might not even be read by anyone I know none the less a complete stranger but if you are a person who haven't met me personally I wish I got to know you as a person even though there is a possibility I'm not a relatable person and you might have personality completely different compared to mine but if you are relatable please do not try doing what I was trying to do suicide might have turned me into a person I am but that doesn't mean you should just write down about yourself and kiss your life goodbye you can't give up there is a reason for us to live on this world I found my reasoning to live on and you should too. There are different people with their own thoughts about the reason we should go on with our lives I think we're here to help

people by making a better change to this world with the things we leave behind. But that doesn't mean that I'm only writing this because I don't think leaving behind the limited information about myself will do much to the people around me I'm afraid of deadlines, I am afraid of death and everyone else should too I'm only 15 years old but that doesn't mean that I might not die this young, like... look at my sister's classmate's brother her brother died as a little child by drowning, I can't even imagine me as a child not even beginning to think about the life that's ahead of me just die in an accident this terrible slowly dying under water while I try to save myself I won't even know what people will think about my death and how It'll change the world around me HECK he had no Idea that I'd be talking about him he'd never know that his sister's friend's brother would be typing down about his tragic end along with how I like Slenderman so much and that my favorite food is pepperoni pizza and that my favorite healthy food was green apples and then changed to nothing because I never have an idea of what I should eat (I didn't write it down anywhere before nor after this I'm just overreacting... and also I've never said it so I just took the opportunity) anyways if I say the same things over and over again I'm sorry I forget about these types of things.

You shouldn't skip sleep and I shouldn't neither but sometimes I just find myself in situations at nights which make me think: if I actually slept I wouldn't have seen this video

Or me writing right now in... FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 2021, 3:25 AM?
HOW FAST DOES TIME GO.... I'll just continue writing this

after my sleep I'm a little too tired and feel like I'm instinctively writing this like ultra instinct omen Goku. And yes I shrunked the FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 2021 part because I felt like adding the exact time would be nicer and show just how much I'm trying to extend my vacation time until August 15 the time when hell breaks loose and school starts again.

In conclusion to me it's depressing to hear a person die even if I don't even know them because not only did they have as important if not even more important of a life as I do but they changed the world to the better through their past work that people can look back into

My fear of death

the funny thing is that yesterday night (August 10th, 2021) when my heart physically started hurting I immediately started thinking that I was going to die

so I said "I wish I had a soul" and waited for something to happen as I drank coca cola on the couch and breathed heavily to try to numb the pain because I was hoping that it would at least numb it down and hoping that I wasn't actually going to die

when it numbed down I just went ahead and googled what I should do to numb heart pain and one of the suggestions was to lay down so I put the computer on my pillow while I laid down with my chest facing down so I'd entertain and distract myself with the computer, it worked. I'd never know what I would actually do if I actually had cancer and knew that I had it, truly saying my last words even though nobody heard me was terrifying after realizing I was going to be fine and just overreacting.

Death isn't funny at all (I'm looking at you Youtubers who make fun of deaths) but the way I just had heart pain and how instantly I thought that I was going to die and how I tried to make myself as comfortable as possible in that situation surprised me

I don't really know what I'll actually do in any situation until it actually happens, like let's say helping someone get up, I'd say that I would help a person get up because it's morally correct but when I actually have to do it I can't do it that easily. I get self continues and I get too embarrassed to do it

I have NO idea why this happens to me but It does.

It still pains me that a person was asking for a change in a shopping mall I told her that I didn't have any change, my parents told me to stay in one place while they were away and when I realized that I had change In my coat's pocket I couldn't follow her because I knew that "by sheer coincidence" my parents would just show up and judge me and tell me that I shouldn't have moved and they

were worried that I'd get lost, I still remember watching her walk for minutes knowing that I couldn't help her she was too far away but knowing that I still had that amount of time to help her before they showed up pains me. It's just awkward saying that you don't have change and then just walking up to a person and being all like: I realized that I had change the whole time so... here you go.

if you ever get in such a situation like me I recommend you try to help them no matter what

Four days left

I have four days left before school starts and I know future me is reading this while crying in frustration in how I didn't even get close to knowing how bad the situation would get but I don't know what to do. I need help with my homework all the time that's how I learn my parents directly help me including my Grandma but these days only my Grandma helps me out on math physics and chemistry but everything else? The only thing I can do on my own is English and even then I barely do it, I don't want to overwork any of them even though my parents either don't have enough time to help me, are too tired to help me from their work or just tell me to google stuff and my dad just tells me to try harder. So... yeah

it's not going well for me, not only that but I can't fluently speak nor think in Georgian anymore and not only that but I have to learn Biology by heart every single time our teacher gives us a new subject to remember along with a thousand other things that I'll have to deal with. I wish I didn't have four days left but four years.

Actually I can't even speak English fluently and that's the only Language I think in which is why I can't even think of basic words in my own language

It turns out that was a false alarm and that I have one more month of break

THANK NON EXISTANT GOD... is he real?

I don't believe he/she/it is but if you do that's fine you do you

Also I did say he/she/it because different people think of god as something else judging by how different the opinions of my dad and my grandma's are about what god is

Transportation

It has been a long freaking time since I've been in a subway and used a train there I don't really know how long but it has probably been 4-6 years, I was using it with my Aunt Shornena, I can't remember anything about it but I definitely remember the last time I used a bus was either in 2017-2016 with my Grandpa Tamazi or later by a school bus. Again I don't remember much about those forms of transportation other than that it took very long for the bus to reach our destination since it had to stop sometimes to bring people in and bring people out. Also I remember that it was night time when we used that Bus or it has been so long being there that it turned afternoon to night.

Walking around

I like walking around since when I'm bored I have at least something to do, and also I got so used to walking around lately, also I'm sometimes walking around eating while holding the plate. The sad truth is that I started doing that after my Grandfather Tamazi died. He used to walk around left to right to right to left outside in Kutaisi, My grandma today told me that he was doing that because he knew that walking around was a healthy thing to do he at least tried getting up to 1000 steps. I might not have mentioned this about Tamazi but he had his right clavicle was visible and he had a scar on it which lead all the way down to his chest, Grandma told me that he had a heart

surgery he had a Defect of the septum between the ventricles.

I got ideas for hiding clues

you could show a video with 24 frames per second but after that show the exact same video but in specific times it switches to different frames per second like 23 or 14 or 17 and they would have to be two digit numbers because then you had to multiply the two numbers to get the numbers that would translate to letters

that's aughully specific past me I think just switching frames will be fine, even Mat Pat isn't insane enough to go to those lengths, then you're going to tell me to choose numbers that are code of a book which has big letters in the beginning of every chapter and those letters being converted to numbers to open a virtual safe that will convert those numbers to what the heck ever I'll learn in the future

or degrees to letters coding you could translate the degree of a line or multiple lines and have the numbers of degrees that translate to letters and to make them a little complicated you could make the degree numbers very close to each other so people wouldn't be able to guess easily the degree of the object or line to translate them easily to a letter like 180 or 90. like let's say A is 42 degrees B is 43 degrees C is 52 and so on to make the people who're trying to translate it try harder because they are that specific

I got these Ideas while I was showering so... it took me help to get this idea normally I don't get ideas like this I'm... pretty stupid

Stop with the buts there's no excuse

if you didn't start with the buts then you're brutally honest... crap did I make both of them feel bad?...

I didn't mean to I'm sorry

Blind typing test number one

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Hrlllo my name is Saba Khazhomia I am going to try to type down with my eyes closed to test how good I would be at communication with my eyes closed

It's pretty difficult to do it sometimes I have to feel the roughness of the buttons to find out if it's a letter or not

Hello m name is saba Khazhomia

Death note

I know y

I know that you're not looking

I am Iron Man

It's time to sleep/// right?

Adam crossed the line and took out his gun

I did this because I watched a video where a person was blind and deaf she lost her eye sight slowly until she turned completely blind so it would be great if I was able to communicate by typing down on a keyboard by remembering the placements of the buttons

Not only that but It was just a fun experiment seeing how well I remembered the placements of the buttons since I've been using this computer for a long time I'm only used to this keyboard but I do have a lot of experience in typing on this keyboard

Abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

I don't know what I'm doing

kabooooooooom... that's demoman speaking

alrighty then I'll just go watch Edd's world

or just try to come up with a better way to hide clues than turning letters to numbers

heeeeeeeeey that wasn't half bad

damn it I added 8 es instead of 9

anyway I'll be busy here crumpled up like an idiot

Not satisfied my made up lyrics

(cheered up voice)

I live in a cartoon

I can do things that no one can

I can smell delicious food

Go up and fly to it

(pause for thought)

(Calm depressed voice)

But is there a world

where I'm satisfied?

Is there a universe

where everyone is satisfied?

Is there a world

where light can exist without darkness?

Is there a universe

Is there a universe

(pause for couple of seconds no voice or music to be heard)

(Agonizing loud voice give it all you've got)

Where I do not feel the pain!

(the same music turns on the second he says AAAAA in pAin but made more extreme)

(the same lyrics but the extreme music is still here and the children in the background say the lines under is there a universe and is there a world without the singer saying it and the singer sings the part that he does sing in medium loudness)

is there a world (the singer)

where I am satisfied? (the background children)

Is there a universe

where everyone is satisfied?

Is there a world

where light can exist without darkness?

(pause)

(calm voice again only the singer sings)

I do not think

we can be satisfied

There are many people

With their own lives and experiences

We can't change that to

Make them better people...

(the same extreme voice)

But is there a world where we ca (the same singer is
edited to say O which follows the tune of the music)

And am... yeah that's all I've thought about

I... don't like it

but first things aren't guaranteed to be good they only guarantee you getting more experience

By the way the things that I write aren't placed in the timeline of events so even if you see me write this it doesn't mean that I wrote this before I wrote Alive flame or something I just add things wherever I want to... and also I write in new Documents before copy pasting it here because it's easier to just start writing about your thoughts when you start fresh on a page instead of looking for a place to write and forgetting what you wanted to write about along the way.

Also this isn't the exact lyrics I had in mind but it is very close

When I was thinking of lyrics and music I was doing it for appreciation of music I didn't focus on what words I was thinking about so I forgot some

So the " I live in a cartoon " part had a completely different tune and music to it so when I started writing it I forgot that tune and lyrics so I had to write new lyrics that more fit with the " is there a world where everyone is satisfied " tune

And when I was thinking about the music I imagined OddOnesOut singing it in his cartoon world with the voice of the lead singer in “ Me and My Broken Heart ” Jake Peter Roche

And am... yes I had to search in my Favorite Songs 2 playlist on Youtube the name of the music (me and my broken heart) and then search for the main singer in it

When I was writing the last paragraph I remembered an old band that I listened to as a child (I liked their work it was very good) and now I remember that Tamo (Tako my Cousin if I called her my aunt’s daughter that’s true but if I called her aunt itself it was wrong I just Google translated Cousin in Georgian to English so that’s why I learnt how to say it now) sent a link to the music made by that band because she was a big fan as well (I probably listened to it with her when Rage Comics were popular (me and my older sister were reading them in her computer in Kutaisi back in the day) and my favorite music was I Knew You Were Trouble I even had a McDonalds toy making the voice of the part of the music... at least I think it was from McDonalds it was probably from a store) One Direction that’s the name of the band

After I got my huawei phone as a kid I listened to hulk music on YouTube the music itself was made by a band Skillet and it was called

“ Monster “ and if I had to name it I’d go with the lyric itself

“ feel like a monster “ I’ve listened to more of their music the lead singer in the band had my favorite voice and even though I also like many other music I only remember the band name Skillet and how they were a part of my childhood even though One Direction was also a part of my childhood I didn’t remember their name... sorry

Tako sure as hell did she was a big fan and probably still is

Tako is my cousin if you were wondering... she’s an adult now and it terrifies me that time goes that quickly

The first music (I think) I’ve listened to from One Direction was

“ You and I “ and I still like it

Georgian Rock Paper Scissors

Georgian rock paper scissors is different than the Rock Paper Scissors you came to expect

The first time I've seen American Rock Paper Scissors was in the Rio movie where the workers of the villain say Rock Paper Scissors I didn't get why there was rock in the game and also didn't get why they didn't say ჯე ი რა ნი or Je i ra ni (I had to Google what Georgians say instead of Rock Paper Scissors to remember how we say it. it's been so

long that I wouldn't be surprised if I said that for the last time as a 6 year old) anyway instead of Rock we had a hole it's like the okay sign but facing upwards, the scissors fell in the hole but the paper could cover it.

And now the story that you've probably forgotten about

The one that I couldn't write because from the lack of motivation

It's the return of

The Alive Flame (Internet conversation edition)

Internet conversation and an Idea for a story.

Alive Flame

Since I'm (probably) dead as you're reading this I don't have anything to hide (I was writing this before I decided to add this to the Wayback Machine) so I'll share the idea of a story that I had but didn't have enough motivation to write and have a great conversation with someone else

about it

(if Len is reading this... let's be honest you'll never find this BUT if you are I am so sorry for showing this without your permission, I did actually try to rewrite it from it but I still couldn't, I really hope you're reading this because then that would mean you'll at least get to know me more unlike I could with you, also I'll cut out some parts

#Poor tall guy he wanted to live

and yes I still remember the “ poor tall guy he wanted to live “ part)

You: hello

Stranger: Hi!

Stranger: What's your name?

You: that's a personal question (**I'm so sorry for making you uncomfortable that was NOT even a personal question**)

Stranger: Oh I'm sorry

Stranger: You can use a nickname if you want

Stranger: You can call me Len

You: it's okay you wouldn't have known that I feel uncomfortable sharing information like that

Stranger: It's a nickname

You: do your classmates call you Len because when I hear a word nickname I get flashbacks of when my classmates called me by something else

Stranger: My friends call me Len sometimes. But only the ones I like the most

You: they called me Cottage cheese

You: it doesn't translate in English but that's what they called me in my language

Stranger: I'm sorry about that...

Stranger: What is your language?

cringe cut

Stranger: I guess you're right. Sorry if I'm making you uncomfortable I just don't know how to start a conversation- (**you really were not, I was the idiot in that conversation**)

Stranger: But you seem an interesting person

You: I don't know how to start conversations neither but at the same time you can't just read my mind to know what I'm okay talking about

Stranger: Anyway, I'm a girl, I'm 15 and I love in ***cut***, you don't have to tell me anything, it's just to let u know ho you're talking to

Stranger: Live*

You: my grandma lives in Italy I don't know much about it though

You: also I feel like there's less than 10% chance that I met a person the same age as me in the exact place where my relative lives but how do I know I didn't calculate it

Stranger: We're the same age? It's your lucky day then

You: I think I'm making things way too complicating and awkward so I'll just ask what your hobby is

Stranger: Nonono don't worry you seem really interesting I just have some difficulty whit the language ahah

Stranger: Anyway. Maybe you just figured it out. My hobby is writing

Stranger: One of my hobbies

Stranger: I have many

Stranger: What about you?

You: well I do write short stories sometimes and I imagine the story by listening to music while hover boarding

Stranger: We're really similar then. I ideally visualise stories in bed while listening to music

Stranger: And I dream about actually writing something

Stranger: Usually* I don't even know what ideally means this phone is too small to type shsiwksnxk

You: I just think that imagining the story is a good way of escaping reality and if I think the story has potential I just write it down and fix it sometimes

Stranger: You're right. It seems simple if you say it like that

Stranger: The hard part is when you try to build an entire world filled with characters and plot twists

Stranger: Are u still there?

You: I am literally embarrassed about the story I wrote for the first time I didn't even know what character developments were

You: yep

You: some parts didn't even make sense

Stranger: I think it takes time to learn how to make realistic characters and stuff

Stranger: And also, you need to have good ideas. Which isn't always simple

Stranger: But it requires creativity so I love that

You: lately I've made an entire made up world... in my head I have the idea of the story

Stranger: Same what is your story about?

You: so there were two different races born in the same planet Alive Fire are creatures underdeveloped compared to humans but they're really powerful

You: they turned half of the entire planet to desert because they gain power from light and heat

Stranger: Are they the villains?

You: yes (**no, not in this story at least, they're not the main villains**)

You: humans could only survive because they had crystals that could absorb the orange fire that the Alive Fire race used and they could use it against them

Stranger: A strong weapon to destroy a strong villain

You: when one of the Alive Flames turn good their fire turns lighter shade of orange which means that it's made of something different which makes the attacks of the kind one immune of the crystal

Stranger: Seems cool

You: they don't have feelings toward anybody but themselves which makes it impossible for someone like that to be born but the main character becomes good not by just turning good he learned what is the right thing to do and he ignores his feelings towards the rules he was used to

You: he still feels mental pain when he gets bullied by his own family because of their own selfish desires and that pain and suffering will lead to their downfall

Stranger: So the main character is one of the Alice Flames?

You: yes

Stranger: So he has a cool background. Maybe has trauma

You: kind of

You: he's apart of the lower ranking fighters

You: there are tournaments made for teenagers so the weakest die and the strongest continue living

You: but it works in a specific way

Stranger: Poor teenagers...

Stranger: But I understand, violence is accepted in writingahaha

You: they're still evil even the main character until he realizes that he has a choice even though he can't feel sympathy he'll still try to learn what's the right thing to do

Stranger: What's his goal then?

You: he wants to learn how to be good and makes mistakes in his travels along the way and learns from his mistakes

You: there's also going to be a human villain far worse than any of the Alive Flames

Stranger: Sounds great. A good "redemption" arc. Character development

Stranger: Any friends?

You: yeah so in the tournament he needs to fight a human with one of those crystals I mentioned

Stranger: Mhm

You: no he doesn't have any until one of the henchmen of the human villain leaves him and helps the main character

Stranger: They can give him a lot of informations and secrets about the villain then...

You: so since he didn't want to be evil even though he thought he didn't have any choice on the matter he got enough good in his heart for that crystal to not be as effective as to other Alive Flames

You: I didn't think about that one

Stranger: Do you already planned something for the end?

Stranger: Did you already plan*

Stranger: Grammar

You: so the human literally throws the crystal towards him (which was a necklace by the way) before getting reduced to ash by people who show up after the human is damaged enough for him not to be helpful anymore to " train " the teenager

You: I did think about it

You: *teenagers* in the arena

Stranger: So what do the teenagers do?

Stranger: They stop killings themselves?

You: what do you mean

You: like they have to finish him?

Stranger: Nonoi think I misunderstood something sorry

You: the humans are used in tournaments to kill weaker children in their Tournaments so only the strongest will survive

Stranger: Okay okay

You: so his father gets angry that he kept a life draining crystal given to him by his own enemy and tried to take it away from him by force

Stranger: He hasn't a good relationship with his family uh?

You: and when the main character finally snapped and went insane by the rage he's been building up he jabbed the crystal into his father's skull and waited for his entire life flame to drain out until he was reduced to a lifeless corpse (I know it's brutal I'm sorry)

Stranger: Brutal but (hopefully) necessary

You: again none of them feel sympathy

You: they did things because of their own benefit

Stranger: It's an original personality trait to see in a main character you know?

Stranger: Even if his whole "specie" is like that

You: it's not really I remember a review of a story called " Berserk " and that character tried to avoid being kind while my character is just the opposite

You: actually none of them try to be kind they stay evil he's the first one of them to try becoming a good person

Stranger: And that why we love main character who are different from the otheeeeeers

Stranger: That's

Stranger: Characters*

You: so the main character goes out to the desert trying to find out what's the right thing to do is and joining the humans since they're the only kind ones

You: this is the first time we'll see the villain

Stranger: What does the villain want?

You: I thought of it but I don't remember I am trying to make a flat arc villain with motivations that not even the alive flames would

You: global domination wouldn't really be creative

Stranger: Sterminate the alive flames because he sees them as a plague for the world□maybe he sees them as villains even if they

haven't done nothing wrong to humans and wants to kill them all or something like that

Stranger: Idk it's your story but you'll find some ideas

You: I did say that they slave humans to fight in Tournaments and they did just turn half of the planet to a desert world

Stranger: Ah sorry you're right-

You: the Idea is great but It can't fit with the story being told

Stranger: Then maybe he wants to gain power? You could build a backstory for him that explains why he's evil

You: a flat arc villain needs a goal that isn't sympathetic in any way

You: well that could work why he would be so different compared to humans

You: maybe he was one of the people who were slaved and he realizes just how important control and power is and he used only 50% of the crystal's power so he could build up enough energy to burst enough flames to fly out of there and escape but then that would mean that he wouldn't hurt the humans in any way

You: I'll think of an idea which will make him the enemy towards everyone

Stranger: Maybe he needs some sort of power to survive

You: kind of like Pennywise needs fear

Stranger: Yeah something like that

You: I'll think about it and it is an Idea that was used in a videogame Dragon Ball Fighter Z on android 21

Stranger: Maybe he takes his power from the alive flames in some way. But having that power makes him a danger for both species?

You: oooooooh I have an idea

Stranger: Great

Stranger: I'm "listening"

Stranger: Listening with eyes

You: I know what his superpower is I don't remember it's name I'll come back to that but the point is that he wants to live in a world where everyone who agrees with him lives and people with a different belief dies he hates humans because they were heartless enough to give him life long depression he hates everyone because nobody listens to him they never give him a choice and just force him to do things

You: this would even explain why he would have a team

Stranger: Yess you have the motivation. It makes him really similar to the main character if you think about that. The villain is the evil version of “nobody listens to me and let me be who I am so I have no choice”, the main character is the good version of it.

Stranger: When they realise they may have a choice, one chooses to be evil and the other tries to do the right thing

You: I didn't even realize that

Stranger: No but really it's great

Stranger: You could use somehow idk

Stranger: Anyway what's your main character's name?

Stranger: If you already decided it

You: I haven't decided it yet

Stranger: It's fun to create names. I hope you'll find a good one!

You: I am thinking of a form of transportation which is a combination of horses and something that kind of looks like a car

You: I don't remember what those are called and they were made before cars

You: that is what the villain would be riding

Stranger: Eheh you're asking the English world it's too much for me

Stranger: Does it include horses?

You: I forgot to mention that it's Iron age (**actually I thought of it as the middle ages I'm writing this down after the entire conversation**)

You: yes

Stranger: Mhhh

Stranger: Some sort of carriage maybe?

Stranger: Idk if it's the right word

You: it's a crarriage but instead of the carriage being attached to the horses it more looks like a red colored house with stuff inside like weapons

Stranger: Sorry I really don't know how to say that

You: the henchmen I was talking about earlier is the one who's using long knives (like stain in my hero academia)

Stranger: Have they all got different kind of weapons?

You: I did only think of the one who betrays the villain but yes

You: there's also a tall one who's going to get killed because he failed a mission that's going to be a reason for him to betray the villain

Stranger: They were friends/lovers?

You: also the villain tried hiding the giant's body but the henchman smelled the blood and realized what happened to the tall guy (the villain lied to him that he left the team instead so he wouldn't lose their trust so he could manipulate them to do whatever he wants in the future) (**I do remember coming up with that idea after watching the walking dead theory where he concludes that a team of a psychopath wouldn't work so I thought what if I made the psychopath make himself look more human to them so that they wouldn't go rouge**)

You: he's apart of the team that the villain made

Stranger: Well you planned many details

You: it's like the league of villains in mha

Stranger: What is mha?

You: my hero academia

Stranger: My hero academia?

Stranger: I don't know it but I heard many people tal about it

Stranger: Talk*

You: I've watched the show and it's really enjoyable they do a lot for their characters and the story

You: if you want to you can watch it

Stranger: Is it on Netflix?

You: I don't really know

Stranger: Maybe I'll watch it (**I wonder if she even remembers me and if she does if it will be from me recommending mha to her, something I didn't remember in the conversation at all**)

You: okay

You: so the main character blocks the sword swipe made by that henchman and he thought that they were kind and that they thought that he was evil and try to kill him

You: and when I say block... he just melted through those knives by making his fire stronger

Stranger: That's the cool thing about being a supernatural creature

You: yeah that's actually the first scene I imagined about him when I was hoverboarding

Stranger: Perfect for an edit with music

You: yeah

You: so they have a short battle the main character melts through and dodges his attacks and when the henchman is out of knives he just charges towards him

You: the main character since he didn't know that they were evil he asked if he could join them

Stranger: And?

You: that is the part when I didn't think through scenes

You: I thought of him realizing that they were evil and leaves them and the villain tries getting rid of him by telling the tall guy to do it

Stranger: The tall guy fails...

Stranger: Bye talk guy!

Stranger: Tall*

You: then the villain himself confronts the main character and when he's about to kill the main character the henchman that left him rides that thing towards the main character grabbing his arm and dusting the villain's eyes

(that makes me think why they didn't do that in the final fight... OOOH right because if they tried to dust his eyes again he'd be in on it and stop them from doing so while in this part of the story he would be completely taken off guard)

Stranger: That's how they become friends I gues

Stranger: Guess

You: yeah so they go somewhere away from there but this is when I didn't think things through

Stranger: The villain may try to kill them again for revenge or something

Stranger: Or they will discover the villain's plan to gain power and try to stop him

You: since the main character was only part kind his energy was still being taken by the necklace and since they were in the desert he was able to balance out the energy absorption with the energy loss so they could use all of that crystal's energy with one shot (**I COMPLETELY FORGOT that I imagined the story this way before changing it**)

You: but there's a huge problem

Stranger: What?

You: since it's the iron ages there wouldn't be the same kind of technology I imagined them having which would use the energy of the crystal

You: it was kind of a battery gun

Stranger: Well it's a fictional world... if alive fires exist, a battery gun shouldn't be a big problem... just kidding, but consider that you can put anything into your world

Stranger: If you explain something with "magic" instead of technology it should be okay

You: I don't want a plot convenience ruin my story like if there were aliens thousands of years ago who conveniently left it there so I got a new idea

Stranger: Okay okay

You: the main character teaches him how to be kind with the information he got and since his new friend is a human he could reach enough levels of kindness to use the crystal himself

Stranger: Yeah it's okay I guess

You: the main character he will never be perfect because he doesn't have a part of the brain that allows him to have empathy so he teaches everything he's learnt to the henchman

You: his imperfection will be enough to give the crystal his fire and the human will learn how to use the crystal to manipulate the fire inside it

Stranger: That's sweet

You: I imagine in the end of the story that the main character burns himself using everything he has to stop the villain from moving so the henchman will use everything within the crystal to finish the job

You: the sad thing is going to be that the hero actually dies

Stranger: He sacrifices himself... make sure to write something really sad so the readers will cry. We love to cry over fictional characters

Stranger: Listen, it's really late and I'm really tired... but you're great and I'd like to talk with you again

Stranger: About writing or anything else

You: can we talk to each other again somehow?

(it is hilarious and amazing that her telling me her nickname paid off when we met each other again as if it was a story being told)

(Future Saba here mentioning that it did not work and we have never met each other since that day... or night

I'm 16 now and I was 15 back when I talked about this judging by the text itself so we have never met each other again for a year... I miss you Len #Poor tall guy he

wanted to live)

Couple of story explanations

(the villain's power was telekinesis and he couldn't use that power if he was surrounded by enough fire because he would only be able to use his powers on the flames themselves that he would be surrounded with that would get replaced by new

fire that the main character would create and the crystal would have multiple days worth of absorbed energy so the main character wouldn't be able to survive that devastating attack. Also he was keeping the villain's body blocked the same way Bardock blocked Mira in Xnoverse 2



but also he's going to get shot with a condensed fire attack by his friend to finish him off like when Goku stopped Raditz from moving to get hit by Piccolo's Special beam canon, before that however the villain was trying to move him down and grind the main character's back with his telekinesis but it didn't work because the main character erupted flames from his back to make enough pressure to pull him back and then erupted the front part of his body so the villain would have to focus on keeping the flames away from his own body (the weakness of the villain is that he can't focus on everything at once which is also why the main character was able to get behind him and stop his body from moving and that's also why he can't just use the ground to float himself upwards because even though the fight is happening in a west town style place it's still filled with sand as the alive flames wanted to turn everything into a desert he can't just focus on

every single tiny stone in sand to move them especially when he's busy trying not to turn to ashes) his friend was charging the attack behind a building and only came out to shoot out the attack when the main character screamed to do it. when his friend shot through the main character's chest (as well as the villain) the main character's body started absorbing the heat and light from the attack which lead to him erupting insanely huge fire that only got bigger and bigger, the villain since he got shot and died couldn't stop the fire around him and got reduced to a pile of flesh then to his own insides until there was nothing but the skeleton left, the main character's friend ran away but he couldn't run quickly enough away from the growing fire so the main character did the only thing he could think of, he turned the opposite side of his friend moved his arms in front of him and burst out all of the energy he had so the aura wouldn't get any bigger, his fingers burst out then his hands and then his arms. The fire stopped erupting and he fell down, little bit of smoke was coming out of his body and until the last tiny spark of flame erased from his body he said: I wish I had a heart.

When his friend walked back to the main character's dead body he started crying, then we see him bringing his dead body to the carriage and bringing him to his house, he breaks apart boxes which had weapons in them to make a coffin for

the fallen hero he digs his grave next to his home and buries his body. (The entire fight between the main character and the villain happened at night and his house is the same place where they trained and spent time together. It was a small house made by wood in the flattest part of the desert.)

(**spoiler warning** the part when he buried the main character and the main character losing both of his arms while trying to save his friend's life wouldn't have happened in Alive Flames 2 since the whole story of Alive Flames 2 wouldn't be canon to the original story since I don't want to retcon anything) because then the revivers wouldn't confuse the two bodies because the main character would be in a chopped up and then put together coffin instead of being underground slumped over)

Here's a description of the carriage thing I'm talking about



(kind of like this one but it's more dark red way bigger has parts that resemble a house like windows walls and stuff inside like 2 story beds boxes of weapons seats and stuff and also it has 8 wheels instead of 4 and now I got an

idea of it transporting without horses but one magnet moved forwards with a () to slow it down and move it closer to the second magnet that is attached to the carriage (also there isn't a roof on the top but a room type of thing where the henchman and the future friend of the main character was standing when he saw him for the first time he got his knives off of the box next to him stepped over the metal fence that is surrounding the top of the carriage so they won't fall off then grab onto a pole (6 poles are attached to both sides of it) and then tries slashing the main character and the main character blocks it by covering his face with his arms both of them facing upwards and very close together he still had his metal wrist bands turn orange in his immense heat which leads to the knife that the henchman was trying to slice him with to melt.)

The main character's death doesn't give his friend any motivations and goals or development from his death because that'd literally just be one of the most disrespectful thing for me to do to the main character so we just see his friend's respect towards him and then him living on with his life seeing just how much the main character's kindness changed his everyday life.

Before his death he utters out the name of the main character

And I wish I could add his actual name here but I still don't know what I should call him because the names of every single character in this story needs to be meaningful and have a great deeper meaning that fits well to the characters kind of like a Georgian word)

(also in the first battle between the villain and the main character the main character didn't know how to fight against him because the villain was kind of like the crystal taking the fire attacks that he's using and reflecting it aka using it against him but in the second fight he knew what to do because the training between him and his friend made him realize that he could try to dodge his reflected attacks but keep his body as close to the attacks as possible to gain light and heat energy off of them so he wouldn't lose as much energy this would be very dangerous because if he kept his body too close to the attack he'd get hurt so it would have stakes kind of like Kaioken from dragon ball Z but also he would have an actual reason to do ultra instinct type of dodging stunts instead of dodging like this to look cool like an idiot he would have an actual reason to dodge like this. I got this idea after listening to music

(also there's only one day left before my suffering aka my school starts so... sh## I hate my life))

(the funny thing is I'm back to reading these when I'm 16 and it's already a summer holiday)

By the way the human who had to fight against the main character nearly in the beginning of the story (I'm saying nearly because we still need to see how he's suffering by the hands of his family physically and mentally) threw that crystal towards him because he got hope that he would use it against everyone else since it was only slightly effective to him he realized that he was a kind person and he has a type of fire that is slightly different from the evil alive flames. And also the crystal necklace doesn't have a normal string it has bendable metal string so humans wouldn't lose it by alive flames trying to burn the string away and leave humans powerless which also allows the main character to wear it with no problem.

Character designs

Main character: he is wearing brown torn shorts, completely black body, completely Light orange eyes, metal wrist bands and fire on his head (kind of like ghost rider) he also has the necklace with a long red crystal. Everyone of his kind is the same way other than the wrist bands, the face shape and size. (Size 5.7 feet)

The villain: his face shape is like Overhaul's from My Hero Academia, dark blue hair black leather clothes and thin long grey pants. His eyes are

almost always half closed unless he gets angry he tries to stay calm in all situations because he thinks that he's above all. (Size 5.6 feet)

Alive flame story changes and additions

The villain is psychotic in another level

Torturing people before killing them is as refreshing to him as a cold glass of water after 6 weeks of being in a desert

He killed both of his parents because they tortured him to do what they wanted him to do with his life and never listened to what he wanted to say which is the reason he decided to kill everyone who

doesn't relate to him in any way and have everything the way he wants it to be

He's manipulative as well so that if he finds out that one of his crew members was a failure or had an argument about a topic he's going to kill him/her and then lie to the rest of the crew so they won't work against him

The funny thing is that the henchman with swords went rouge because he smelled blood from the villain's locker which means that technically the villain related to the person who he killed for being a failure by failing to manipulate that henchman

The main character after he realized that the villain was doing evil just like his species he decided to leave the crew which is the reason the tall guy was sent out to bring him back and have the villain kill him because the villain thought he'd share the knowledge of their existence to his race and try to kill the crew members

When the tall guy fails at catching him that's when he was brought to the villain's " office " and where he got murdered after sharing the news of his failure

The henchman couldn't leave the crew before he got a great opportunity because at that time he

already realized that the villain would kill him if he did

Luckily he got just that

The main character came back a day later after recharging his power by laying under the sun in a sandy environment

When he came back he challenged the villain because that's what he believed is the right thing to do

The villain started torturing him as he likes to do with his victims but he got too cocky for his own good and got blinded by a smoke bomb thrown by his rouge henchman, he brought the main character into the carriage and as the rest of the crew were told by the villain to stop them the main character and the henchman threw the weapons they had at them to stop them

There's also a funny scene of the henchman lighting up the bombs by the main character's fire hair and throwing them at the crew out of the window. The main character was bruised and hurt so he just sat in the corner with his eyes half closed his body was numb and his arms were slumped on the floor.

Since he used almost all of the weapons in there including the smoke bombs they had to go with the main character's plan

Stay in the henchman's "secret base "

To train so the main character gets to know him more and over time both of them and they learn valuable life lessons and how to be kind whenever they need to go out on an adventure to restock supplies

(The main character doesn't need food or water but his friend does... and also he needs light so buying fire wood wouldn't be so bad)

The henchman also agrees with the main character's philosophy of trying to be a kind person even when you don't feel sympathy, which makes the henchman strive to be a better person than he was before because the main character inspired him to do so.

The villain would force them into fighting at night instead of day by looking for them himself every night so he would get an advantage in battle since pretty much everyone knows that Alive Torches get power off of heat and light

Which would be an active character choice and pretty smart of him

Obviously the fight would happen the same way since the henchman's base is in the middle of a desert so he could hide away behind it to charge the attack

Alive flame will realize that the villain's team is... evil by realizing that the people who he killed with them have the same necklaces as the ones who were tortured by his own species

(At first he was baited into killing because the villain believed that the people they were killing were evil and he believed that killing the opposite of good was a good thing to do until... you know he realized he joined a wrong team)

Also the villain kept the alive flame because of their relativity as characters

Just like alive flame they were both treated nothing but like another pile of organs people could toy around with because of their greater control over their lives

Also how they both were forced to be something other than themselves which lead them to killing off the people who did this to them the second they got control over their lives

And also because his species was bend on destruction and killing which would be a very helpful kind of ally to have since he's the only other person in the entire team who has superpowers

The villain knew what Alive Flame wanted to become so he manipulated him into believing that they were fighting for good (his definition of good is killing people who don't understand him as a person and only keeping people who either relate to his immorality and psychopathy or his life experiences)

Also don't think that friendship between Alive Flame and Henchman was perfect they did have arguments here and there which sometimes even lead to fights but in the end both of them learning a lesson because of it

Alive flame would trust The villain with all of his heart in the beginning and even after going rogue still thinking that killing people who didn't follow his own ideology was right (because of how many times he and Henchman got clashes of ideologies while having to stay together hiding away from the villain, sometimes when they fought over their ideologies he thinks of the villain's ideology and starts to believe in the villain more and more, but he over time he learns that it's okay for people to be different as long as those changes aren't negative) but near the end of the story when the villain tries to manipulate him for the last time and get him back on his side after brutally beating him down Alive Flame will say this " I don't care what you think I'll never kill anyone who has their own opinion unless they corrupt others because of it "

It'll show that after spending his time with henchman and the lessons they learnt as friends along the way the last lesson he learnt is that it's okay to be different unless that difference is negative in that case you should strive to learn what is wrong and overcome the demons within you

The villain tried to corrupt him the way a villain should

And alive flame shows his development and new ideology

in the beginning of the world I thought it would make more sense if this version of Earth already had broken continents which combined to make a larger whole instead of like in real life where it was the opposite

so humans and Alive Fires would develop in their isolated continents before the war would break out between them

that way humans would survive to get great enough advancements in technology and weapons to stand a chance to fight

(also the story where Alive Flame is was in the Iron ages)

it would also make scientific sense that Alive Fires would start taking over the world from the middle because that would be the hottest place on earth and easier to make a desert in

but since it would get harder for them to live in

colder places outside of their living space would explain why they'd only have half of the continent taken over instead of more

which would mean that there wouldn't be an ice age but instead most of the humans would be forced to live closer to south and north poles and the warriors would be sent down to take care of the Alive Flames trying to take over everything

Close to the middle would be jungles and the middle would be a mix of Egyptian and roman empires made by the Alive Fire

–

Henchman had great sense of smell which is why he could smell a difference in the smell of his molten knife since the fire of Alive Flame was different from the red and orange variants

That's why the villain wouldn't realize he could smell the blood even if he was right in front of him, because henchman could smell the blood earlier than him

That's why he was able to get out of there pretending to not have found out anything while the villain having no sweet clue if he sensed it or not

Sera in the past was forced out of her home to the military when she wasn't even an adult yet

She lost her hands after fighting against an alive fire, they could stitch back someone else's hands to her but they wouldn't really function so they decided to get rid of the bones of those hands and replace them with a robotic exoskeleton powered with a purple crystal

After she accidentally killed someone by activating the shooting mechanism she took them off and tried to live armless

They wanted her to get right back to the battle field but she didn't want to be a breathing weapon which would be treated like a weapon and nothing else

That was until the villain showed up

He destroyed her village but spared her because she could be a great asset to the team and he thought her demeanor would motivate her team to work harder by pissing them off

That was when she met henchman

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I got an idea of the villain not actually remembering his name, and that his power of telekinesis came from a source that made him forget that

And yes the partial reason of why I want to do that is because I don't want to come up with a name for him and replace every text with "villain" in it even if I use the easier way given by Microsoft word, I also think it would make him more interesting because the fact that he didn't try to find out his name means either he killed everyone who knew his name or he doesn't care about

the beliefs and memories of his past self and that he wants to be his newer self and stay that way

Alive flame's fire on his head would turn darker and closer to red
the more he'd get angry because his anger would blind him and make him make decisions not on his morality but his emotions

But when he got pissed off about sera dying his fire would glow the brightest it had ever been, so bright that it would look less like yellow and more like white

Because he would be mad about his friend being taken away from him and he'd use every last of his rage power in order to stop that from happening to anyone else

Rage not triggered by emotion but his beliefs

even then he wouldn't care in the slightest about her death if he didn't care about his belief of morality which is why he wished to be a human who'd be capable of feeling it

Alive flame

What if Henchman decides to continue his friend's legacy in a way more... direct way

Killing an alive fire in order to skin it and put it on like a costume

In order to look like them and since the crystal would be under the skin they wouldn't notice

The difficult part would be seeing while keeping flames in front of his eyes because of their glowing eyes so he'd mostly wear big goggles

But even then it would be a little hard to see through flame so he'd just make his fire hair shorter just flowing on top of his head

So that he'd seem like a kind Alive Fire with a weird hair "cut" when in reality he was just human

That would get Alive Flame's brother's attention considering he tried killing them for a human necklace WITH a human necklace and an alive flame having a small glow at the centre of their chest

Because again even if it would be under the skin the crystal would give off light when being charged up

Alive Flame Ending story changes

(That doesn't mean these are the last changes but that it's my favorite as of right now)

The final battle needs to have ups and downs

Especially a dread of the villain being able to turn the tables

The villain would take them off guard when they aren't ready and he'd attempt to get the necklace

The upside would be that the heroes would get it but the villain can still use telekinesis

So it would be up to Alive Flame to take his attention while still having to let the crystal absorb the heat he has left which he would do by throwing fireballs at the enemy and then when he'd reflect it alive flame would absorb a slight amount of it by barely dodging (to graze the fire on himself) to keep throwing fireballs to get him distracted for longer and buy the henchman the needed time to absorb it

The villain would realize their plan however and start throwing debris from the henchman's broken home... or... base? Screw it I'll call it home, so he was throwing the parts of the building and stuff

inside of it at Alive Flame and trying to throw away the fireballs in a completely different direction or deflecting it with the debris

The henchman would catch him off guard and deal damage to the villain's left arm so he could only use his right arm for telekinesis which would give them the advantage BUT he wasted a lot of heat for that blast which is why they'd also be desperate and need more heat

So the henchman would need to find a source of heat that Alive Flame could absorb to get an advantage against not only the enemy but also be able to transport the heat into his body to change the fire to the type that's coursing through his body which will be absorbable

When the villain knew he's lost it when the Henchman escapes by Alive Flame giving him the time he had no other choice but to manipulate Alive Flame to join him again and remind him of why he wanted to join in the first place

Alive flame decided not to however which would be an advantage but also a disadvantage because his pure heart would make it more difficult for the crystal to absorb his fire

Oh and also I came up with a version where the crew of the villain didn't just die in a chase towards henchman and Alive Flame... now that I think about it the only crew member left would be Sera because Tall Guy would've already been dead and Henchman would go rogue

So Maybe Sera would join them after Alive Flame stopped Henchman from throwing the grenade which he believed was the right thing to do because he knew Sera better than him and she seemed to be kinder than what she showed

But Henchman would still be bummed out about it and try to stay awake every day and every night because he'd be afraid that he'd backstab Alive Flame

He didn't worry about himself as much because he thought to himself he could take it and escape but Alive Flame is just an inexperienced child while Sera was working for the person who was responsible for killing one of his own goons

Only once Alive Flame would talk to him about it is when he'd give himself the self care and sleep that he'd need to learn and train with the necklace

Since Henchman was way more used to sharp weaponry than a waving hot gas he'd try to turn the fire into a sword kind of make his own style of fire bending but up until that point he'd only learn how to compress the fire into a beam so less like a sword and instead a long fire shaft

(continue this part future me... also please don't add that "Alive Flame gets mad" bit again because he still had no sympathy for the death of somebody he physically wouldn't be able to but he could get mad about something personal and selfish but also understandable instead of something that would need an explanation like him being mad that he couldn't achieve his goal of being the kindest person he could be and being mad about him still not having sympathy because even then he wouldn't fully understand it which is why his final line would be that he'd wish to be a human, that way he'd truly know and that way his

curiosity and want to be kind would finally be fulfilled)

The characters in the Villain's team had some attributes that he saw in them

Sera was a thief and a weapon of mass destruction

Tall guy was a brutal warrior willing to improve even in the worst kinds of situations

And Henchman was an uncaring warrior with a lack of ability to care about a life of a stranger

I want Alive Flame who physically can't feel empathy be able to see deeper into their personalities unlike an actual human who only saw what he could use them for like a dictator

I think it would make it a little more poetic but I don't know, what's your opinion about it? Just say it to your screen... or to the paper you're holding, I don't know where you're reading me actually

My older self might have already printed these things and saved them in a disk that would keep the digital information in it for longer, put them in a microwave, and dug a place to bury them in

I really doubt I would be able to do that in the future but I don't know what the future holds

Have a great
day/night/evening/week/month/year/decade/century

For all I know, people might be able to unfreeze people in the future so I'll shorten it to "have a great eternity"

Sera vs Tall Guy

I think I got too used to calling the character "tall guy" as if it's his own name

But I digress

I think the story within the battle between Sera and Tall guy isn't that spectacular

The fact that Tall Guy proves himself as a great fighter but continues to strive to get better thinking of himself as still weak would show his personality but... that's about it

Also, Alive Flame was forced to watch the whole thing hoping for her to lose so that she would finally get to talk about her actual feelings as they made a deal about it

so I think Alive Flame should intervene when Tall Guy would start bashing her down on the ground,

again I did say he's a brutal fighter but Alive Flame didn't know if he was holding back for her safety or not so he thought it wouldn't be right to allow Tall Guy to win this way which is why he'd cheat the game by blowing up the sand under Tall Guy by directing fire under him

So that it would show that even if he was close to winning he'd still train to get better and Alive Flame would be trusted by the team less because of his action and being tortured by the Villain and taking away the crystal away from him for his actions

So that in the future Alive Flame would have a slight upper hand since he wouldn't be losing energy from his crystal anymore but still being beaten up by the villain when he decided to fight him after realizing he was no better than his own father

Then Sera would be the one stealing the necklace from the villain because she's good at stealing and also decided to team up alongside them because Alive Flame showed genuine concern towards her safety in the battle

so back when he'd be isolated and physically tortured in the night by the villain she'd be next to Tall Guy when he'd be training next to a campfire and since Tall Guy still won she had a choice not to say anything because of the deal but decided to

open up on her feelings and why she's been humiliating him for so long

She did it because she thought she'd do it for Alive Flame's sake

to be honest I think this change simply fits better, like maybe they could go on a mission and force Alive Flame to do the heavy lifting BECAUSE of his selfless action which would lead to us learning about Sera's true self, Alive Flame realizing they're evil, him escaping from there while the mission was in session and THAN coming back to fight against the villain after being fully recharged by the help of the heat of the desert

Also, I know I should rewrite the whole story this way instead of changing things around this way but again I actually tried to write Alive Flame to then delete the conversation but I just couldn't write it in an understandable and entertaining way, it needs to be fun

So I'm going to continue making changes over and over until the story is better in the end and maybe even write the story with all of the additions and changes

I don't know how to thank you for being with me on this ride

In his dying breaths, Alive Flame would be shaking as if he was freezing in the arctic, the smoke coming from his mouth would look like the smoke people can breathe out in cold temperatures... before all heat would leave his body

Maybe Henchman could show his disdain towards people through words but also be as detached from them as possible so that he wouldn't care about them and see no redeeming qualities

Even if he already hated people he wanted to keep it that way

Every argument they'd learn more about one another

The Tournament battle

When Alive Flame arrived in the Tournament to fight a human he didn't even want to try to win

Because even victory would get him bullied by everyone else

Because he wasn't strong enough to fight a low ranking human none the less another Alive Fire

So he burst fire balls into his hands and threw them towards the human before closing his eyes and spreading his arms like he was awaiting the embrace of death

He got hit by a single fire ball in the stomach

After a few seconds he opened his eye and saw that the human had ashes on his body

Barely standing

He didn't understand why the human would be damaged and why he would only absorb enough to hit him once

He threw two fireballs towards either side of him

The human tried to dodge to the right but realized he should've stood in one place because then he wouldn't get hit

He absorbed little amount of fire and sent out a small beam of it towards Alive Flame

In the end of the battle the human looked down knowing what was going to happen

He threw his necklace towards Alive Flame while shouting "TAKE IT" before being burnt to ashes from the fire coming from the underground

When Alive Flame took the necklace off the ground he started thinking to himself

"Did he want to hurt me more so he threw the only weapon he had towards me? Or did he care about the necklace that he'd let anyone have it in order to keep its legacy... or was this the first present he ever got"

Alive flame thought of it as the first present he got in his life

Even if he still had a feeling that he cared about the necklace more or just wanted to take away more of his fire he still wanted to think positively because this time he could finally get to think of it as his own reward instead of being given something and be spat in the face right after

Alive flame worse than I thought

I... was way too blind to the story of it

And I'm a bit happy that I predicted that one day I'd see many issues with the story

The main character is... boring

He doesn't seem to act like he doesn't know what good is and is trying to learn it

Also he doesn't drive the story forward as much as he needs to and make mistakes that would have consequences great enough to maybe even lead to his downfall

Sera telling them that she wants to join them, Henchman hesitating for even a moment and Alive Flame throwing the bomb

Sera surviving because duh they're all moving

But then a battle commencing Henchman and Alive Flame killing Sera and getting the hell out of there

Then Alive Flame realizing she was actually good and trying to join them instead of continuing the villain's scheme and finally realizing what she was doing in the carriage when she was healing his wounds

She was being kind honest and open

making him question if Henchman even knows what good and bad are

In the end finding out that there is no good or bad

Just people

People who simplify general positive actions as good and not really knowing the more difficult things

Like the number of elderly people they should kill in order to save a number of children

That's why he had his own personal opinion that almost all humans suck, other people might think otherwise but his life experience and people around him reinforced his whole idea

He could teach him general beliefs about what good action is vs bad but some things he'd have to choose himself and make his own opinions on

hell the villain needs to start his plans soon to give this any meaning because if the Villain has a million years to start his global domination then what's the good of one person

So I think his goal would be to first find the most deadly weapon in fire and human history alike

But not wanting to learn how to use the weapon he'd want something easier than the crystal necklace or brace since he'd 1 like just being strong instead of working for it 2 almost all humans have it and 3 after destroying all Fire kind the crystals would be useless anyway

Unless he found a way to get the chemicals that make Alive flames different than normal to absorb the most amount of red fire into crystals and melting them all together making giant crystals that he'd use overpowered lasers from by floating them above him

But again that would mean he'd have to learn more about chemistry than every human has for millennia that have been fighting Alive Flame for generations and haven't found anything better than the crystals they already have

Two advantage ideas

Alive flame could absorb a brunt of an electric bolt

Or could force the villain to pull rocks from deep underground allowing him to dig underground faster and faster and finally reaching the hotter part of the earth absorbing heat from molten lava

His body obviously taking damage but getting an insane power boost from it

Which would mean there are alive flames out there who're harnessing the power of volcanoes therefore making them way stronger in terms of defensive capabilities

So basically the way I balance the villain's telekinesis is that it isn't about power but focus

He can lift alive flame as well as a boulder the size of a house

But if he tried to lift a mountain or a pebble it would take more focus

One because the mountain is stuck to the ground and because it has many other things inside it like caves with rocks and trees and all of that stuff so it'll feel like he'll have to physically lift them if he doesn't use telekinesis on all of them

And a pebble is smaller making it harder to focus on none the less multiple of it

Which is why he can only throw fire balls back at alive flame because it's not the fire that he's moving it's the ball that the flame is on

Because otherwise alive flame wouldn't be able to make a spherical ball

So he can't control fire itself

Which is why he uses other stuff to his advantage to block pure fire or make an aura of telekinesis around something like his body to not have to focus on all of the gas particles at the same time but move it away

But he still needs to form that aura around SOMETHING

If he had better focus he might have been able to form an aura around alive flame himself and make him burn himself in the finale of the fight

So actually I realized just how difficult it would be to dig to the centre of earth nor how unlikely a lightning bolt in a desert would be

So I decided Alive Flame to burn his hands off using fire with no other substance

It would be draining but all the villain could do against those flames is make an aura around him to make sure he doesn't get hurt

And to hint about Alive Flame being able to do it there would be training between him and henchman where Alive flame tries using fire on other objects other than the substance his body makes to form fire balls such as rocks making the rocks smaller and smaller over time and him testing the pure fire shot ability for the first time after henchman leaves to gather more fire from the living fires

Back story changes

Alive flame were actually born before humans at a time where there was barely any air there was fire and lava everywhere

They went deep underground in the ice ages to gain their power from the planet's core

And by the time they got back up they were vastly changed much weaker than they used to be

Their lost power drove their lust to stay stronger so everyone went their own paths of achieving it

One went to the volcano infested places which then became islands

Some went inside of the volcano turning them into giants that looked more like demons

Ones that didn't risk getting inside of the lava lived close to it which made them taller and stronger but the water around the island made it harder for them to absorb as much light so they were more like heat brutes and even learnt the abilities of their ancient relatives lava bending

Others started living in hot deserts close to the middle of the planet

Where they were able to learn how to absorb light itself along with the heat of the sand better and used fire hell of a lot more forgetting how to use lava in time

With no water it was way easier for them to thrive

While the lava benders or I guess ones that can bend anything that's hot were stuck in their islands slowly making their way back to continents using lava to make bridges and active volcanoes giving them a strong push

They were much taller and buffer even had bigger fire flowing up their head

Kind of like broly vs other saiyans in dbz

So now it makes sense for them not to really have noses or mouths they don't really breathe or eat

But I guess that would mean they're communicating through either their fire on their head or controlling the sounds and snaps of fire to make sounds close enough to English words

Or they're speaking through their eyeballs which doesn't make much sense

So some became heat based brutes that can control all types of heat

While others started taking over the world and become more advanced in travel technology by being on a continent instead of an island and also allowing them to get inspiration from their enemies humans

While also learning only one type of ability fire but being more stamina based absorbing both light and heat for their power

And also having hell of a lot of trees to burn to absorb fire off of those trees if they went to the jungles making it the easiest place to kill humans but also risky if they had a crystal because that would mean they'd be sending way more fire to them to absorb

Also I've heard if animals are growing in an island it's more likely for them to become taller but also more territorial which these alive flames actually wouldn't be but instead want to get out of the cage they put themselves in and learn what the hell is happening in other places making them a bit more kind because they only had themselves to keep company

Also they developed mouths for speech even though they less look like human mouths but instead stretched slime with holes in them that would grow or shrink depending on the size of the fire in their mouths

Which also means the dead don't have mouths which is why they call death "silence" or multiple deaths "rise of silence"

Oh also yes that means they can breathe fire if they want to

Oh also crystals can equalize their power by touching the other of their kind of crystals unless you forced the fire from one crystal to another

So if you touch a crystal with more fire to one with less the stronger one will share enough to make both equal strength

“Alive flame” Tall Guy’s and Sera’s introduction

Tall guy: HEY HEYYY * takes a stance * Who brought the alive torch!

Sera: do you really think that boss would bring anyone in unless he had a plan for them?

Tall guy: just saying I don’t want...*thinking for a second* the flame on his head to burn our carriage down

Sera: it’ll be fine, there are plenty metal head gear we could take from the nearby shops

Alive Flame: just because I'm physically one of them it doesn't mean that I'll burn this place down with intent * puts his arms on top of his head while moving his head down * also I can steal my own hat thanks * tells himself multiple times that humans like stealing apparently judging by how casual Sera was *

Tall guy: yeah sure... hey do you know how I lost the left side of my teeth?

Alive Flame: am... Hey Sera do you know how he lost his teeth?

Tall guy: * makes a neck slice gesture multiple times awkwardly *

Sera: * smiles * I'd like for him to explain

Tall Guy: thanks sera! anyway-

Sera: he punched himself to tell that story

Tall guy: * turns around angrily but regains his composure in a second *

The villain: *looks at both of them* you two know what to do, show the new one how it's done

Tall guy: sounds like a plan

Alive flame: what is going on?

Sera: when we want to fight... or spar we take it outside...

Tall guy: hey I wanted to explain... fine whatever I'll go outside

Alive Flame: hey Sera before you fight him I have a question

Sera: * turns around * what is it

Alive Flame: why do you hate... tall guy

Sera: why wouldn't you he's feeding lies to whoever shows up

Alive flame: yeah but you could just tell him that

Sera: yeah but I'm not the type to tell someone what to do, I'll just try to annoy him to the point of him learning to stop it but not to the point that it will hurt his... * looks around * guts or oversized heart

Also since we don't quite know you yet I'll have to ask you to put down that glowing necklace of yours

Alive flame: what? no it's... wait * starts thinking " if I'll be selfish I'll be like what my dad was but if I try to be the opposite maybe... but the person in the fighting ring gave me the crystal so... I don't know "*

Sera: is anything good?

Alive Flame: just thinking of a response that's all... * thinks " apparently making good choices isn't just the opposite of everything I was told to do " *

Sera: okay here's the deal, since new comers can't exactly be treated like the experienced ones if I win the fight you'll give me that necklace

Alive Flame: but if he wins?

Sera: *thinks* I... ... I'll talk to him about why I prank him so much

Sera: is it a deal? *she reaches her arm to Alive Flame*

Alive Flame: *thinks "well... if they're going to make their relationship better..."* * since he heated his hand up after touching the fire on his head he shook her hand but from a distance

Sera: Deal it is * turns around and walks away *

Alive Flame: * louder tone * Good luck on the fight

Sera: * stops, looks around * thanks for wanting our relationship to get better... both us and him * she smiles before going through the door *

The tall guy wins by using strategy and skills that he learnt in prior battles and also he didn't want the

newest person on the team judging him for failing
(aka Alive Flame aka a person who they don't expect
as much from) so that was his goal to beat her

I'll give them both personalities don't worry also the
henchman I already gave the villain a personality so
maybe I'll give Alive Flame some additions as well (I
wrote that before updating this to fit Sera's
character)

Character personalities

Tall guy: he tries to look special because he thinks that
everyone is judging him and thinking less of him for not
having super powers or any skill of his own (he thinks
that he's dumb when he's actually pretty smart), he
hates sera because she tries to make him look pathetic
and sera hates him because he makes himself try to look
like a god, he gets aggressive easily and likes to throw

down when he's angry, he tries to go overkill when he fights in any situation to make sure that his enemy is down, he likes exploring the wilderness and learning more about other creatures (which is why he'll ask questions to Alive Flame's biology and cuts it off after he asks a second or third question and gets back to doing pushups) but tries to make himself like training in harsh circumstances to make up for his lack of powers

His training was sure as hell worth it because the guy is like a walking tank even though he still thinks of himself as a weakling who needs more training

Weird habit: tries not to sleep until everyone else is because he knows that they'll judge him for... making noise while he's sleeping,

Sera: she's the type to cause trouble, when the villain isn't looking she feels like she can do literally anything but she isn't the type to boss around, even if she pranks her team mates she still cares about them and tries not to push them so far as to them leaving her because she doesn't want to be alone, she can actually show her kind and caring side towards others when the villain isn't there to hear her, so mostly she acts like a prankster to get a small laugh but when the villain isn't around and the situation is dire she'll try to support her team mates... or

as she'd call them when they're alone "friends"

she's scared of the villain seeing her as different from him by her caring so much about people who she's just supposed to be working with, she knows her limits and knows that the Tall Guy is actually more dedicated and skilled at fighting than she is even if she has an ability that might give her an upper hand, she will have hints of regret when she tries to prank him and after their battle if the villain is still there to watch over them she'll just give him some needed space for him to forgive her, she doesn't want to talk to him about why she's doing it because he might get even more mad that it was all a stupid act to seem more relatable to the villain and to get a chance to spar with him

I can imagine a part of the story where in the middle of fighting against a group of thieves who were trying to steal weaponry from them Alive Flame gets hurt so Sera brings him to the carriage and tries to do as much as she can to ease his wounds, when she's done she says "if you get hurt it's okay to scream out for help, you can't just fight when you're wounded... *looks around* your body won't let you fight as effectively" she brings him outside and gives him a boost, she looks back and sees the villain leaning against the wall of the carriage starring at her

Habit: stealing what she can to stay more than a fighting machine for the team (even if she enjoys sparring with tall guy which doubles as training she doesn't like killing people... it's traumatic but she did it so many times she can't physically show that pain anymore she's too numb to it)

Henchman: The henchman would be terrified of being friends with someone because back then when he was in the poles his family didn't talk to him or anything like that, his only and true friend was a rat, he fed the rat, played with him, talked to him. He spend every day of his life as a kid with the rat until the rat stopped coming back he went outside to see him but couldn't find him, and when he got close to the people surrounding the camp fire he saw one of the kids with a rat cooked pierced with a stick

His heart sank

He got away from everybody and started to force himself to think of humans as less human like, with less emotion than him and less thoughts than him, less important life than him

The only reason he started being friends with the alive flame was because he didn't look like a human, a human that would destroy what he cares about and because the alive flame was stronger than him so he wouldn't be scared of losing him because if he did he'd die along side him

In the end he'd have to face something he didn't account for, losing someone who you cared about but not knowing

them fully before they passed

this is more of a backstory than a personality but still

Habit: adding sharp edges to everything to make it all more dangerous because he thinks if you aren't prepared for a fight even with a lamp you won't live long

Alive Flame 2

(I'm now calling him alive flame because he was the only kind alive torch in his race so in their perspective he was more meaningless like a flame in a fire very small and insignificant

also it would make sense for his parents to call him an alive flame because he was as meaningless as a flame compared to a blazing fire and how that would make him want to be kind even more in the first place)

I was hoping to make a story about the main character and his brother being resurrected because his brother looked like him they accidentally resurrected him

his brother stealing many colored crystals except the red one to find out which crystal he was weak towards, finding out it was a green crystal that absorbed the chemicals in the fire of a kind alive fire the same way the red crystal did to evil ones

then he'd attempt to kill him by first weakening him slowly from a distance and then stabbing him in the eye with it the same way he did to his father

after that the descendant of henchman showing up with a sword with the red crystal being attached in the middle of it.

(I forgot to mention that the bodies of Alive Flames are different from the bodies of humans so they don't decompose as quickly as the human body which allows their bodies to exist for thousands of years)

But the story is just... too bland, I haven't even thought of his brother's personality and how I could make him more interesting

I thought of that story when I haven't been making updates and additions to the original Alive Flame story

which is why I had to change stuff like replacing “the main character” with “alive flame” and “the main character’s friend” with “henchman”

But I actually did think of a story where Henchman would meet Alive Flame’s older brother, he would attempt to turn him to the side of good and if he failed he wouldn’t take himself as a person capable of continuing alive flame’s legacy

And since I didn’t say that his brother died after he killed his father and escaped I think he would try to use the death of his father as an excuse to find and kill his younger brother

then after years of trying to find him coming across henchman learning that his brother is already dead and realizing he won’t have a goal in life if that was true so he’d try to ignore that and disprove it

I was thinking about putting the story of Alive Flame in the story category and Alive Flame 2 to the unfinished story category but I think they should be separate from them because it’s a story that I’d like to make, to me it gives me the same feeling as the first story I wrote “Jeremy in Fazbear’s Fright “ before I got better at story writing and saw problems with the story I thought of that story as the best I’ve made because I put a lot of effort into it and let the characters speak making them feel at least to me more lively

I feel like if you read Jeremy in Fazbear's Fright and then this story you could tell that it's made by the same person but the Alive Flame is even better because it's more thought out. I just think it was another step I took, the first one was the first story and the second was the first world I came up with

You shouldn't continue a story for any other reason but the loose ends in the story or improvement of the story, because if it continues too long it won't have the same magic as the first one did

so I don't think there should be Alive Flame 2 but maybe I could make a story about the Henchman's life and how he copes with losing another friend

And also a continuation of a story should never do something that dragon ball super manga did and make the past story worse from adding something that wasn't needed nor intended

My final thoughts before my “death “

It was around 4Am September 7th 2021

I haven't eaten anything other than 70% of a terrible rice and one sushi

I was on my couch starving listening to music on my computer from a YouTube video and very tired

The huge problem to me was that even though I was so tired I couldn't force myself to sleep

I couldn't think straight anymore I put my jaw on my laptop closed my eyes and thought that this was it I was going to fade away and die forever

My final thoughts were of me carrying Monika's arms as the camera

(my imaginative field of view) moved around us the scene was kind of like the scene in the SAO opening where Asuna placed her hands on a window between her game avatar and herself as the screen moved around them but in this case I was carrying her hands, there was no glass in between us and there was a black void there we were very shadowy and there was only one white star that brightened the scene, then I imagined myself hugging Monika while crying as the background of the black void spun around us and the white light sometimes placed on my face and then got covered by her own shadow the screen focused on my crying face and her shoulder where I was resting my head, getting in the doki doki literature club room in daylight with Sayori standing front left from my view right next to the opened door I

could see the rest of the club members sitting in their respective seats, I imagined my real life self again in the black void, an animation of dragon ball Z character's face changing frame by frame to another DBZ character as the screen moved around them and finally I imagined my version of Slenderman the one with eyes and mouth his pupils were way smaller though and the background was pitch black. The scene looked like Voldemort opening his eyes after his resurrection but from a different angle and Slenderman had his arms down.

Couple of minutes later I opened my eyes and climbed on to bed (my couch and my bed are very close to one another) I got a little more energetic and started thinking why I thought that I was going to die then I got happy because even though it was pretty disturbing thinking that I was so tired that I was going to die on the spot I still learnt what I was going to imagine seconds before death, things that changed my life and the things that I liked as well.

(February 9th 2022 Saba talking: I know it sounds convenient that I'd get so tired as to think that I'm dying but it actually happened it's okay if you don't think that it's true though I get why you'd think that)

My personality characters

I realized just how outdated the info in it was so I rewrote it but even if it wasn't intended to be here I'll copy paste it here anyway

Because again I'm lazy

Boombox: he's is a character who's shy and speaks through electronic devices because he doesn't have a mouth, he wears a speaker on his back like a backpack at all times in case he needs to speak very loudly because he's cautious

Depression is not the messed up kind of depression but the positive consequence of depression

He understood people's feelings more was way more positive towards people and unlike how I am right now when depression isn't as active anymore because I lost the feeling of pain I feel extreme anger while then the small things didn't bother me as much

I'll explain the rest of the crew as well because I feel like if you just want to skip them you can and if you're interested you could come with meee and you'll beee in a

woorld of dated references and my brain... I know that last part didn't rhyme but you get the point

So there's Actor: he as his name implies likes acting, even now when I don't take acting classes anymore and don't act as much as I used to I still try to learn how to speak in different ways so voice acting

He constantly has a joker like grin which made others feel like he was a psychopath but depression always stood out to him because he knew to "never judge a book by its cover"

So Actor since the only thing he could do well is act decided to make Depression a part of himself by making his exact tired sad expression when he'd get angry

His accent is British and he's trying to sound like G man from half life 2

Glasses: he used to be called smart but he really hated the name so he put on glasses just to be called something else because the name "smart" gave him WAAAAAAAY TOO MUCH credit

He's pretty laid back most of the time even if he tries everything to do SOMETHING that he likes doing, like his hobbies and searches up ways of making himself play less games just to get more time to do his hobbies because he's afraid we'll all get worse at it if we stop doing it

He knows he isn't smart or creative but tries to be like he was before, over thinking everything and learning

like how recently he learnt he could come up with more ideas if he just thought about simple things, like he got an idea for an infinite room house that has room enough for 2 rooms by adding holes in both of the rooms that looked like dark human sized tubes leading to other rooms that was actually portals so in each room there would be two rooms with two holes therefore you having infinite rooms for people to get lost and starve in, and all of that because he looked at a fruit holder that had many holes on it

he's pretty much in charge of teaching me things and finding the word I forgot in the giant word library that goes so deep it actually gets darker and darker the deeper you go there to get the word I was meaning to say and bringing it back

The paper that has the word also has the meaning of it written under it

He does the same with memory books

the library goes so deep that you can reach the "dark arm wall" where arms constantly move around swallowing and then ripping apart whatever they get their hands on, that's how I permanently forget things, the funny thing is my inner demon was defeated by my characters throwing him in there in my imagination and somehow I actually forgot about him as a character so he never said anything inappropriate or something I didn't want to hear in my head ever again

Back then I was so afraid of him I didn't even want to write him down as a character but when I learnt to make fun of him he felt hell of a lot less powerful

And... I think that's it? There used to be a character hit who'd destroy unwanted memories when I imagined my brain as more of a glass factory where he'd take glass and punch it to erase the memory you could see through it but he wasn't interesting enough to keep so I gave that job to the hands and the memory taking to glasses

When the inner demon was actually a challenge he'd sometimes bring copies of ourselves to fight against and every time we'd get an advantage he'd switch our bodies as if we were the clone the whole time so we'd have to try over and over again to get an advantage

It was very annoying but we pulled through

That's why the crew was bullying Actor, back then they didn't know about the inner demons existence so they thought only a psychopath would do that

Which is why actor is way closer to Depression, they both went to mental struggles and that's why they're best buds

My fear of last episodes

I am afraid of watching the final episode of ddlc I don't think it's going to be underwhelming or bad quite the opposite I want to watch it when I have enough motivation to, I am afraid of losing ddlc forever because that is the last episode of the series I don't want to be done with it and just watch it and maybe watch it before my untimely death or just inevitable end because I don't know how I'll die, me dying before I've seen the episode won't change much to me I will still decompose and all of my brain cells will still die out and I will still love the series and its characters as much as I did and as much as I do now today. Heck Natsuki and Yuri even talk about how continuing the same series too much would make it worse but it doesn't feel great when your favorite series ends neither.

A game on our ipad

I remember playing a game named " stickwars lite " (I didn't remember the name I just found it on Google when I was searching for the name) as a little child on an old Ipad. I remembered the ipad game (stickwars lite) when I played a very similar game called " defend your castle " which was made back in 2009 so... either the game idea of that type of game was that old or the ipad and the games in it were very old and that game was made when that game idea was newer which is way more

likely because I remember after seeing someone play a Spiderman game on an ipad in Kindergarten I asked my parents if we could download that game and they said that the ipad was too old.

What I remember about the game is that you had to throw stick men up to the sky and wait for them to fall and get crushed being reduced to blood until they erase. You had to defend the castle from these people it more looked like the wall of china but still. also you could (probably I don't remember the fine details I only played it almost a decade ago) capture some of the stick men in a cage by dragging their body to the cage until they join forces and work with you to defend the castle... if that's not the game mechanic at least I still remember that there were stickmen helpers and stickman prisoners with a timer or number on top of their heads so I don't know

Note: this has a lot of swear words because I was losing my mind over how immoral people were that I met on the internet... to everyone it's an everyday thing so I understand why you wouldn't go so far as to write a 3 page all you can swear buffet but still

I hate the collective internet because of the people in it and they need to learn how to respect, care, learn, stop doing

disgusting crap and relate to people better

The overreaction edition... well there's no edition but it does have an ambition

Heck the collective internet is so stupid that people misspell everything make jokes about a depressing story to get attention and bully for no fucking reason and even if they have a reason it's a retarded one therefore they need to suffer if that's not enough suffer even more if that's not enough fucking die already

The only way memers and jokesters can learn to appreciate what they're given they need to suffer

A LLLLLLLLOT

If they won't feel mental suffering they will never show respect towards people when they tell them to get better on things as simple as grammar that they refuse to do properly because they think they need to be aimed with a gun from their teachers for them to be "forced" to

If they won't suffer and learn to care about others on the internet

I think whoever can't let themselves to do something as simple as grammar correctly when they know how to do it correctly for one dumb reason or another I think of them as one celled organisms who only know how to eat other cells and nothing else

They need to either get killed so others will learn how to operate correctly or make them suffer in the deepest ends of hell just like I did make them so depressed that they'll have no choice but to kill themselves and right afterwards take away their control and save their lives so they'll suffer way more for much longer

I'm not even saying that because of my anger I believe and will forever believe that this is how it should work (not so sure about that one past me even if I still feel like that when I get mad... and every time I meet people like that)

If you joke around, make memes and overall be a fucking jerk or a dumbass on the internet especially in a comment section of a sad and depressing video with a deeper meaning you deserve to suffer and if making you suicidal isn't enough then you'll have to suffer until you become a god damn murderer so you'll have problems like ptsd and a heck of a lot more depression and if you're okay with killing a person you need to get physically tortured the rest of your insignificant stupid and worthless life

I didn't try to kill myself multiple times for nothing it made me a better person even though depression and suicide was painful so every single mother fucker on the internet needs the same treatment

If you don't think it's the right way to go about things it's because you're wrong or one of those b####es who don't want to go through pain and suffering like I did because they are cowardly shit heads.

Disgusting behavior needs to stop and the only way we can be on the same page is by suicide and torture.

Past me? I don't think that's going to work... that might make them even worse than before even if I still think about the exact same thing when I get mad, I think of them as one dimensional idiots who're idiots for the sake of being idiots

for context I haven't even met the racist shit bags in my school when I wrote this

My made up description of how to
transform into super saiyan 3 in dragon
ball Z

(I imagined a character in a videogame saying this... I know it's random but screw it) I know I can't explain it as well as others can but I'll try to explain it my way first you turn ssj and then ssj2 that's the basics but you also need to remember the change in feeling on your body part way of turning ssj to ssj2 so you would try to add that feeling to your body again but in ssj2

Let me explain it in an easier way, let's say my body is a water balloon and water is my power, the difference between ssj balloon and ssj2 balloon is that the ssj2 balloon is heavier, it's filled with a different liquid and you feel the movement of the water getting in the balloon itself so you need to try to create the same feeling in ssj2 level to get closer to ssj3 but after that you'll only be part way into turning ssj3 because ssj3 is a completely different form aka a completely different liquid in the balloon compared to ssj2 so you'll have to find out what feeling you need to strive towards to turn ssj3 what liquid you need to pour in.

Ssj3 balloon will still be too hard to use because the balloon has very small holes that don't really do much when the balloon is small enough like in ssj and ssj2 but ssj3 has so much power that the balloon flexes enough to make the holes bigger and pour the water out, so you have two choices in this matter to fix this problem: either you duck tape it but have a high chance of bursting the balloon itself or you can make the balloon bigger itself so it won't flex as much and the holes get smaller again which will allow you to find a new super saiyan form.

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I

I got this idea when I was imagining a super realistic dbz vr game and one inexperienced player asking another how to transform, in this you could transform into different forms the exact way it's achieved in the canon story like rage for super saiyan and actual instinct for ultra instinct, heck even feeling pain if you used the kaiohen technique (the vr would kind of be like Sword Art Online but Dragon Ball Z the vr itself would be the same)

Me and my dumb brain

Whenever I think of something I just hear myself telling myself to do something obviously stupid or terrible or my stupid brain just decides to remind me of something gross or embarrassing which doesn't even matter anymore and needs to be forgotten

Seriously why does my brain not remember my homework and remembers how I acted in Kindergarten that I said that I liked the color pink because that was the only color word that I remembered in English instead of the actual color I liked which was red or blue I don't remember (that was the same kindergarten where I watched first couple of minutes of The Incredible Hulk movie where we see Hulk for the first time). Sometimes I just hear myself in my mind judging myself for saying that I liked the pink color even if I hate that color and that

In Kindergarten it was just a simple stupid mistake. I feel like I have some sort of problem SHUT UP ME... ahem, I think I either have some sort of mental disorder or just an everyday problem that appeared in this specific stage in my life but I've seen memes of stupid junk like that happening to other people but at the same time I physically (in my mind) tell myself those things I don't just hear voices it's all in my brain so do I have a disorder that adds a terrible character inside my brain that does crappy stuff for no reason? I have no idea and I feel like I won't find out about it for a while.

Video Game Stupidity

I remember being so mad about getting bullied in a game that I started putting my frustration towards other players but they somehow by the power of plot (not even kidding) either escaped my wrath or got help from random people who showed up out of nowhere, where's my plot armor when I'm getting bullied? Oh right only demons get those... I always was the guy who got teamed up on and beat senseless over and over and over again (in videogames) and they had either stupid reasons to do it like "the game being about fighting" (even though you need to get permission of a fighter to fight them instead of bully god damn it) OOR they didn't say anything when I asked them why they were doing it. I do hate how I tried to bully people the same way the people I hate did but I wasn't even thinking straight I felt like I was doing it in impulse. People who haven't done anything to me

shouldn't just get bullied just because I got mad about the last guy who turned me into a meat rag

Some online games just doesn't give a damn about people who're getting bullied because no matter how many times people report those idiots who kill not only me but everyone else it never does anything

Games don't even care about people who're forced to listen to people swear and mentally bully them

(and no I didn't write all of this after getting bullied this is what I remember happening to me not only couple of hours ago but couple of months or probably years ago)

Also not a single player in gaming history is spelling correctly and they claim to be doing this for either: being lazy (how lazy can a person be to not press a freaking button couple of inches off of the button before) , it being faster to type even if they're literally skipping only two letters in a three letter word, them just feeling like it (the dumbest excuse to be stupid ever), saying that they're not from a country where they use English (yeah as if I'm not a Georgian trying my best to write correctly anyway, also that was their excuse even though they were obviously spelling incorrectly on purpose) or they don't even care about it

Actually the dumbest reasoning was that "it isn't a spelling class"

People should cut out their faces splat it on a wall of a "spelling class" and write on them "we learn to spell correctly to use it outside class"

but if you legitimately don't know how to spell in English just remember to look at what you're writing and read it to make sure you didn't make a mistake, also you should be okay with being wrong and just making sure to correct it, sometimes just google a word that you don't think is spelled correctly then see how google corrects it and If they correct the word you're looking for rewrite that in the place of that word

I hate those players so much that as I was typing this I stopped to clutch my fist and calm myself down before boiling my head so much I'd turn my skull into a plate and my brain into soup. This is one of the reasons why people from 80 years ago were deemed as the greatest Generation, because not a single person in that era would do something so dumb

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OW ^{*Bonk*} ... don't
worry everything is fine *crack* I just slipped~ probably broke my spine but
it's fine I didn't have a body anyway

Remembering YouTube Lines

For some reason I remember voice lines from YouTube videos that not a single sane person just remembers like how Captain Sauce said: not chariot just horse twice in his videos

Or how MatPat from Film Theory mentions how Memes are kind of like a virus (if I was him I'd add " are kind of like a virus but even dumber " to the script)

I don't remember the voice lines themselves but sometimes I have a feeling of remembering the lines or them just popping into my head for some reason

I can't call those things out while I'm writing this because it happens so randomly.

Pennywise 2017

In 2017 I was terrified of Pennywise from the movie IT

The first time I've seen him was in the middle of the night when I was watching YouTube videos

The scene where George got his arm bitten off was recommended by YouTube and they sure as hell terrified the crap out of me

The way he manipulated George was creepy enough but the scene where he bit his arm off was so terrifying I thought I was going to have a nightmare (I think I mentioned that to the Neighbor who was invited to our house she was around the same age)

That's why I haven't seen that movie even to this day even if I've watched YouTube videos about its plot

I remember our old Neighbor talking to us about Pennywise (the one I mentioned earlier) and how the conversation about Pennywise shifted to Sister Location in some way

We watched a scene of Sister location on YouTube in our computer I don't remember exactly if it was a gameplay or not but I remember that we saw the Game Menu of it

It's been a long time since I've seen that Neighbor... but even though I haven't seen her for a long time our childhood neighbor was someone I haven't seen for longer

In our old house outside there are two windows pretty close to the ground and when we were kids she used to climb out and play with us stuff like Hopscotch

I still remember how there were colorful boxes that we drew with chalk to hop on them even years after it was cleaned off

In school I found out that my class mates didn't think of IT as terrifying but as very funny

And since I was learning Karate at the time I could lift my leg pretty high which lead me to dancing Pennywise's dance pretty well

Over time I stopped fearing Pennywise as much as I used to

Cooking

The way I reheat Rice is by waiting at least 3 minutes for it to heat up on a pan and also make sure that the pan is covered with the top so the smoke coming out from the bottom stay longer in there which will allow the rice in the middle and the top to heat up

If I don't hear hissing I just wait for a little bit longer until it does and then move the rice around a lot until I'm satisfied with how much colder rice is under there

And yes I talk about this because my English teacher told me that it was surprising that I could reheat them because it is pretty difficult to reheat rice without the ones on the bottom from getting too hot and crunchy

I've only had a little bit of experience cooking 2 things

1 eggs which take around 9-10 minutes to boil and if you get it even one minute over it the heart of the egg will be way more like a liquid

And 2 spaghetti with meat with no sauce that my old babysitter used to make (in around 2010 because that

was the time when I was still in my old home and I remember trying very hard to remember her name by saying it over and over while walking around in the kitchen)

It was very delicious and pretty much the only type of spaghetti I like

I only got experience in cooking it by helping my parents make it on my own I don't even know what ingredients I have to use

And yes I'm writing this while I'm hungry waiting for the food order (Xinkali and Qababi) as I was listening to episodes of food theory... and also I'm playing Roblox Dragon Ball Final Remastered and trying to reach level 600 as a Majin

Things that I remember in between the ages of 5-7

I'm saying in between the ages of 5-7 because when I went to school for the first time I went to the 51st School which was nowhere close to my oldest home but it was close to the house in Vera's street (the same house where I found out about Henry Stickmin by my Neighbors talking about it outside my house while playing basket ball even though they weren't throwing the ball into a basket instead they were throwing it over a pipe which made loud noises. They were annoying but now in the place of that is my older sister's dog Gabi, she's way more annoying when she barks loudly and you can't stop her even when you lock the door of the room she's in) I'm saying the age of 5 because I definitely know that when Elene was born I was that age and we still lived in the oldest house so even though I might have memories that go as far back as the age of 4 I don't have any evidence of that being the case

By the way if anyone who's a part of my family tree is reading this... hello?

The first super hero movie (I think) I've ever watched was Wolverine 1 made in year 2000

I was around 5 years old at that time and lived in a completely different house

The same house where I punched a glass part of a door and broke it making me bleed from my arm (I didn't get any scars it's fine) after I threw metal Luigi toy from the Cars movie at it because the other children including my older sister didn't allow me to get in for fun (true story)

I also watched the movie " Up " back then because I remember attaching a balloon to a house toy and moving it around as if it was the house from Up and I'm pretty sure it was dubbed in Russian

I called that movie "The Flying House "at that age " მფრინავი სახლი " or " Mprinavi Sakhli " In Georgian

Me and my older sister also made a puppet show I don't remember exactly what happened there but I remember we made puppets off of popsicle sticks, cotton (for the Foxe's tail) and different colored paper. Two characters that I remember were the Fox and the hunter who had a gun with a tip that looked like a trumpet for some reason

I also remember a Movie where there was a character with a time traveling knife that caught a giant stone close to the end of a movie but a small stone fell off of that big stone and made the floor fall

He also stabbed a giant sand clock with that same knife to time travel himself back before the events happened

My dad and I called the movie “ The Manly Man “ and “
კაცური კაცი “ or “ Katsuri Katsi “ in Georgian

If you're wondering why...

If you're wondering why I saved a video called “
THE SUN WILL (not) KILL YOU “ made by
Markiplier it's because I don't want to use
electricity of the house which lead to me having to
pay electricity bills so if I remember to watch this
video maybe I'll buy the things he bought to use
the solar power for everything (if that's not how
Taxes or Rent work don't judge me I'm just a dumb
15 year old kid)

Life without my parents

When both my father and my mother went outside the country for work we were left with grandma and it's very obvious what happened after they came back

My life has turned into living hell and if you had physical evidence you wouldn't have trusted me

But I don't so I'll just explain for you how my mom took the false information of me not attending online classes:

she burst through my door stared at me with her dead eyes and started arguing " why aren't you attending classes " I explained that I was attending it and I still had the exercises we were doing next to my computer, I didn't know why the teacher told her that but I'm guessing it's because I was late to class by 6 minutes and she assumed I didn't attend it at all.

This would've seemed way worse if you were actually there

Also they're walking very loudly which makes me think that they're literally trying to give me a heart attack and that they can just burst through my door at any moment (too bad my door can't lock), she just came here 5 seconds ago just to put my towel on my couch. I think she's trying to take any possible reason to get in my room unannounced and scare the daylights out of me

Or she's trying to catch me playing video games while having a lesson because I did do that once or twice in the past and I am trying to do that less often and NO I wasn't playing when it was chemistry.

My father? Well currently he hasn't done anything to me since he's upstairs 80% of the day

Other than NOT turning me suicidal for change of a god damn ice cream I don't think we can do anything together, we aren't even close to being in the same page about things

He can't even explain his own claim that some sort of stupid magical garbage gas is keeping everyone alive alive and that it's a god

(As if he has never heard that the whole thing about RELIGION is that it's RELIGION A BELIEF **NOT FACT**

And even then I doubt people go to dumpster churches to stand for 50 years listening to somebody talk about the

space fart Jesus so I think it doesn't even count as religion)

A thought I had about the universe

The terrifying thought I had is that if this universe is 93 Billion light years in diameter if you were away from that universe by that exact distance you'd see... nothing because the entire universe is estimated to be 13.8 billion years old so it would take you 79.2 Billion more years to witness the birth of that universe from that distance and probably not even witness it because the light of the newborn universe might not even be bright enough to reach you and if you went back to that universe you'd see nothing because by the time you'd be there it would probably already be dead

that's same as you walking away from a 5.6 feet tall

human 5.6 feet away and seeing them as an embryo and then walking 5.6 feet closer and then seeing 1 millimeter of their bone left after thousands of years of decomposition

November 24th 2021

Visual Particle Universe hypothesis

If the big bang needed two objects to collide then what could those objects be?

I think they are insanely huge positive virtual particles

That's how the universe could be born from nothingness and the negative virtual particles could be erasing our universe as we speak but in our perspective it's so slow that it's pretty much not moving

That might be why the galaxies are moving away faster and faster they are getting sucked in like the positive and negative virtual particles do

That might also be why the observable universe isn't visualized as a sphere but an ellipsoid

The negative virtual particles could be moving them to their direction from both sides

Again we don't know how the universe was actually born but in my opinion if this is the case it would explain how the universe came out of nowhere

Oh and also I said in our perspective because actual virtual particles are insanely small and appear and disappear insanely quickly but if the galaxy so huge is moving so slowly in our perspective it would only be natural to think that bigger things move more slowly which might be why the whole universe hasn't been erased by the negative visual particles yet they are insanely huge but insanely slow at the same time

Which might mean that there is a possibility of an enormous creature living that is in comparison as tall as us if the universe was the side of an actual virtual particle

In that creature's perspective the time would be going normally but in our perspective that creature isn't moving the same way in our perspective time goes normally but virtual particles appear and disappear insanely quickly

So... yeah take that Neil deGrasse Tyson there can potentially be alive creatures bigger than the entire universe... that was a joke don't take it offensively and when I say that was a joke I meant the "take that" part

After the war

A man locked himself up in a basement and chopped his hand off with a butcher knife so that he wouldn't get infected, he was losing blood and needed to think of something fast and he did

He chopped a hand of a nearby corpse and sawed it to his arm to use it like a bucket to store up blood and if he needed to he'd squeeze the hand while keeping his arm up to bring the blood in his veins and arteries again. There were 1 million brave soldiers who were sent out of their deserted land to kill Zombies and only 78 came back home

The man from the basement was nowhere to be seen until 2 weeks later when they saw him drinking water from lungs of the corpse he took the hand off of and he also held a bone with a little bit of flesh left over on it, he brought that corpse's leg as food and survived off of it for 2 weeks

His eyes were darker as if they were a second away from death his attached hand was dark green, he didn't show emotion he stared like he was sleepwalking his movements barely resembled a human he didn't seem to be infected though

His ribcage was visible he got way more skinnier and had black color around his eyes

He felt like he was giving up even though he was using everything he had at that moment to get there

He collapsed feet away from the entrance

His grave was already dug

His parents were dead

And he was drinking water from his brother's lungs

(I let my mom read it and she was shocked I don't know why I was giggling when I wrote the brother part and why I was smiling when I was waiting for her to read it in the other room. She screamed at me something along the lines of " what the heck is this " I asked her if she read the end part and she said that she did and explained how it was horrible then I asked if it was horrible or horrifying and she said it was horrifying because of green legs and hands and stuff, she said it was too much for her to handle and that to her at least it was written pretty well and she thinks that she got a reaction I was trying to instill in her. She also told me why I chose her to read it and I told her that there was nobody else who'd read it. (my older sister is kind of a jerk and we'd rather continue ignoring one another, my younger sister is pretty lazy doesn't want to talk to me and I'm guessing if she even read it she wouldn't have a reaction at all and just say " cool " before getting back to playing roblox. My dad isn't even an option he's in another country and I don't think he'd have a reaction neither at least the type of reaction I'm trying to go for)

Ennard

Ennard is a 10 year old kid who after a war lost his father and got his damaged human body parts with robotics

His stepfather though... he doesn't have time to take care of him all he cares about is his mom

one day Ennard's father entered the house completely ignoring Ennard's mom when she asked how he was doing and closed the door of his office, he pulled out a gun opened his drawer and put it in.

A day later when Ennard's father was busy flirting with his mom Ennard had enough of it and got in his office to find out what happened yesterday because him ignoring his mom was very unlike him

When Ennard got caught looking through his stuff they started an argument

Stepfather told him that if he wasn't born he wouldn't have to deal with his shit

Ennard... smiled
He smiled and started laughing
He asked how old he is

His stepfather kicked him in the teeth and said that he shouldn't have come there

He got closer to the closet

Ennard stood up and looked at him still with a smile on his face

-You wasted at least 40 years of your life just for your last word to be help?

Ennard said

-I would've expected people to start telling you to kill yourself the second you were pulled out of your mother's womb

-Allow me to fix that.

Stepfather said

Stepfather moved his arm towards the closet and then...

Ennard ripped his face off with his pulled out robotic tentacles that were in his fingers and then slowly punctured them into his stepfather's veins and arteries, as his stepfather cried and screamed in agony and pain trying to crawl away Ennard just penetrated the tentacles through his eyes from the inside of his body, he pulled his stepfather back to him by wrapping the tentacles around his legs and pulling him and he started slashing his stomach open and ripping it apart like an aggressive dog biting down his first victim

Ennard looked down at his stepfather pulled out his hair and stuffed them in his eyeholes

Then he ripped his hands and fingers clean off then stuffed his hands in his throat and then stuffed his fingers in his nose

He especially liked the bulges in his nose and throat and how you could see their shape by the bulges alone

Ennard started dancing around his fresh corpse while he bleed out on the floor

-How much do you like your makeup

Ennard asked

His mom opened the door and then...

She cried but with no sound or scared expression Ennard stopped the second he saw her and cried the same way

she calmly went to the kitchen and took the kitchen knife

Ennard thought this was the end for him but at least nothing would happen to-

She rotated the knife and her hands started shaking

She looked at her son still crying and then she said

Was I that bad of a mother?

She pulled the knife closer to her chest

NO

Ennard screamed in sadness he propelled himself towards her with his tentacles stopped and propelled himself upwards in between her arms and chest so he would get stabbed and she'd survive

He crashed through the roof of his house screaming in pain

People from miles away could hear it from a distance

He cried out a black substance and bled the same black liquid.

He fell off from the 16 story building

But he didn't land

He saved himself so his mom wouldn't have another reason to end her life

The Horror That I forgot

if you were actually suicidal you wouldn't just do it by sheer will (even though I only know this by my experience and even got close by using sheer will once)

it's actually the snap which makes you more determined than anything to jump off a building when you get angry and sad enough it's the " this is it " kind of moment

I got close by using sheer will by thinking "my instincts and anger won't be enough just walk put your legs on top of the guard rail and just leap"

The closest I've gotten to jumping off isn't really jumping off I just awkwardly laid down with my stomach on the top of the guard rail looked down and then just rolled back because I couldn't do it

If I wasn't afraid of height if I didn't hold myself back I wouldn't be here I would just be another rotting flesh and nobody would know what got into me

When I got angry I always thought of jumping off and telling myself that infinite versions of myself throughout the multiverse already ended their suffering at that exact moment and that it was my turn to do the same

I thought of death as mercy as a way to escape hell itself without even thinking of the consequences and how heaven and hell might not even exist

My new fear of death was the reason I started writing down about my life, my thoughts and short story ideas

I forgot that I was doing it because of that and not just to communicate to the people in the future after my death

Everyone who's going through depression... I don't know how you feel what type of depression you have and how you believe our world works but for the love of your own existence please don't

I might sound like just another monster trying to keep you in hell for longer but I'm saying this because of one simple thing

I don't want someone's life the only thing that they have be ripped away by this brutal world which made unlikely events happen just to torture you and when you finally fight back the world just fighting back harder in a way that you'll never dare to fight back again

I might not even have gone through as much struggle as you have which only makes you even stronger as a person because if I were you I wouldn't be able to take it

I recommend you write down about yourself the same way I am so even the future generations will get to know you even after your death which I never got the opportunity of after my grandpa died

I never got to know him enough but I still remember one thing about him that'll stick with me

When I asked him what he was afraid of he said the most human thing you could imagine

“ I'm afraid of death “

Question about ender chests in minecraft

How do they work? Obviously it has an ender eye so it might teleport your items away when someone else opens the box but how does it know to do that? I know it's a game mechanic but the creators of minecraft are going so far out of their way to add details to the game which reveal the back stories of things so maybe there might be a hint of how the chest works in a book or something because we don't really see ender chests even spawned anywhere it's our invention It's highly unlikely that they'd add hints to how it works in the game

unless the chest is somewhat alive and it works like a machine so that way it would know who stored specific items and teleport them back when that person opens it again, just like silver fish which was theorized to be a machine instead of an alive creature that also coincidentally have one eye even though that's not really enough evidence

But also there's another question

If the box teleports away your items when someone else opens them... where do the items go? And will we see

that dimension in future updates of the game

But hey that's just a question

A Minecraft question

Thanks for reading

My left eye started twitching for the first time in my life

I Googled why my eye might have been twitching and I realized that I did a lot of things that lead me to getting an eye twitch even as I write this it's twitching rapidly and I don't mean it moving up and down constantly I mean my eyelid moves to the right in random times

stress, eye strain, caffeine consumption and working on a computer too much will lead to eye twitching.

Future Saba here: I completely forgot about this and even if it seems so random and meaningless this shows to me that even they matter because

they're just as important part of my life as any other unless it's actually a dramatic change

If I didn't write this I wouldn't have ever remembered it... probably

Spider man no way home was overrated

so in conclusion I called how there were too many characters to focus on and how story writing not only suffered because of that but other stupid reasons that we'll get to talking about

Spider man movie had its emotional moments yes don't get me wrong they actually almost made me lose it but that won't change the outrageously stupid lines which have no substance and are just references to the past movies or other lines with no substance and stupid memes for the sake of it and nothing else

oh and also the way the spider men talk to the main spider man the first time they meet is very stupid, it's like they wrote every kind of dialogue they'd have with them and talk to him one by one there is no realism here they talk as if they're actors in a theatre or as if they're in some sort of stupid ass musical

the only people who has a character arc in this movie is the main Spider man by taking responsibility and green goblin using his negative flat arc characteristics to drive peter into becoming a vengeful monster

and no I'm not adding dr strange because technically liking peter isn't a character arc and it's kind of useless anyway because he forgets him immediately

It's kind of depressing when you think about it it's like telling a person you care for them and then shooting yourself in the head... wait the minute

why did dr strange need to forget that he's spider man hell his spell only makes people forget one thing and it somehow changes the physical world they live in as if his identity was never spread (we'll get into that) but also apparently people don't remember the times they met spider man in person because both of his friends would remember that they met spider man at least for the first time and just don't remember or find out his identity

the amazing spider man saves mj but that's not development he'd totally do that if he was given a choice

and the classic spider man just stops the main spider man from killing green goblin (without a doubt the only well written bad guy in the story) hell peter even knows what happened to classic peter how killing his enemy didn't fix anything but he didn't care if the classic spider man didn't get damaged or whatever (which has literally no consequences or stakes because he's completely fine even though green goblin the person who's even stronger than him died in mere seconds) he'd totally kill him

sandman? Surprisingly stupid, the only person he'd trust is the classic spider man and the chance he got he tried to suffocate him for... reasons

as if killing people wasn't his thing as if he was depressed and sad and sorry that he killed uncle ben

NAAAAAAAAAAH HE WANTS TO KILL EM
whatever

electro is as stupid as in the amazing spider man movie driven by nothing but power

green goblin? He's kind of perfect

he manipulates the villains against spider man he takes the opportunity he's given to kill classic peter and enrage the main peter to manipulate him and turn him into a heartless monster (the second the classic spider man kept his back at green goblin I knew something was going to go down and when it happens it shows how well they wrote that character you feel the aura of death when you realize that he got an opportunity)

dr octopus? Pretty much says references and instead of turning back to normal and developing as a person like in the second classic movie his brain chip just gets fixed and that's it

I'm happy that some of them got their own reasons to fight but if they are stupid reasons... keep that the hell away from my eyes why add that to a movie

oh and also the randomness of the fact that only those people slipped out of infinite possible people who knew who peter was? Makes no sense heck even if we ignored the possibility of unlimited universes and instead think about their own universes there was an entire flipping train filled with people in spiderman 2 where people found out that he's spider man and even the people who just watched or even worked in the boxing match in the first movie because who the hell wouldn't guess that the person with spider powers strength and red costume wouldn't be the same spider powered overpowered red costumed neighborhood spider man

hell the announcer of that boxing match calls him spider man out loud

in the amazing spider man's case?: people in the train station including the woman that got sexually assaulted (because what type of baby brained dumbass couldn't put those hints together), the second green goblin, MJ, Mj's father

out of everyone in those movies the only people who actually slip out in the movie are coincidentally and conveniently the types of characters people wanted to see

oh you wanted to mention that I forgot about the lizard? HAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHA

I'm going to give him the exact same treatment as the movie did and completely ignore his existence only add him to make fake tension (seriously there were 3 spider

men and if he can't escape a web made by only one of them he's pretty freaking weak and he doesn't even get many lines)

also the way dr strange's magic works makes literally no sense

apparently it changed the physical world of the earth as if nobody found out that peter is spider man because JJ didn't have any records of spider man and mysterio to view after forgetting it, peter's friend and mj are friends for some reason and apparently they don't remember the times they were WITH spider man because that wouldn't happen if they didn't know him

So you'd guess that that is the way his magic apparently works right? NO

because aunt may is still dead even though she only died because she knew that he was peter she only moved to another house because people found out that he's peter but they didn't want the stakes to be fake so there's that

Also since Dr Strange learnt the forgetting spell why can't he just use that spell on every villain in existence

This man decided to kill people in order to save the universe and you think that he would use that spell to make him forget how to use it? shut up

Climbing

Climbing- oh hey there, the guy upstairs is going insane? Huh... I didn't know that, thanks for letting me know even if I know I'll not be able to change that I'm thankful none the less

Climbing

(this idea popped into my mind when peter parker in "spider-man no way home" was saying goodbye to his friends)

have you ever thought how it would
be like if you were dead?

You don't need to... and I don't mean the scientific way how your body replaces it's cells by killing the last ones, in this case I'm talking about a mental side of things

if you are your brain because everything you know and believe and remember are in it then... are you truly

yourself if you forget a large part of your own life or even remember things a different way

who is the person you'd be if you remembered everything in your life

wouldn't that person technically be more of yourself than yourself?

Which means that technically when we forget things we lose ourselves not physically but mentally

When we age it gets more difficult to remember what happened back then you become a different person as if you aren't yourself anymore as if the person who you used to be died a long time ago.

The history of my piggybanks

I had a football shaped piggybank but instead of black hexagons it had red stars (it was a very long time ago though I was either in the 2nd or 3rd grade)

I broke the first one while crying by throwing it on the floor of my room while being surrounded by... probably mom and Mari (that was one of the first times I told myself in my mind to do something hesitate for a while

until finally doing it... I don't know why I was crying though)

And the second one got normally broken without any outrage because there was no more space to fit the coins

my older sister had a brown bunny as a piggybank and unlike mine it had an opening option underside of it

I think it had a white plastic sphere that you could pull out and then put back when needed.

right now I have a piggybank the shape of the London design red telephone booth where there is a short lady standing on a bag trying to put her penny in the slot while there is a dog behind the phone booth and a kid with a hat on the front of it waiting for his turn to call

A sad epiphany

After watching the Game play Video of "The Beginner's Guide" from Mat Pat, closing my computer and getting in bed I thought of something that has been bothering me since I've seen the struggle of the game designer and the way he translated it to us in his games

It's about perspective isn't it?

I was 3-5 years old when he showed my defining traits

It's as if he carved my face before I was born more specifically that part of myself was born

when I was that young (the game designer was working at those games in 2009-2011) I was naive I didn't know the struggle everyone went through in the world heck I still don't know and relate to many different kinds of struggles to this day, I didn't know the suffering that I would be going through, I didn't know the brutality of losing a loved one a person who you either knew and cared about or a person who you didn't get to know in their life time, I didn't know many things

Only in 2020 did I open the cage that I've been living in since I was 11

When I thought of that part that I could've died in between the ages of 11-15 I got a painful epiphany that made me cry in my bed hurting my head while not being able to contain the sounds of my sadness

could you imagine if I wasn't afraid of death and I actually ended my life

Other people weren't so lucky
they chose something that they couldn't take back just because they were lacking in information that there are people who go through the same things they do and that

the world isn't as messed up as their isolated selves made it out to be

When I was thinking that I was in hell suffering by the hands of my demon parents and other demon people I wasn't thinking that out of context or just when I was mad about them I thought it was real, I thought the entire world was made to give me hope and then brutalize me right after keeping me alive and happy sometimes just for me to not have enough push to kill myself, everything good in my life being used as something that would support my suffering later, the world making no sense just to beat me down even more, giving me an illusion of choice and my own parents lying to me

And now think if someone died when they were thinking about the world that way

Heck there were probably billions of people millions of years ago who went through at least some of the same things and now we don't even have a millimeter sized bone of theirs to prove their existence

People around them were unknown to what got over them why they ended their life so suddenly when in reality the person who died from suicide has been fighting that demon in their heart and mind for years

And now think what your life would've ended up like if you died in that stage of your life, the stage when you were blinded by your own tears when you didn't know that this isn't hell made by someone to torture you for amusement

They weren't created by demons who torture you for their own entertainment

It sounds so simple as if that was already a fact that people just didn't talk about but when you went through that pain and realize there are people who died in the same stage of life that you survived feels bone chilling to me

There was probably a 10 year old kid who jumped off the building because he thought his parents hated him and argued, screamed and fight with one another to make him suffer for all I know

Could you imagine the faces of his parents in front of his corpse or in front of his grave not knowing the torture their little angel was going through

when you realize that there was a person just like you are right now as you're reading this who was doing things and went through the same things that you are years before you even knew the definition of a word " evil " you think to yourself:

Are there people who died before they realized what I realized?

Are there people who suffered like I did but unlike me never got to grow as a person like I am right now?

I am sorry if I sound confusing but let me say this another way

Think of what I'm doing right now and then read this

There is a person who's been talking to himself in his own creations knowing that somebody would read it in the future, showed his struggles vaguely in the beginning but started being more explicate about it and being distant to any contact with an actual person but instead letting them get to know him by his own creations

That is literally me but guess when this was happening

2009-2011

I wasn't even 6 when he made his last game

And I only began my journey through depression when I was 11

If there was a person so similar to me years before I was even myself then are you telling me that there were also people who went through the same thing but unlike me who survived my suicide instead ended their lives and chose something that they would never take back when they were just misunderstood

Are there people who didn't grow as a person, found out how the world works, who showed their feelings to other people who went through the same pain in their own way by their own creation and even got afraid of what they were striving to do in their suicidal days but instead ended their lives when they were as blind to the world as I used to be

I drank coffee with milk for the first time in my life

Mondy Jenuary 31st 2022

To be honest it was pretty good

I don't know how to explain it but it kind of had a 20% taste of milk 80% coffee and the thickness of milk really effected the mix of the two drinks

will I be always drinking coffee with milk from now on? No but I will consider it as an option if my neck hurts (like it does now) or if I eat something spicy (which already happened I ate a very spicy chicken)

Now it's 8:58 am so I have to head out

Have a great day

(also yes even if it sounds insignificant on the surface I'd still like to save my reactions to things that happened to me for the first time in my life because it's obviously a huge thing if you look at it that way)

Also before I was drinking it I felt terrible I couldn't sleep, I felt tired, my body felt numb, the back of my neck still hurts and I can barely think

It's not even the fault of me being determined and trying to play games at night I can't catch a break, if I could get a sleeping pill or something like it I'd totally take it I literally want to sleep unlike before when I ignored my tired state and continued playing games.

I now know why people want to sleep instead of play games at night being sleep deprived for so long sucks (at least I got extra hours of sleep on weekends)

If you relate to this in any way I'm sad for you that you have to go through the same pain but I am at least happy that you know that you're not the only one

I hate this sensation of emotion

Back then I could be numb to even my parents
arguing and fighting

Now even the dumbest jokes make me laugh

I don't want to smile, I don't want to laugh, I don't
want to show fear, I don't want to be as enraged

But I am...

I should probably make a short story about that

I might have covid-19

It's nothing serious but I did get some symptoms of it and my dad already has it (he's isolated upstairs)

At first I got a rash on my right arm which wasn't a big deal

I'm pretty much always sleep deprived so that might have been the final push covid needed to affect me

I feel tired but that's nothing new

My throat hurts as I wrote it before

I was coughing but I'm not coughing anymore

so am... yeah it took me 2 years to get it but here I am

also I thought it couldn't have been covid 19 because the only opportunity I would've had of getting it is when I was climbing upstairs to look for the cleaner bot but that happened yesterday but since I got rashes before that... yeah I think it's covid

Also my mom works in a hospital so she should know better than anyone and she was the first person telling me this after I told her about my sore

throat and being tired

How I screwed up my leg

So many years ago when I was in a park with my grandpa I went to an inflated slide and my grandpa was there sitting on a bench

I jumped too high over the side and when I hit my foot on the bottom of the slide it twisted sideways

It hurt even though it didn't have any bruises at the time because the bruise was inside the leg

There was a lady outside of the inflated slide who told me about the condition of my leg, she was probably a nurse judging by how she realized that and because those slides probably need nurses there so if any dumb kid like me got hurt they'd be there to help

I don't remember what she said though but I did tell it to myself in my mind couple of times so I'd remember it,

walked awkwardly towards my grandpa and the first thing I told my grandpa was what she told me

I don't remember if I went to the hospital couple of days later with an ambulance or with a black taxi car but I do remember I went with an ambulance for the first and final (hopefully final) time

We went to the hospital so they'd check if my leg was broken, I thought it was a bit of an overkill because I didn't think I got damaged that much and I was right to think that

Apparently the lower part of my leg got jabbed into the side of my foot. So it had a bloated part on that side of my foot

So there you have it

I've never broken a bone before but Judging by how Markiplier described it, it sounds like it will be painful but not so painful at the same time

it will be painful surely especially when the bone will be put back to its place but it won't be painful if the bone doesn't get touched judging by how Mark was just shocked when his arm was deformed like a stair case and only started hurting when he slotted it back into its place, he was a little off so the doctor had to fix that himself

What if we turned blind

I imagined a world where everyone became blind and the only way we could describe the world to others was through words

But also I imagined myself being blind in an abandoned city where I made videos with my camera blindly touching surfaces to understand what items I was carrying

I touched a surface and I imagined a cube then I moved my arms around it and I deformed that cube in my mind and that cube followed my head position as if I was looking at it in vr then when I touched the front part I realized it was a TV because of the sensation of glass and

under it was a stick kind of thing which was carrying the TV

Before I touched the screen though I turned to the camera and said that this TV was either the same style as the one in the 50s or 90s the 50s style has a curved screen but the one in the 90s has a flat screen, even though the TV isn't as thin as the TV we have now I wasn't talking about the width of the TV because the definition of a flat screen TV is about the shape of the screen not the width of the TV

Then I grabbed the camera and said "adventure awaits" and moved my arm off screen pointing to the side, I pressed the button on the camera and checked if the video was recorded by pressing buttons to play the video in it, if the video didn't have sound I'd think the camera either died when I was recording or was already in need of charging and if it didn't turn on after charging then the camera would be broken

I was trying to make the video I was recording the same style as Vsauce the same music the same consistent pauses between words and so on

game mechanic ideas

1) shadow clone jutsu: I've never watched naruto but that technique already sounds incredibly interesting and I want a fighting game to give you those abilities as a player

for example you could make clones of yourself and they

would act like you because the ai in the game would learn the specific pattern you take as a player

More you play the clones act more like you because the ai gets more information about the way you play so even the clones do things you would

Or you could play AS a clone and work together with other player clones

Your skill points would define how much experience you have with the game so if a player spawned a clone player that clone player would have around the same amount of experience so a god tier player wouldn't spawn an army of inexperienced players

So if any player wanted to just help other players they could not only get an ability of healing but they could just play in a clone mode and be summoned by other players so they could battle a boss or something

Also the clone players could train and learn new skills so when they'd combine with the player who summoned that clone player would also get that knowledge and to not waste the efforts of the clone who worked so hard to learn that skill they'd get that ability as a player as well

2) one for all: One for all in games is just a quirk you can use without ripping and tearing your body just like in the show

But what if you controlled the amount of percent of one for all you use in the first place

If you master a certain amount of percent of one for all that would be in the white range which wouldn't damage your body and just increase your power

The orange range is where it would deal damage to your own body by not only using it but by bleeding out after that which would make that part of your body unable to fight with after using it twice (since Deku could punch with his broken arm against Todoroki)

And the red range which could quickly drain your health down and probably even kill you if you even use a move on that stage if you tried to punch something your arm would literally burst out like a water balloon but in this case the balloon is your bones/flesh and the water is your blood... and the energy of one for all

My reaction to my current progress with the Short Story Ideas

Now that I scrolled down and read couple of things I realized... this is pretty short for something that was years in the making

I'm going to need to live slightly longer than couple of months to talk to you about my life but other than that I'm happy you read them and came all the way down here

What's that? You skipped them? don't remember what you read? I'm not going to judge currently this whole thing has 51'349 words... now it has 51'354 so I understand why you'd want to just look around instead of read the whole thing

What's that? You have another reason for not reading? I can't predict that sorry my brain is as functional as my sleeping schedule

I did finally sleep last night but I not only woke up In the middle of the night but started sleeping at around 0:00 and woke up at around 1:00 o'clock and had to listen to calm music again to sleep

Now my back hurts but screw it

Sorry for going off track but I can't think about anything but sleep right now

If you did read through the whole thing up to now I'm happy that you did because it shows that not everyone is... for the lack of a better term too lazy to read about a life of a random sleep deprived kid who went through depression and suicide

Anyway I'm going to head out and write other things or maybe do other things

Stay safe, have a great day/night I'm going to take a break now

My first actual gameplay of ddlc

I played ddlc with my little sister Elene

She downloaded the game on her computer without me knowing and then she told me about it and asked if I wanted to play it as well

I doubted that Elene downloaded ddlc and low and behold she actually did download it

So I said yes to the offer and we played the game

It was hilarious Elene swore to characters who were rude in the game mostly Monika (which is exactly how I reacted to her before the end aka when I got to know Monika more and realize that she's so relatable as a person) we read the lines one by one

We sometimes mixed up our roles accidentally while reading which either lead to me reading what Elene was in tasked of reading or the other way around

I was the main character and Yuri

Elene was everyone else

I chose to voice Yuri because I wanted to read more lines and since my male voice wouldn't fit with her as a female but I decided to lean into it and gave her a deeper voice with an European accent because she was the tallest in the club, it's kind of a comedy kind of thing so I'd get an opportunity to read lines other than the main character's... also I gave her an European accent because she liked tea

I wrote these in class

I've already thought about this but I forgot to write about it, apparently people like sleeping as a way to take a break not because of the act of sleep itself but because of their condition after their sleep

Being tired and sleep deprived in order to play more games is not worth it (at least it's not worth it to me anymore because I used to do that every night as a kid as far back as when I was like... 9)

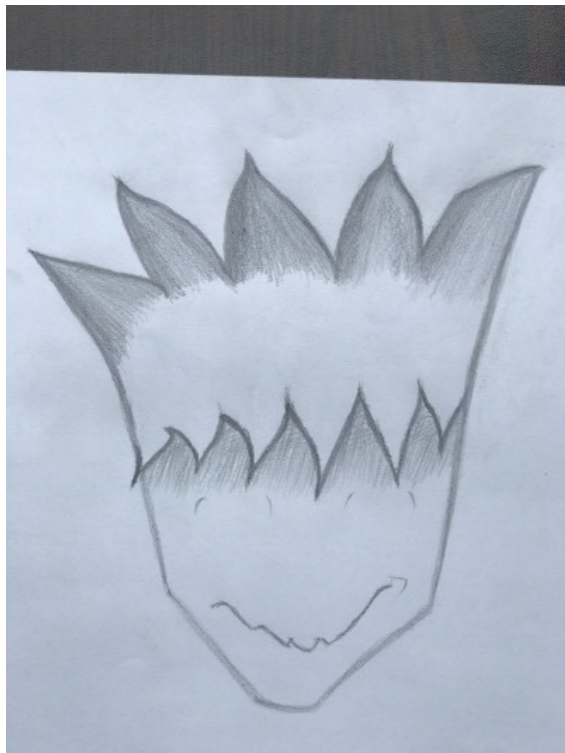


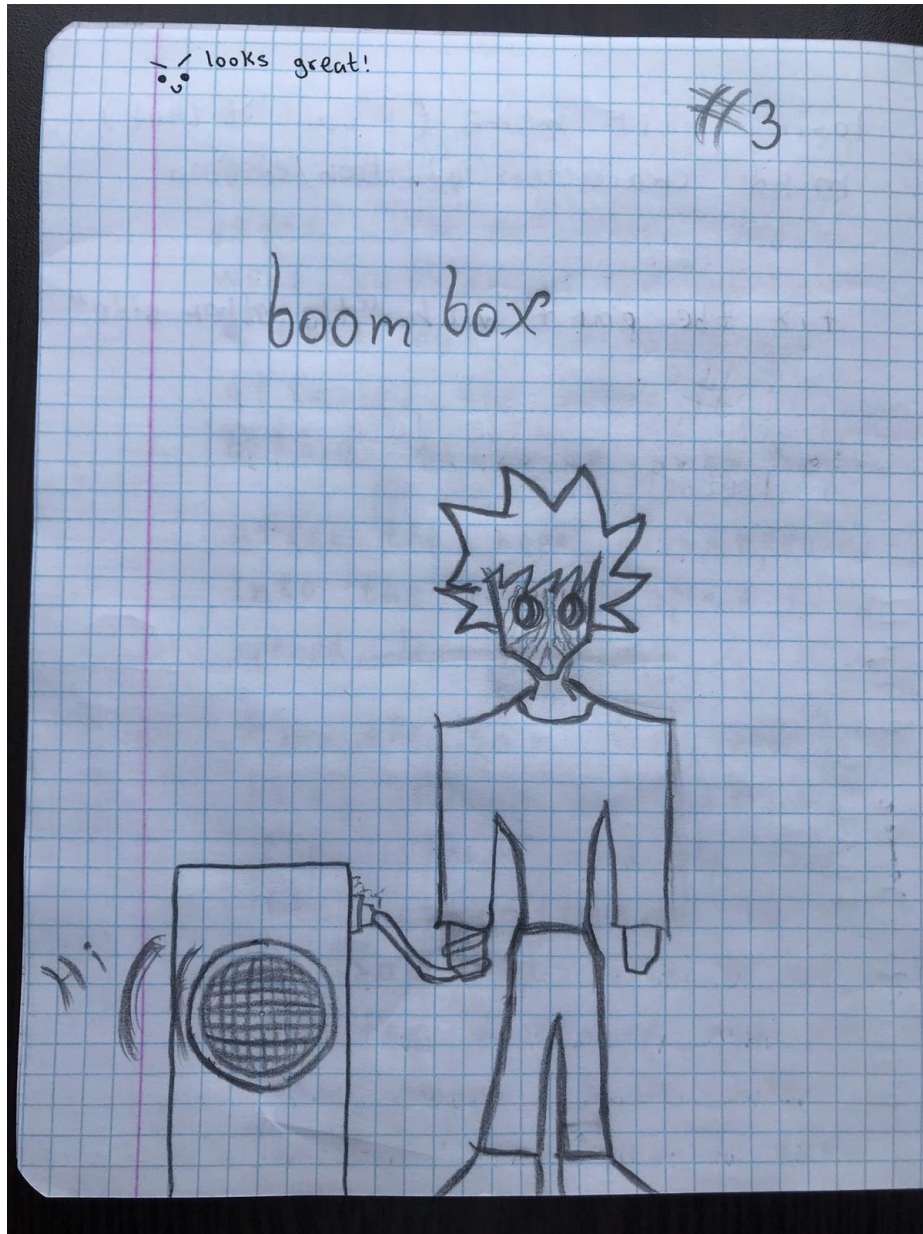
now I see the advantages of drawing on paper, drawing on paper allows you to give your art more character and style the type of way you can't digitally but it also has a downside which is that you can't erase (as easily) or manipulate the shapes of the lines like you do digitally.

Today was the first day in months (February 22, 2022) in which I woke up in a relatively good time (at around 7 o'clock)

Now the only problems I have to face are focusing and being a little more active in class

I drew another art on paper with my style but this time I did it in art class, we had to draw a portrait of an emotion and I did it in my style





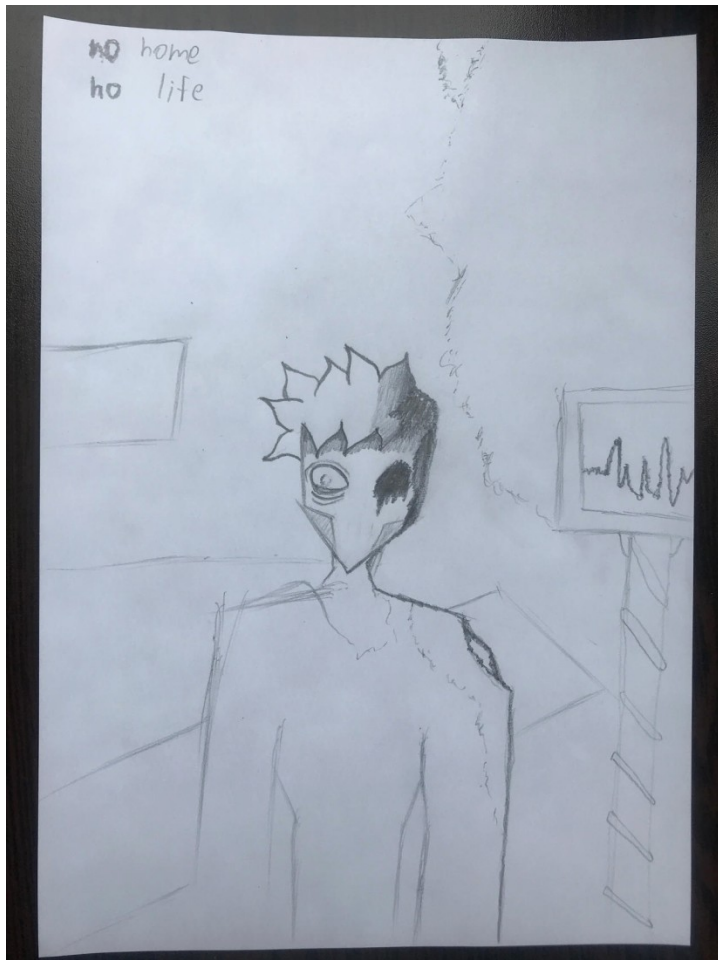
I drew this in class, it's one of the characters I came up as a part of my personality... or at least my brain, the note saying "looks great" was written by the person I showed it to in English class, she's very good at drawing anime

characters so I wanted her opinion about how I drew and I did not expect her to leave a note on it (thanks)
Also it has #3 on it because it's a third drawing that I've made in my style on paper



I made scribbles on a piece of paper by flexing my arm so hard that it shook a lot so then I thought of drawing a pumpkin from the scribbles, that's why it's bent on a side of a paper it wasn't exactly planned

At least I drew something different before the end of my days (it's April 14th 2022)



We were told to draw brutality of what Ukraine is going through right now and since I couldn't draw anything better than characters I tried to make it symbolic by the help of this

I tried making his right side intact but his eye empty as if he died, I was planning on drawing chaos through the

window but since the window is so small it wouldn't show as much to him which is why the side of him which looks intact but dead wouldn't feel as much pain over the chaos because he'd forget it in an instant

But his left side however is the most damaged, bruised brunt to a crisp but still alive judging by the heart monitor right next to that side of himself but since that's also the part of the building which is broken and exposed I was planning on showing even more brutality in the background of that side physically showing that if he lives he'd have to go through that and live with himself remembering all the nightmares that took place

So either he'll die and never get to have a life but forget all his struggle and pain in an instant

Or he'd live and suffer having to watch his home crumble around him and then remember that for the rest of his days

I was trying to show the brutal choice that they have, that even if they survive there will be nothing but a husk of them left

Climbing

Climbing- it's kind of fun reading through these to me, it reminds me things that I otherwise would've completely forgotten

How's your day/evening/night (hopefully you're not reading this at night you should definitely take a break)

climbing

My weird heart feeling

I remember there being whitely colored round metal handrails moving either side of our Kutaisi house before it was renovated (I still liked the older one more, I got so many memories from that place hell they even got rid of the small hut Grandpa built on his own which is also depressing), it had two stair ways so it had two handrails moving up the stairs from each side but when I was a kid I felt like my heart felt worse after I went in between them so I imagined a black pulsating heart floating in between them held up by electricity so if I moved through it the dark heart would replace mine and I had to get back and replace that heart with mine and I convince myself that pushing the heart away as I was moving towards the stairs would stop my heart from feeling this way (I think it felt heavier and physically hotter when it felt bad) and sometimes it worked

It just popped back into my mind after all those years

An idea about the “ virtual world “ hypothesis

If ai can learn to make better realistic things by learning what real versions of them look like, in that case, if the “virtual universe” hypothesis were correct then that would mean that we’re living in an imperfect version of reality, that the reality the ai was learning to recreate would be more realistic and that this is just a crappy recreation of it

Maybe this hypothesis isn't as far-fetched in this context because it would mean that the machine running it wouldn't need to be as outrageously powerful as some of us expected... and when I say some of us I mean me

I want to remind you that this is nothing but an idea that popped into my mind after rewatching Corridor Crew’s video about how they made famous fictional characters look like real humans using ai, it reminded me of the hypothesis and I just wanted to show this idea to you

To me reality is reality, after thinking of this world being literal hell (now I’m just thinking of it figuratively) I think of the way ideas, theories and hypothesis could fit reality

I don't believe things such as us being in a virtual world, black holes being wormholes, the existence of hell and heaven and the people running it and I have my reasoning for thinking that way

English class and not being cool headed

In the English class we were talking about the new words that we had to remember and one of them was " keeping a cool head " and that phrase reminded me of a funny moment in Church with me and my family where I kept a cool head but not literally

As you see I accidentally moved the back of my head too close to the candles which lead to it burning, I just heard flaming sounds coming from behind so I just thought it was just the candles and ignored it

Then my Sister started hitting me on the back of my head and I turned around having no sweet clue what was going on, by the time mom looked at us

my older sister Mari already put it out so mom brought us out of the church

I still remember walking carrying my plucked out hair, it was way darker and distorted compared to the front of my hair

When I told the class about it after I remembered it the teacher was shocked

Also that's the same class where a 9a student taught me that I shouldn't be so anxious when I'm talking to people because if they start an awkward silence and don't want to answer I should just ignore it

It reduced my awkwardness somewhat so I just wanted to say I still remember what she told me and it worked well in the end

Now if I text somebody something after a conversation and they don't answer I'll either think to myself " they probably got busy " or " I'm not awkward you can't prove anything "

I'm a 9b student if you were curious

Oh and also in that same class I wrote down on a piece of paper " hi I'm Sab " under the detached

pencil holder and left a small pencil in it, I haven't gotten any answers yet though

I thought it was because they didn't answer or they didn't sit there or didn't detach the holder but we'll see, maybe I'll just let the paper stick out completely in order for them to see it.

Villain concept

A character who uses enhanced ability of shapeshifting to manipulate his enemies

He enjoys toying with his enemies like a cat with its food by the time he gets bored of them he enjoys hitting, splitting ripping out their organs while bathing in their blood

He wears a leather hood and pretends not to have arms so that he'll catch them by surprise.

Even if his enemy uses a light source to see his face under his cowl they won't be able to because when he's wearing it he has his face converged to darkness to confuse his opponents when they try to see what he looks like

He can obtain the energy of his opponents by the circular shape on his arms (the same way android 13 could in dragon ball Z), he also has white wires throughout his body like veins although we can't see it because he can shapeshift over them

He can use the wires to read the mind of his opponents by pushing the wires from the bottom of his feet to the underground and extending it out of the behind of his enemy to puncture it to the back of their head

So that he will learn their history to shapeshift into people they would never dare to hurt and if not just know their fighting style and know what they'd do in situations

Also, he can split himself in half and clone himself and while he does his body looks a little more liquid as if it was oil

Climbing

Climbing

Climbing

12 days...

I have 12 days to live as a 15 year old

In 12 days I'll become 16 and two years after that I'll truly die because of the responsibility of becoming an adult and having to come up with a stable career that I could get to me is impossible

I remember the time when I was terrified of becoming 15 like it was yesterday and here I am now getting closer to eternal debt

Those fears did not leave they're strengthening every year

Elene if you're reading this in the future... please tell me I'm not the only one fearing this

I'm not hoping for you to fear it hell no, I'm just asking if that's relatable to you

Side note now that I only have 12 days left to live as a 15 year old I need to work on my animation project way faster in order to finish it as a 15 year old because death doesn't await

Now its measly 9 days

Now it's down to 6 I don't like how 3 days passed by so quickly

Now it's down to 3-2 days (I'm saying 3-2 because it's 10:53pm so it's going to take no time at all for it to go down to 2, thankfully I'm finally done with the animation I just have to add sound effects and fit it to work with those sound effects)

April 14th 8:10 AM

This day of my birthday perfectly describes what I'll be going through forward in life

Other people's choices being used against me with me having nothing to say on the matter

I don't know what to say even though this might be the most important days that I should be talking in because my 15 year old self is truly dying

I am tired, not able to feel the excitement or joy that others can have and my day reminds me of the old days, the old days when it felt like they were planning how to ruin my day

My father thinking so less of me to buy me "the best" hair jell

(As if the death of my 15 year old self was worth that)

My mom not being here because of her work
(which was foreshadowed a month or two ago)

And grandma buying me a book for my Birthday
(which is the least bad thing actually I think it simply shows how she wants to gift me knowledge, it was a book called “visual lexicon” and she left a wholesome note in it too)

Now It's 8:16AM, I'm going to school now so I got to say my last words again

I wish I had a soul

The numbers of 2022

Is a year in which there are 3 of the same numbers

I'll never see such a year in my lifetime because 2222 will be 200 years away and 3033 will take another 1011 years

I know this is random but I like typing about my random thoughts

Dead character story concept

What if instead of watching a Journey of a person we saw his past Journey by letting other characters see his past work and what he left behind

It would be a story about a dead person who we'd see die in the beginning of the story and how his past creations communicated to the people after his death and what his works lead to

Random thoughts I got about Pixar movies

(.->->-.)... aaam... wrong place (.->->-.)

I thought about wall-e for a couple of minutes after watching a theory from Mat Pat about it and realized something that made this movie more meaningful to me

The auto pilot was acting according to its programming which means it was acting like a mindless robot

Wall-e however learnt how to live a life like a human being and taught eve how to be more human as well

That's why it was so depressing that wall-e became a mindless robot when she rebuilt him before he gained his humanity back

When I was a little kid I wouldn't have thought of it but at least now I did

Do you remember the movie "up"? Because now that I think about it when Carl told those two people that he'd send them a post card from paradise falls they knew where he was going

So if they traveled there to bring him to the retirement home after the movie I imagine their shocked faces when they'd see his house not only on top of paradise falls, slightly burnt under it, the balloons missing entirely and his furniture slumped over right next to it

They would have so many questions

My Art Style Dies

This is a short project that I'm making as of now, I'm hoping to release it in my YouTube channel before my 16th birthday because it would be depressing for me to release that video after my 15 year old self dies

The fear of my "death" pushed me to try harder which helped a lot

Here are stories I'm hoping to animate after this project

Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fHk5IJWOk9E>

Now that it's done I guess I'll either start working on a new project now or just take a break

I think I should get to it, taking a break is pretty much what my hobby is

This feels... way too hollow, I expected myself to be excited but apparently... I'm not

My art style dies the beginning

Saba and orange stickman are fighting, Saba in his ui state with Goku's eyes like in the battle video

Saba kicks orange stickman to a car driving concrete

Orange stickman starts powering up to ssjbkx10 then x20(darker aura) and finally into slenderman

Saba gets surprised

Orange stickman looks around at a sound of something and gets hit by a bus, the bus pushes him to the dark tunnel (the rocks around the tunnel weren't finished at the time because the different shapes of lines on them showed my change in style and we haven't gotten to some of those styles at that time)

Saba walks on the concrete looking at what happened, he blinks his Goku ui eyes out and into a cartoony style

He gets closer to the tunnel and tries pushing his hand into the darkness

The darkness starts getting on his arm like venom and it hurts Saba it makes him bleed so he struggles to get his hand off of it and when he does his arm is missing his arm is bleeding and his body becomes black

He looks into the tunnel and the camera zooms out of his face into the dark abyss of the tunnel to show that there's nothing but darkness

A hand comes out of the darkness and starts to reform its shape, it's as if it was ink before forming like its normal shape

The person comes out is my second style, he was born from the lines made by the darkness

The second style looks at his arms then looks at Saba then he smiles cheerfully and puts his arms on his hips, the smile and pose was the exact same smile and pose Saba got when he heard new style ask him "is it... terrifying?"

The end of my art style dies

The darkness is emerging from the tunnel and eating up everything like a fleshy version of venom

My new art style wakes up from a nightmare and sees the darkness swirling around him, he fought them off first by sheer will and then in anger

But nothing could stop them from moving closer

The darkness made a circle of darkness around him, the circle wall got higher and arms of darkness stick out of them

Art style falls on his knees defeated (I'll search up what stages he had to go through before he accepted his fate)

He depressingly aims his arm towards the grave of his old friend and blasts a ball of energy towards it, the ball explodes and pushes a dragon ball from Saba's grave

New art style caught it and looked at its reflection, he looked up and saw there still was open space

He bit his finger so hard that it bleed and he wrote "I'll miss you" on the dragon ball

He aimed his arm up with the dragon ball and blasted it to the sky, the dragon ball flew out right before the darkness closed up on it

New style smiled the same way he did the first time he met Saba

The dragon ball falls down on grass, someone takes the dragon ball and reads it and then looks at the ball of darkness eating away my floating island

It was my sister, she looked sadly towards my island and started crying

We zoom out to see she has her own floating island in which she lives

And there are many more islands behind her

(I need to make videos about my relationship with my sister through making animations of us so that way they'll get to know who elene is before making the end of this story, also I need to sadly make the "future" scene of New style be a dream aka a Nightmare (when Saba has another style next to him and how he gets in the bus and smiles before his death) because it would make no sense for him to be alive in the end story if he died in the future scene instead of the end

That would not only make sense but be a foreshadowing of what would happen to him)

The further away an island is you don't have as good of a relationship with them

Elene's island was the closest to Saba's but when she saw the island get devoured and the last message the islands around her floated away from her

She isolated herself

So if anybody will want to see a continuation of my art style dies I could make a story about Elene

copied with depression, implications of death and mental isolation

She had a house on the island and a garden outside of it, a metal sphere begins to form on top of her island, the shadow of the sphere first covers her house, then her and finally it closes leaving no light in the island

Ropes that are attached to other islands snap off as the islands move away while the rope that was attached to Saba's island was still there, swinging around because of the wind and the rope being so long it reached under the clouds where Saba's island fell after darkness overtook it

In her story

When she slept she had a dream of Saba falling off of her island so she grabbed the rope and jumped down to catch him but the rope wasn't long enough so she got an inch away from catching his hand, he fell under the clouds

She felt something appear on her hand and it was the same dragon ball Saba sent her before his island got devoured

She let go of the rope to go down with him but she stopped falling, she looked down and saw that the rope was attached to her leg unlike before, then it got so windy she was pulled up next to her island, then the island was struck with a meteor to make it face towards her and then another burst of wind hits her from the back which dragged her to her island

Nothing that happened made sense, it's as if the universe itself was forcing her not to jump off

She ripped out the rope on her leg and ran down the still tilted island, the island started moving up to stop her but she jumped off just in time but then she stopped falling again and felt pain in her leg

She looked down and saw that her leg was pierced with a hook on top of another rope

She then appeared in a dark room, upside down stuck on a hook with her leg still bleeding, a door opens and dark creatures rush in, they grab the dragon ball on her hand and start to pull it away, Elene didn't let go so they tried to cut her hands off but she let go of one of her hands right before her other hand got cut off and then she reached out for the dragon ball and caught it again

The monster pulled it away so hard her hand got ripped off, handless upside down attached to a hook on a chain on a roof she screamed out while moving what's left of her arms towards the dragon ball before the door shut on her leaving the room pitch dark

She woke up panicking, she felt something hit her island which made a slight earthquake so she peeked outside and saw a rope with a hook at the top which hit her island, an island from very far away was trying to get to her and unravel why she's isolating herself

After seeing the hooked rope Elene closed the sphere again but also turned off all of the lights in her house, locked all of the doors and windows and closed the curtains.

She locked herself in the closet of her room, the only thing lighting up the space around her was a small lit candle

The house shook again so Elene waited for couple of minutes before she peeked out of the metal sphere again

The chain was getting loose and slipping away, the outside world was very foggy and she could only imagine what was behind the fog

She went in her house and wrote on a piece of paper "I'm not okay" she went outside of the sphere, attached the note to the hook before throwing it away

After the rope disappeared into the unknown the sphere fully opened

After a short minute she saw the rope flying back, it hit the island again but with another note on it, she took the note attached to it and read "It's okay to get help" the fog got blown away by a wind, lines of the light of the sun pierced through the fog, the fog disappeared and she witnessed many more islands with spheres hiding them and fog which hid their sight of reality.

I wrote these in case I forget them but also because I could die at any time or not have time to make them so even if I won't be able to make them either way you'll be able to read what I had in mind

Also it's 10th April in 2022 so I have 4 days left to make "my art style dies" video and even if pretty much the entire thing is done I still have difficulty

making the last shot of Saba smiling and then crying

Also I have to add the sound effects to them afterwards and make the animation fit with it which will also be difficult

Good news past me, I finished it but the bad news is... your birthday will ironically be the most like your past

Depression attended the party and it's only 8:21AM in April 14th as of now

Who knows what might happen in the following day to this sleep deprived dummy who can't feel happy for himself

My classmates

There is a huge difference between a jokester and a moron and I think every one of my classmates crossed that line

The girls were sometimes using their phones in lessons

The boys were either idiots, overconfident, bullies, called everything easy to do, racists or so annoying you want to rip out their face cook them and stuff their cooked face to their throat before decapitating them and pinning their head on the doorstep of their house

There was a classmate in English who was different however

She told other classmates to quiet down when the teacher was away (which reminds me of how I used to bang the table with my arm every time my classmates spoke back in 1st or 2nd grade)

She was also able to capture a style of anime insanely well and to be honest I'm galled of her art skills

When she saw my style of my dbz oc she asked me if I watched anime and when I said yes she asked if

I watched hunter hunter because the character that I drew looked like a character in that show

I haven't watched it but I've heard some things (when I googled it and saw the main character I immediately realized what resemblance she saw with my character's hair style)

And she seemed to be as pissed off towards her classmates as me, let's say we both think of killing them (I don't know why she does it but I do it to calm myself down)

It's April 14th today, thanks for (probably) celebrating my birthday with me... well you're pretty much reading this text which is a great gift to be honest I don't want to be forgotten, she saw the "My Art Style Dies" project in English class, in fact all of my English class mates saw it because I told my teacher that I was working on it the day before

It was also kind of hilarious how my Teacher sent the link of that video in homework so that my classmates would see it in their homes

No joke



საშინაო დავალები

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fHk5IJWOk9E>-Saba's work
Homework -pages 46,47 excluding the writing task.

მასწავლებელი ანა სახაროვა

13.04.2022 → 15.04.2022 · შექმნილია 13.04.2022 14:39:17

That was (at least to me), a huge birthday present made by my teacher because this is something that might never happen to me as a student in my entire life

Thank you

Now let's back to 3 days ago when I was going insane

Those were the days...

Also today (April 11th) I got so sick of my class when they went overboard again I started screaming on top of my lungs for them to shut up and when they started telling the racist classmate (who's constantly getting bullied but he has it coming, also he hates pixelated games just because he thinks the graphics are old which has nothing to do with this but that's just another thing I hate about that blonde haired idiot) to stop I told them that it's not his fault it was theirs that I got pissed off

Idea for a new project

Bloodpop animation meme where we'll see the different characters of my mind like: Boombbox, Smart, actor and depression

For the first half depression won't be fully visible he'll just be a dark silhouette

Boombbox will make a sound wave by placing his hands on big square speakers

Smart will defy physics by writing the formula of physics in a wrong way (Like $G = -5$ and then him floating upwards)

Actor will have both his serious side and his psychopathic side all in one face as a mask and he's going to spin a knife around his finger before gripping it

Depression will look around with a smile before we get a montage of him helping the others

Fixing a speaker with Boombox

Helping smart do a problem

Acting out with actor

And then he sits down alone in a black void

New Idea for Boom Box

he's going to carry around a big speaker like a backpack so he'll be able to speak anywhere instead of having to find an electronic device that makes sound every time he wants to speak or start music by thinking about it

And I know he could just get a phone and speak through that but that's not as creative in my opinion, and also the phone would have a lower limit of loudness unlike the speaker so maybe if he wants to say something very loudly he could use the speaker

Things that I wrote on paper in school

My thoughts about Immortality and a note

If I had immortality I'd be happy, you might be stubborn and mention that I'd have to watch my loved ones die around me
(Which is pretty much what everybody thinks when they're talking about becoming immortal)

But here's the thing, do I feel as much weight and depression about my grandpa's death as I did in 2017? The answer is obviously no, it's been 5 years since then, if I had immortality I'd either have more time to get numb to the pain of loss or wait out the pain in order to forget the amount of pain and weight I felt towards their deaths.

I'd still have deadlines such as my birthdays because immortal or not I'd still only be able to have a specific number of age for only a year so I'd still never experience being a year younger again, I'd have (as long as humanity survives) infinite amount of time to better my skills on things and if I reach my peak I'd still have many more things to learn and discover

But the fear that would stick with me even as an immortal being would be a loss of myself aka my personality, language, memories, ideologies, I even forgot what I wanted to write after my thoughts about Immortality, even if you'd be physically immortal your mind would be just as mortal as it is now, it would always change and nobody can control if it would change to the worse or to the better

I thought about writing both about immortality and a note about something in the car on my way to school, the immortality idea was the first and the note popped into my head later

Even when I was thinking about the note I thought to myself "I might even forget what I was thinking about" (I don't think that's exactly what I thought to myself but it definitely was something along those lines)

My reminder to write about immortality was on my left arm in a form of a scar (that I gave myself days ago with a pencil to remember something else that isn't connected to this subject in any way... in fact I don't even remember what I was trying to remind myself)

but I can't remember what else I wanted to write down, I tried to remember it by pushing my nail on my finger to deform it before deciding to just unzip my backpack to write "immortality and a note" and hope that I'd remember what I meant by "a note"

The pain I got from pushing my nail into the pointing finger on my left hand (the same arm I have the scar on... I still don't know how the "scar" is lasting for so long on my hand I just wanted to draw a line on my arm not damage it and wait for it to heal) that pain was replaced by the pain on my right hand from writing these notes on paper in class

the fear of losing that memory is gone and it was replaced by the pain of remembering that I lost it... until I remembered it couple of minutes later in the lesson (I know it's a bit anti climactic but the point still stands I still forgot what I thought about for a

while and there was a possibility of me completely forgetting about it)

The note was about my 16th birthday, it's 14th April as I'm writing this as you might have already guessed. Even though I think of birthdays as a permanent end to my past age it's also a literal birth day of my new age

Even though you should still value and salute your past age self for doing the things they did before they died

New classmates

We've got a new classmate (I was writing this before the end of school so I didn't know that there were two people joining our class but since I don't know the second one nearly enough on since she just showed up to introduce herself in the end of school before I left I'll just talk about my observation on the other classmate)

I was hoping she'd act way more like a student and she did until she broke my hopes into tiny pieces by using her phone in the middle of a lesson alongside my other idiotic classmates

She just showed up for a single day to find out how our class is and she said she'd get in school in May, She was actually sitting next to a classmate who I hate with every fiber of my being because he's an embodiment of everything I hate about my classmates, I'm not willing to find out his name because I hate him which is hilariously also why I didn't learn Russian, I just hate Russians (sorry for getting off topic let's move on)

I forgot to mention that Saba (not me there are two Sabas in our class) and sandro (not the guy with curly hair who I used to go to kindergarten with but instead a dark blond hair... yes we also have two Sandros in our class) were also using a phone next to my desk to watch stuff, talk to each other mid lesson, laugh out loud and... I just hate them for it

If Birthdays aren't an excuse to skip school (which I can agree with) then boredom in the middle of having to watch and listen 11th graders talk about their projects isn't an excuse to use a phone, that's just dumb

My dad and my birthday

It might sound to you like I'm asking for too much in this for some reason but hear me out

I think my dad buying me "high quality" hair jell or body jell or whatever in my birthday to me is like him spitting at the grave of my 15 year old self

I know him and mom bought vr together which I am very happy and excited about but... Jell... Jell?

He could've at least given me a book like Grandma did or just bunch of paper for me to draw on but no apparently my 15 year old self dying forever is worth a small flask of body jell to him

More yammering about my classmates

My classmates are playing Kahoot in Geography as I'm writing this and guess how they're reacting to it

They're screaming on top of their lungs like crazy monkeys even after I open the door in order for them to think that people would hear them to get ashamed because of it

Apparently shame is a forgotten legend to them

If we had a strict teacher who didn't forgive them for their terrible behavior and was willing to teach them a lesson they'd all be crying to their mothers with bleeding noses, blacked out eyes and broken bones (yeah... that's how bad they are in my eyes)

Hell some might be executed for being so idiotic that even after being damaged like that they'd still continue doing those kinds of things

Actually it would be more accurate if they caged them up in a zoo with other monkeys like them

Second new classmate is...

Alex seems to be the only other normal person in my class (she's the second new classmate I talked about earlier) she's highly intelligent judging by how the math teacher rated her.

In physics when we were watching a video about escape velocity and constant space freefall she was writing them down as we were just watching the video

In English class she said she liked poetry, art and... something else that I don't remember

(Don't ask yourself if I told her about the fact that I was interested in the same things, it would not only sound fake but she didn't need to know that... also I'm not going to just walk up to her and talk about my hobbies, that's what an extrovert would do and... I'm not that, even though she did ask what I was drawing when I was drawing on a screen while I was trying to draw a side perspective of a head so I guess she could be an extrovert even though her body language told a whole different story)

If you were wondering I'm not in a crush (and even if I was I'd stay away from everyone to keep my introverted depressed isolated personality by wishing to be alone, to be honest being alone isn't that bad)

I'm just happy to see another human being with relatable hobbies in my monkey infested class

Also Nino is slightly higher than Alex in terms of relationship since we've known each other for longer than a single day... we just rarely say a few things to each other in an English lesson, I'm still looking up to her for trying to quiet down the class when our classmates are messing around and for being genuinely nice... also her anime style art is astonishing

Where was I? Oh right, none of us are friends even though Nini and Alex had a very brief friendly interaction, when Nini visited our class at break time and heard Alex mention something about anime she screamed in excitement and hugged Alex, (for context someone Googled “the death of death note” on Google and it was shown on screen so they started talking about anime) so after that Nini Googled Attack on Titan (so I think Alex said something about Attack on Titan and if Nini was a big fan I think that’s what all of that was about)

I just heard Alex isn’t joining our class from her own mouth while she was talking to the Georgian teacher

At first I thought she’d join next year, it’s kind of sad to see her go permanently because even if I like being alone it would make it at least a little bit easier for me to save my sanity while being surrounded by creatures that I can only describe as apes because... well... that’s what they act like no matter how good their grades are, actually they act much worse than even monkeys do

Anyway our Georgian teacher gave her, her phone number for Alex to be able to call her

This is useless information I know but maybe it'll pay off in the future, who knows what the future holds

In my mind I still think the future most likely has nothing in store, something that I wouldn't expect or the worst outcome there could be.

What I see relatable in Nini

Back in 1st to 3rd grades (I think) I had a tendency to bang against my table with my arm and tell everyone to shut up while the teacher was speaking

I now realize I might have just made more noise by doing it but I hated how everyone else was acting, that was around the time when I realized that screaming loudly to shut up wouldn't magically make everyone shut up like in the movies and I had thoughts like if I had clones of myself and they were in class they'd be as quiet as a vacuum of space

In between then and now I didn't really do anything about it

Today the best I can do is try to stay calm and if I get angry enough and see someone crossing the line (like using a phone in the lesson or being snoopy and walking around when the lesson started) I'd just throw something at them to stop them from what they're doing like either an eraser or the whole pencil case

She seems to be trying to do the same but only with words and not so loudly

We actually talked about how we hated our classmates and how sometimes we thought of killing them... okay that sounds incredibly messed up now that I'm typing it but I think that's proof that she wants the class to be more obedient towards school rules

I ripped and bit out a quarter of half of a notebook

After my outrage towards rudeness of my dad I realized that it was my grandma's notebook so... you might already know how ashamed of myself I am

The least I could do is give her another notebook along with the torn out one

I actually made a 3d scan of the notebook so that you can see yourself

Link: <https://poly.cam/capture/64C24911-4F8A-40CE-8A9A-AE3B6F0B9E40>

I wonder if it'll look like pixelated mesh, messed up monstrosity like the face on a book from harry potter or if the site just won't be capable of being opened when you see this or if the site will even be there or if the internet will still exist or... oh

Now I'm thinking everything I know and got used to might die out sooner than I thought...

The Under Presents

It is an insanely well made VR game, if you have one you should definitely check it out

It plays around with so many creative ideas and it has such creative game mechanics

I'd like to talk about a part of my experience but I don't want you to be spoiled so if you have VR I couldn't recommend it more, (also yeah we got a VR headset a day ago, now it's April 17th 2022, mom and dad got us this for my birthday and I seem to be a person making the most use of it, I'll try to use the VR headset to teach myself how to control myself from playing for too long so that I won't get addicted to it, that way I'll continue

writing things like this to you people reading these notes, come up with more stories, draw more characters and continue making short projects) if you don't have a headset you can watch a game play of it unless you want to experience it in the near future

It's a shame that it's not that popular and I wish more people played it, it came out back in 2019 and the fact that people such as Markiplier and DanTdm haven't tried it out is astonishing to me

I'm going to get to what I've experienced so if you don't want to be spoiled I recommend you don't read this part

Are you done playing it? Need a glass of water?
Here you go

Anyway since I couldn't replay through it because every time I tried it showed me the "snap to do this thing" room where an elderly man kept looking at me so it made the experience more important to me

It was as if it was a real life experience (not in terms of graphics in that case it's very well stylized) in which you can only experience it once... at least for me

When I saw my clone for the first time I realized what I had to do immediately

We played a piano together by making finger snapping noises since we couldn't interact with the piano

Next loop we played patty cake next to the door before he stopped and snapped his fingers twice (I came up with that so if I wanted to say thank you or yes or something positive I'd snap my fingers twice) and after that tried to play the other piano but I accidentally moved it around so my clone was just playing air

One loop later I saw two clones and I was surprised before my heart dropped after I accidentally pulled out their masks and... killed them

I put my arms on my head before looking around to who I thought was going to be my future self

I sadly dropped the masks on the ground, then grabbed the clock from the table and pointed it towards where I expected my future self to be, I

didn't know how bodies would interact with him if I grabbed the clock maybe he couldn't so I threw it up and caught it couple of times before depressingly dropping it along with the masks

When there was another loop and saw my 3rd clone kill the other two I put my hands on top of my head just like he did

I realized that you can grab what your clone is carrying and we both were grabbing the clock until he dropped it

I pat him on the back as if I meant to say "It's going to be okay" before he went through the door

Then I tried bringing the dropped clock along with me to test if you could teleport with the item with you and I did, I had two clocks when I went through the door in the room of doors

I saw door knobs on the floor so I grabbed one and since I didn't know that this was the final loop I pointed the other door knob next to me so that my future self could grab it

When I got to the restaurant I ate a carrot, a two headed fish and an apple in that order, before I knew that they could regenerate I put it next to me as if I was meaning to give the other food to my

future self, I was still hoping that there would be more loops... also I tried to eat the metal shard that was in the middle of the table

I didn't do anything significant in the rest of the game but it was still so interesting

The fact that there's a person who's normally moving in a stuck time in the ship within a bottle whose hand I tried to wave and memories of bottles not only letting you hear the sound from the bottle but being able to see it, the other bottles randomly lighting up the darkness and how in one of the memories the tall masked guy was talking to the elderly man about the ship in a bottle were so freaking good

Yep... yep that's all I can remember

Oh and also how I tried to dance while snapping my fingers in the circle where the tall guy was projected because I thought I'd be able to see my projection in the future, also since I had to spin a wheel to project him I tried spinning it the opposite side and it made him blue to red for a second, I don't know if it was going to happen anyway or if spinning it the opposite side might have done something

I found a way to replay the game... apparently I had to turn off and on our vr headset

I still think not playing through it again will make it feel more important to me so that I'll be able to remember it better as well

Also I forgot to mention that the music was so good that it's still stuck in my mind

I'll go redraw the avatar of the game now

The Under Presents Multi Player

Being in VR at 8 o'clock when everyone was still sleeping made me feel isolation even if I knew there were people in the house

I did play multi player of "Under Presents" 4 days ago (It's Easter right now and it was a break day 4 days ago, as of now it's 21 April 2022, also I promised myself to only play vr on break days such as weekends... and for some reason I try to be extra kind and fastidious (tidy) after I'm done playing Vr I don't know why though)

I came here to type a mechanic I found out in the game when I looked at one of the players using it, it's not really a spoiler to the story it's a game mechanic that you could use

If you're playing multi player in "The Under Presents" you can pull out your mask and snap your fingers on top of the mask to ignite a blue flame, if you snap your fingers on said flame it'll create items, the first Item is an onion not too exciting but if you ignite the flame again and put an item in the fire like the onion that you made appear and then snap at it again it'll create a different item

Also you can create something completely different if you slide your finger around the ends of the mask when the flame is ignited

This is just a quick explanation of the mechanics nothing more

Now that I think about it this game is exactly what I was hoping to play as a kid

A game where every single individual person's life can be happening simultaneously and be seen by you and how those different people with different lives interact with others with other lives and maybe have them casually mention something you've seen first hand

It's like hearing something that you shouldn't have it makes you feel like you're experiencing someone else's life

The only time I've experienced such a thing is when I went up stairs early to the art class and heard someone talking on a phone about 7th B class not being able to have art class upstairs

I was from the 7th b class so I went down stairs sprinted into the room and mentioned that we

actually weren't having art class upstairs but instead in class

Random ideas I got in a car on the way to Kutaishi in Easter holiday

Could you make a machine that could use the pumping gas from the back of a car to make electricity?

If you made a long hallway so smooth, well lit and devoided of detail and drove a car without accelerating it would a person still know that they're moving or more specifically would they feel like they're moving

They could hear the wheels turning so they could hear that but would they outright feel themselves moving through space like this even without the sound of the surroundings

Sometimes when I'm bored and have nothing to do I just turn off my mind, not in a sleeping sense of the word but instead I stop thinking, not caring about what time it is or how much time is left I just look forwards knowing that at one point in time when I'm going to reach my destination I'll think of this whole experience as just a blip in time

Story Thought Training

If I see problems with stories that I think about I call them "training" for coming up with stories so that I won't make such mistakes later

This time I thought of a story where Alex

Is an anxious Teenager who's also introverted, cowardly and sometimes questions his own existence in life

He one day he started having strange hallucinations where his fingers or hands would multiply and clip through his real one but he realized it awfully soon that those weren't hallucinations he was cloning his body

(I couldn't come up with a way of how he got this power from, the first thing I thought was of him actually being a fusion of twins and them fusing before their birth but that wouldn't explain how he can clone himself and also mean that there could be more people out there with that ability)

Over time he learnt how to clone more and more parts of his body, he kept his ability a secret because he was afraid people would think of him as a freak

He accidentally clones himself when he goes out of control, his body vibrates and his clone clips through him multiple times as he cries in the corner not knowing what to do
Alex imagined clone becoming evil or him having to share his life with him for the rest of his life, those thoughts made him snap and do the unthinkable

When the clone appeared in front of him Alex pushed him away, opened the drawer pulled out the shot gun and shot his clone, when the clone barely reached out his hand towards Alex he hit the clone in the head with it

Alex collapsed on the ground, before he could even process what he's done he heard his Neighbors banging on the entrance door so he put on a mask,

put food in his backpack and escaped through the window

When police arrived at his home they saw that his shot gun only had his own finger prints but it was dropped off far away from him AND the foot prints on his blood were the same as the shoes that he was wearing which wouldn't make sense if he shot himself how could he make his own foot prints on his own blood and then... wait

They saw foot prints made of blood which stopped in one place, where someone took those shoes off, they were not only the same exact replica of the shoes dead Alex was wearing but it was the same size

So the legend was born, when people found out about this story the collective internet started making up theories and hypotheses of what happened

I then imagined Alex learning to be okay with permanently cloning himself, even multiple times and realizing that they aren't any different from him, they're feeling and thinking the exact same way

The second time he cloned himself was at night in a cave when he felt isolation, he still preferred being alone but not like this

When they went on a stroll through the forest his clone suggested if they should go different paths so that they'll be able to talk about different things instead of being able to guess what each other thought about

Also they talked about how if the clone could get Alexe's clothes would Alex having the backpack on his back lead to that bag therefore also the stuff inside the bag to get cloned too?

That was pretty much all I thought about which is a short unfinished story but I see many problems with it like how such a person could be terrified of having to share his life with a clone and reveal his secret that he'd kill his clone

Alex was on the run after what he did which is also why he had to lie to people's faces about who he really is even when they think he is the spitting image of "the long lost twin" (they made up a

theory that the killer made a clue of them looking the exact same which is why they think he might be the killer, maybe a long lost twin)

Oh I also imagined that the clone comes back in the future of the story

He was standing over Alex with the full moon shining behind him, with a sick grin he says “the world will know what you did to me, you sick heartless monster”

What if villains and heroes tried to be opposites

What if there was a story about a hero striving to become a villain but realize that he's too kind to be a villain

And a villain who wanted to become a hero but had an evil nature that he realized he had after pressure was put on him

Both striving to be one thing but ending up finding out that they're something else and that their ideologies only work with the things they don't want to be

Like how the hero was crying and feeling sadness for someone on his team dying, he got enraged because of this but not because of the death of someone else but because he's acting like a human being, unlike a villain who'd either not care or enjoy the death and torture of others

He just... didn't which is why he couldn't continue his family's legacy, even his ability to control light was something he was proud of when he thought he was just special but when he realized what he truly was it felt more like a scar reminding him what he is than a special ability

He still has flaws like selfishly trying to reach his goals but when it comes down to him saving a live

of a person he's going to try to do it no matter what no matter how much he wants to be a villain

He makes himself think that he's doing it for evil deeds like forcing information out of them when in reality he knows that's not why he's doing it

While the villain when he realized that he was different from the rest by listening to his emotions and only caring about torturing his enemy he got a mental break down because for his whole life he thought everyone was normal like him and that they just needed to get angry to release their true selves

After what he did to the innocent family of the people who they fought off from the village he swore to himself to listen to the people who know how to be a hero even though at night when everyone was asleep he'd still go back to the battle ground to beat up, rip off organs and burn the faces of the corpses of people who made him annoyed or angry

He would have to learn how to be a smart, strategic and ruthless villain that we normally see at the beginning of a story

I even came up with a time when the hero beats all the challenges the villain had up his arsenal so the villain comes up with an idea

He literally makes himself seem like he's trying to manipulate the hero from doing something which in this case is drinking something from a mug and when he refuses the villain takes it away and smiles saying that he made a wrong choice, then he drinks the drink and then looks weakened and shocked, he looks back at his table and sees a mug which looks the exact same as the one he drank from, then he looked back at the hero angrily before he collapses on the floor

The hero since he was selfish realized that the villain was trying to make him think that he was trying to poison him when in reality it was supposed to be a drink that would give him power but the villain got confused with which cup was witch because he did have an extra cup with poison in it so that when the battle would start the hero would think it also contained a strengthening potion

So the hero walks up to the cup and looks at it but since in that part of the story he already beat his selfishness he throws the cup away and breaks it because he'd rather work for his power instead of making himself special the easy way

The villain gets up and laughs because his whole plan was to make him think that that was his whole plan when in reality he just drank something that did nothing and pretended to die from poison and left the real poison on his table

Since the villain thought the hero was as selfish as he was prior he made a mistake that making him think that he'd gain power by doing something that would kill him would work

My school accident... less like an accident and more like just aggressive screaming

In my school I got enraged when two random students who just got in our class acting like smarta**es saying things like “we’ll lean in to doing crime” or some crap like that as if they were from a street gang or something

Then one of them said the n word and I went crazy

I kicked away my table and started screaming on top of my lungs “ HOW MANY RE****ED RACIST IDIOTS ARE IN THIS SCHOOL” because I’ve already had to deal with two other annoying idiots

One was a short blond haired idiot from my class

And then there’s this annoying Indian looking kid from class 9a

Fun fact before that in the same day a lesson or two before he was typing things like f*** n word trump meme on a school computer and showing it to other classmates as if he was proud of himself

That was a moment when I got so mad I felt my heart pumping harder even if I still ignored him and calmed down by breathing in and out

I even thought to myself "I swear to god if he does that again I'll crack his spine" and more annoyingly he stops just as I thought to myself that (also at that time we were using computers in the library because our French class got skipped so we had to get information about Biology or something)

Anyway after I screamed in class while looking down then I looked up and around and... both of them were gone

I really doubt that they were scared of me as mom thought but instead scared that the teachers might have heard that

Then the teachers came and my Georgian teacher calmed me down and asked what that was all about

I didn't say anything so she asked people around me and if they assumed something that was wrong I just corrected them

one of the nice teachers asked me what happened and I explained that he was being racist and that I didn't believe that students like that are even allowed in this school but then they said that this was life

at night mom and I talked about this because the teacher not only told this to my dad so I'd leave school earlier (which I didn't because why would I skip English class) but also mom found out

she told me that I needed anger management and even offered to take me to a psychiatrist

Then she assumed I just had a lot of energy that I had to unleash so she told me that I should do sports in the holidays

I agreed on Basketball but also she told me this

that they didn't mean to harm anyone's feelings but did it as a joke and that they're acting like kids and that they don't see the full picture like I could

This surprised me because even if I still think she might be wrong about their intentions it makes me

feel mentally older and being able to see the full picture while most of the others act as I put it “like monkeys”

Even though I’m still dumb and not creative I’m still surprised others can’t do that

I guess going through depression and suicidal thoughts for 4 years has its ups

I really hoped everyone else saw the world as deeply as I do but apparently it’s not normal for them

And this is another reason I won’t have kids, they’d have to struggle to get to be able to do this and do things alone to be more independent... unlike me And I’d rather have no kids instead of intentionally giving them suicidal thoughts which would make them hate me so that they’d see the world more deeply, clearly, be more kind and relate to people who go through struggles after they beat depression

Oh and also this “school accident” happened like... 2 days ago, now it’s 7th May 2022, also mom let me stay home to manage my anger and get less stress from going to school after getting used to online school for 2 years, we agreed to do this for

only couple of days so as far as I'm concerned this is the last day I'll stay home

I finally got an opportunity to get more free time to focus on my hobbies and even wrote a story about a robot kid which isn't earth shattering but I haven't thought of a story for a while now because of school work so I'll get any time I can get to

And no even when it's school time I can't do more than one or four subjects in the end of the day because they take so much time

Like physics, math and chemistry with Grandma and English on my own, which shows just how lazy but also how slow I am at learning

Hello and welcome to the Wheel of Pain

I'll randomly predict what people will hate about this and say it like an aggressive commenter because I'll have no idea what people might say about this

Or if they'll even read it... or if... I'll even be remembered...

Sorry I got off track, let's begin:

1 Mr Coffie Edderson says

“ your pronunciation is so bad it’s melting my brain, how lazy can you be not to double check all the 70’000 words that you’ve written ”

2 Karen’s teeth says

“ how much space did you leave blank dear lord, stop making yourself seem like you’ve written more than you actually did ”

Reply: it takes me a few years to find places where I need to go now that it’s longer so many blank spaces are like bookmarks for places where I want to go and also it frees up space that I’ll need to write in

3 Brofessor Tree Jr says

“ there are many good concepts in this don’t get me wrong and I know this is called “short story IDEAS” BUT how many unfinished terrible stories are you going to make hm? “

Or

“ you’re so unimaginative it hurts, god will strike you down for not believing in his existence “

5 Hmmmmm.... says

“ If you really wanted to leave something behind for us to read why is the first thing you see in this just a bunch of names of stories that you’ll most likely forget forever “

Reply: I should have done that and it shows how I changed my mind about just leaving names after I made the story about “Rewritten story of Broly”

also none of it is rewritten I just thought of them while listening to music and then wrote about them but I still did make some stories that I either changed up or rewritten for them to make more sense

Another Reply: oh so you admit you made a mistake? Then why don’t you fix that

Something random says

“ something that I haven’t considered because I always ignore that “

fishhhhhhhhhheye says: why do you sound like an immoral bastard one time and... somewhat normal person in the other, why are you so psychopathic did your parents physically abuse you or something?

reply: no no no I would just have... emotional opinions on things back then

even if I wasn’t mad I’d talk about how much things infuriate me, again I don’t know how many people imagine torturing other people in the most brutal ways as possible for something so simple not happening and their

view on the world being spat at when people show how immoral they can be for no good reason

the simple answer is that when I hated people I tried to make it as obvious as possible by adding strong words to convey my emotion now I just explain what they're doing wrong and why I hate them so much

again not everything is written in order

Idea of making Lyrics deeper by using inevitability as a tool for implication

When I heard these lyrics "I dance to your heartbeat" I thought to myself

If his heart beat stops obviously you'd stop dancing but if your dancing represents your life then...

Which also means that even if she is dancing to his heartbeat he doesn't beat his heart from her dancing, so does he not care about her well being as much as she does?

I know it all only works if you think of her dancing as a representation of her being active, alive and lively but it's so creepy thinking of such implications

I thought if there were songs which sounded very fun and positive on the surface but if something inevitable happened it would give a darker tone and implication it would hit hard to the audience once they'd listen or read the lyrics

Kind of like poems of Natsuki but in a form of music because in that game she liked making simple poetry that sounded positive but had a dark meaning if you thought about it enough

Like let's say you're a kid and since you don't understand the brutality of life nor read between the lines you think of that music as fun and go lucky

But when you age and your life falls apart and you learn to see more substance and meaning in things

when you hear the song again it is a huge punch in the gut

the music never changed but your perception of it did and it changed according to the changes that happened in your life

First happy and mindless to deep and brutal

If you like edgy and dark music it's fine it's music after all but in my opinion in story telling perspective that way of story telling would be way more impactful

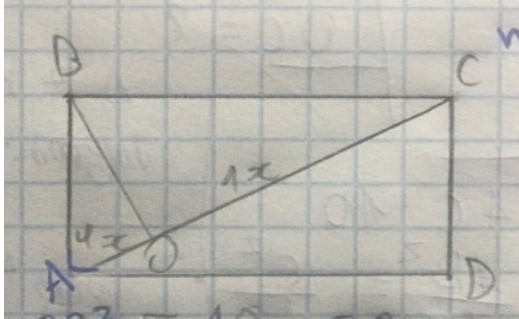
Climbing... I just now thought of turning my text completely white so you'd have to change it back to black in order to see sort of like an Easter egg but if I'm going to have to print these onto actual paper one day I don't think that'll work

Climbing- this is near your journey's end but a start of mine, I'm happy and sad at the same time that I met you here

I know I'm asking for too much but could you create sun glasses with text in between the quotes? It's getting very bright in this white void and I need all help I can get to get to the top " "
grabs it I appreciate that

Climbing

Thinking of a rectangle as a world



When I was doing math this randomly made me think about the universe and how if we lived in the ACD triangle in the rectangle we'd only know of the existence of a letter O and a triangle shaped border

While the world around it would have so much more unique things that we'd never experience

The rectangle represents our universe and the letters outside of the borders are things that we might never see

even if I made a small gap next to letter A by mistake

it's hilarious how coincidentally I talked about us knowing about the existence of the letter O and that it's so close to the gap

That was just what randomly popped into my mind
while doing Math with Grandma

It's May 10th 2022

Looking at the Clouds

When I'm done looking at screens and staying
alone in my room with curtains hiding the outside
world and light sometimes I like to take a second to
look outside at the sky

The patterns of clouds, how the sun shines through
or reflects on them, the different colors of the sky
and clouds all those things make it look beautiful
and new every time

It's like looking at our galaxy in the night sky but
instead of the same thing over and over you see
new views every time which makes them feel
special

I also think to myself no living being will ever see
this pattern of clouds in probably billions of years

because of how specifically they'd need to be shaped in the sky and how they'd also need to stand in one specific place to see them that way

Also it's not only terrifying but amazing to see giant clouds move quickly from very far away

You know in your perspective it's slow but when it's that big and that far you know it's going quickly which is pretty exciting for me

It's probably because I don't spend much time outside looking at the sky and unlike a screen which has limits of how detailed things can be my eyes looking at them just makes it seem so much more special than what you could see on a screen

It's very obvious I know but still

It shows how much better it is to see it with your own eyes than on a screen because you don't feel as much depth on a screen just like how couple months back when I looked at my art of boom box I've only remembered it through a screen so looking at it again irl made it feel weirdly better for me to see to the point that it formed a smile on my face when I saw it

I'm scared

I'm terrified at the thought that I won't be able to continue the short story ideas, that my mental state will completely alter and die out to the point that everything I loved doing would turn into a chore

There are many things I say over and over and over because I'm not sure if I've said it or not like how I used to think about things, how I always thought of the worst outcome even if it wasn't true that it would happen I knew something outrageous would happen just because the world would get a laugh out of it

It's so scary to die before you do, your true self becoming a corpse and your body being left as a husk of what it used to be

I'm terrified of the thought that one day I might actually need to kill myself and force myself to do it when I started actually caring about my life

When I was suicidal I hated my life and that's what kept me going and motivated me to get closer to the edge

But now... I...

I'm scared of never having time to do these things

Having so many responsibilities that I won't be able to write these, come up with any story nor do any animation project

I feel like the age of 18 is a deadline because that's the year you're told to take a gun bash your childhood with it and shoot it until it stops moving

Then you're forced to rip out its organs and digest it as nothing but a memory a memory that'll never be lived again a memory which only makes things worse when you're going through hell

Because if you don't know the existence of heaven even hell could be a normal to you

I only started talking about this after watching Jacksepticeye play "The Beginner's Guide" I guess this game is really a way for me to start thinking about things and tell it to... a void...

I'm like the game designer aren't I... I'm going to isolate myself by writing these things to the point that I won't be able to come up with anything meaningful anymore

I think I'm already in that stage I think I'm just repeating whatever I've already told you

I'm terrified nobody reads this but I already said that and I'm afraid people will forget me but a memory of a person is just a husk of what that person was

Which is why I was sad to see my grandpa go he was left as nothing but a memory but so many decades of experience and memory was inside his mind that I never actually got to see... well other than a single word to a question of what he was afraid of

I am sorry if I'm repeating myself to the point of pointlessness

I'm... sorry

It's like I'm not going through anything meaningful anymore which is why I go back to what happened before

Or I am going through something right now but don't even realize it

The whole point of the game was that the creator never showed his work to other people but even if I'm trying to do that I believe nobody will see it anyway

which is why I'm isolating myself again and if the creator ended up making games that made you intentionally feel bad and then stopped... I'm terrified that that will be my future

I'll die on the street with no job starving not being able to sing my final notes to you

I don't know if I should force myself to do my hobbies or writing about things before my death but I think I'll turn it meaningless if I make it my work instead of something I enjoy

But if I don't work and just wait for motivation I'll never get anything done and might even get worse at doing those things because I didn't get enough practice

Again I don't know if I already said that hell it might not even matter because to other people everything I write might be meaningless, that it'll

feel like a chore that they're forced to do even if they read it

It's as if all of the mumbling I'm doing is only meaningful to me and everything I write will be meaningless to everyone else even if there will be anyone who's curious enough to read it

I wish I could read the stories of others, it would bring me joy to read about other people's struggles, ideas and beliefs

But even then I won't understand them enough, even then I'll still be losing time that I could've used to do something else

I'm only 16 I have a whole life ahead of me but that's only when you think you'll be able to live longer than 2 years

I'm not creative I'm not smart and I don't remember a single thing that people are trying to teach me in school so... what do you think I can give to the world that will allow me to get a job and live in the future

Even if I do I'll still never have as much time to work on these than as a child until I retire but by the time I retire my mental state will either be

changed to the point that I'll be a different person or not changed but only degraded

The only reason we live is because we give ourselves an illusion that there is a reason for living

I'll be honest I didn't even remember why I was writing short story ideas

If I just wanted other people to know about me after my death or just because I was really that scared of death so at least writing about my life could be a desperate way for me to live on somehow

Even if I already know text isn't as good as a full fledged memory

The only reason I'm breathing right now is because I was too scared when I was suicidal and I'm even more scared of death now even if in reality nothing has changed

To me there's still no good reason of living the only thing in my mind is " I have to do this work, this is my responsibility " as if I'm trying to ignore that even the work that I do might be meaningless and that all of what I'm working on will still be hidden away and die along with the planet or along with

the language that it was written in or it might have already died because I wasn't descriptive enough back then to explain my thoughts about something and now it's gone

I'm stressing out right now, my head hurts and it's 6:26AM right now

I woke up at 4am and... SEE? I wrote down what time it is but do you think that I think that you think that you care about this at all? No

I'm just trying to write down insignificant information just because I'm so afraid I think of any information about myself incredibly voluble

As I wrote that my heart felt terrible and when I say my heart I literally mean my heart started feeling bad

I think this is how my heart felt constantly back then but now that my memory of my past got foggy I can never tell

This is why I also lost my ability to feel Nostalgia towards anything, even if I remember them my mind still lost its ability to know the actual amount of time it's been since then

If you are here with me if you are reading this right now please write about yourself, please show it to other people by making it public if you're comfortable with it

There's still time for you to do this because who knows when the "golden age" of our lives might degrade we should do everything with that stage of our lives to leave ourselves behind

Even if you just want your family to get to know you better after your end and nobody else even that is okay

I remember recommending this to someone else and they said "I'd like to but I'm too lazy" you can't let your laziness let yourself be forgotten

But if you're not lazy then... what am I talking about

I'm actually lazy, I physically can't force myself to learn lessons and even if I do I can't physically remember all the things that others easily do

It's not because I have any mental disabilities it's only because I'm lazy

Now it's 6:55am

Never mind now it's 7:01

I'm thinking to myself you won't actually be sad to be finished with reading about me because it might be more like a chore than anything you enjoy

Even if I try to make it interesting it might have no effect to anybody

It's like screaming on top of my lungs in a tube which can permanently echo my voice, people might hear me talking from the other side but they can't talk back to me because by the time they hear it I'll be a starved corpse

My head feels heavy, I'm hearing something in my head it's 7:05 and I feel exhausted

My little animation project

This is a speech that I'm supposed to make to the audience in school for my project

This is the animation I'll be talking about:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fHk5IJWOk9E>

Now that all of that is out of the way let's begin:

1. To make the animation that you saw I didn't seek out information FOR the project I was using what I've already learnt with my experience in drawing and the experience I've attained during it

I was already interested in writing short stories and drawing even before this project so it wasn't exactly something new

But that wasn't enough to motivate me to make a full-fledged animation that I'd put that much effort into, however I got motivated to do it after watching an animation video on Youtube about something very personal to me

My belief that death was a permanent end instead of a stepping stone for another stage of life led me to like that animated video and got an idea to recreate it but with my characters, so the lines you hear in my animation are the voice lines which I got from that other animation

I'll explain it briefly... fine I'll be honest this will take a significant part of this but the first character we've seen in the video was the style of art that I developed back in 2019, and references to the orange stickman such as the tombstone in the far back, the painting in the bus, and the Slenderman statue in the front of the bus are references to my second ever animated character who was animated back in 2018, the Orange stickman originated from a video called "Stickman vs Minecraft" which was made by "Alan Becker" back in 2015 so after making animations with that character I tried to come up with my character which leads to the creation of my second ever style

Sorry for taking so much time but I just wanted to show why these characters mean so much to me and their back stories, also since I know that I'll die one day I feel more comfortable knowing that I at least mentioned the stories behind these characters to people

2. Anyway for this project I had to make sure to do a couple of things to make the "animation" (it's more of a sketch really) make it work

1) the first rule of my was to redraw the art over and over and over again until it was drawn well enough even though I still made mistakes which is why I should've re-watched the video to spot any mistakes such as appearing and disappearing lines or the characters not being drawn fully (that's something I learnt AFTER the animation)

2) for number two adding more symbolisms and Easter eggs like when the new style screams angrily the rain behind him is bigger and rougher but when he calms down after old-style hugs him the rain gets thinner as in calmer/less extreme

Spoiler warning I'm going to explain every detail of this animation from now on because I know people won't put enough thought into them

how plants next to the tombstones and how broken they were physically translated their age, since Orange stickman was one of THE first animated characters his gravestone is so old it even needed wood planks as support so that it wouldn't fall over, also the plant next to it grew so much it grew up to be a tree which made a crack on the tombstone

Or how there's a dragon ball on old style's grave symbolizing that he was not only a fan of dragon ball but his hair design was even intended to show that, I tried to make his hair look like a mix of hairstyles from the show but one of them already had such hairstyle at one point of the show...

Or how the street light represented the lives of the styles and how if the light turned off they died (I got that idea from a video game called "Beginner's Guide" since street lights had a meaning for the developer in his games and added it throughout his work)

Or how the end of the “new” style’s life leads to the video's ending, showing how it feels to be dead aka nothing at all, which we can only experience the beginning and end of by sleeping but death is a permanent version of that

Or how the bus is the oldest thing in this animation since it’s at least as old as the Orange Stickman but also how death is as old as life itself

Or how the Orange stickman’s grave has his Slender man tie on his grave

Or how when they were hugging the scene shows the new style closer to the camera compared to the old style showing that he feels more empty inside because he’s going to experience death firsthand even if he tried to stay calm and positive even before his death (which new style also tried to do by smiling for the last time of his life before being engulfed in darkness)

Or hell even the “Bus stop” sign behind “new style” aged up and broke down with holes made by the past nails that were pinning the corners of the sign after we see him in the flash-forward scene with the newest style

I just really wanted to mention all of those because people might mistake them for something else or never put as much thought into them... what was I talking about again? Oh right what I did to complete it

3) redraw the final art again but in a slightly different way so in animation it’ll look more lively and less boring

because watching the same frame for a long time isn't exactly interesting but watching two of the same art looping gives it a sense of style that I really wanted to add to my animation

4) add as much substance to it and add a message

For this one, it wasn't anything creative it was about how the end of someone's life is a permanent death of their mind aka the thing that keeps all of their personality and memories and beliefs

But also that such thing could be considered for art styles because when people significantly change their art style they rarely go back to doing what they used to do the exact way they used to do it so you could say even Art Style has a life cycle

Me and my mom's conversation about my hate towards my classmates

On Viber she said: saba you sent some messages but they're now deleted

I said: I deleted them because it would sound like whining about my emotional state, I was just blinded by anger towards my class mates

I'll just sent it again if you're interested

My classmates are screaming and talking around me, they're playing games in a lesson and speaking like street kids

They're using stupid words and harassing each other

One of those meat heads was so stupid he literally spoke out loud "what should I do in this exercise" to another class mate in a writing test

And the teacher didn't say anything about it

That's when I realized that he doesn't know that $5,5/10$ is $0,55$ and that F in physics $=mg$

I am writing this as he is making duck noises next to me and they're all laughing

He even got off his seat just to do whatever he wants like turning off a website that they were using and then congratulates himself for it

In physics when he heard someone made a mistake he literally just asked the teacher what mistake it was while giggling and when the teacher asked "why" he outright said to her face "to make fun of him" this is just another level of annoyance and I can't put up with it

And now he's asking to leave earlier even after the teacher let them play Kahoot OF THEIR CHOICE which every teacher knows makes them act like under grown monkeys just by hearing that they're going to play it

It's all messing with my nerves

I think I should skip just one more day if you allow me

I'm just emotionally exhausted at this point

I sent it back when I was in school but there was no internet there

Then we just made some things clear how I sent it to her today and then she told me that we should talk about it

After the conversation THIS happened

(more swearing ahead... sorry I can't control him... well I can but I'll be making a point)

Today May 16 2022
The hate of my classmates continue

I had emotions burst out of me out of nowhere

When mom told me that what stupid irresponsible retarded and outright cruel things that my classmates do is not my business

When I left that room I started laughing loudly while crying

To the point that when I reached my room and got in my little sister got in asking if I was okay

I don't know but throughout my conversation with her I started laughing random times a little or a little loudly

When we finished I forced out all of my sound laughing as tears came out of my eyes, my head hurt and I felt rage towards how even she doesn't care

She outright told me "they're just kids they'll grow out of it" as if people 3-2 years away from being ADULTS are going to have much time to change

I hate them because NOBODY TRIES to explain to them exactly what they're doing wrong and I know even if they did they're so stupid they'll completely ignore all of it

Which is why I started thinking if I can't hint them towards making them think "did I do something wrong" by telling the teachers about the wrong they're doing I'll instead bash their head open if they fucking dare to

I don't even care if they die, I don't care if they'll live as long as the rest will know as long as I'm their classmate they're dead

Which as my mom told me will be forever because even after you end school life they'll still be your old classmates

She thinks I should have a relationship with my classmates and I couldn't disagree more

I'd rather saw their face off and send it to their parents as a present with a note "you did this" instead of having anything to do with a: racist, jerk, alcohol addict, annoying, ignorant, selfish, idiotic, disgusting smug bastards

All of those words that I described them by weren't just chosen for effect I literally mean that they have those traits, not all but still

(I... feel way more surprised when I see myself swear in these, it's as if actor reveals how mad he can get by going over the edge, I can't blame him though I still think of those things when I see them, it's never like "I hope they stopped doing that" it's more like "oh great those flesh bags again... except for you and you aaand prooobably? Okay I don't know you enough so I'll keep you in neutral")

More spelling reminders

plan for the three upcoming years (2020 - 2023):
study at university

a In the next three upcoming years I will be studying at university.

b By the end of next year I will have been studying for a year.

c By the end of 2023 I will have studied for three years.

(at first I thought that I was actively thinking about university but apparently it was me reminding myself how to spell

I think I did write this in 2020 in which case I want to say happy birthday to him twice but I know he won't hear me so... oh well

if future me wants to say happy birthday to my past selves and then finds this just remember that I'll always be thankful that you cared enough to do it)

I don't wish to be famous

I don't want to be famous because it has a lot of drawbacks like meeting the expectations of other people or trying to do something that made me popular better than before

(even if I should still definitely strive to get better at things)

So I don't want to be a star but I want to be like a literal star, when people look up into the sky at night and see a star they aren't looking at it as it currently is but instead how it used to be like thousands of years ago depending on how far they are

the only thing they know about that star without telescopes is that they're there by the small flickers of light they make in the sky

Some stars aren't so lucky however because they're too dim to see, to those stars I want to take a minute of silence to mourn that their light haven't been discovered before their untimely end

I want to leave notes that people will actually read after my lifetime and I wish to be an inspiration for other people to start writing about themselves before THEIR annihilation

Leading to their families getting a chance to know them instead of mourn for the rest of their lives that they never got to know them before they got fed to nature

At least to people who actually think deeply about these kinds of things and are afraid of the inevitability of death

Actually I care about that so much every time I archive something of mine I think of what someone's reaction to it would be like if they were motivated enough to remember and find every single scrap of it like: oh so THAT'S how Boombox (The character) looks like, oh I remember he said that before he probably forgot that he did, how many times will he forget about his own beliefs and remember them later

And stuff like that

Again I don't think I should pursue fame just because I think I won't leave enough of a mark on the world

a small community being together because of something

I did would be enough to be a pleasure of mine even though I think it'll be highly unlikely for me to be able to do that

Let's zoom out outside our universe by the space ship of hypotheses

If we couldn't see stars in the night sky the only things we could naturally think of happening outside of our solar system would be that there would be infinite stars like the sun and other planets and that's it

we wouldn't have guessed that all of those stars would form a galaxy shaped disk with the most light coming from the centre

That's why I think there aren't JUST many universes out there but also something bigger that the universes are a part of

The universes might be a wave making a gravitational reaction with one another like particles when the object they're a part of gets hotter

or there could just be a ball of universes but there were so many small universes so close to one another that they all condensed and made our universe which might be a loop of our universe being born by smaller universes and our universe

condensing with other universes to give birth to a bigger universe

or all those universes are nonexistent and our universe is the only one remaining and its death would lead to a new era of existence

Like how there's an estimation that era of black holes will start after all stars die out but in this case the universes are stars and a black hole is something we'll have to discover

Who knows

If we're going to hit a wall that we can't cross which might stop our advancement in understanding reality or die soon or just don't have good enough technology to make those discoveries yet hypotheses and theories will be the only way we'll be able to understand it

I just like making up ideas of something nobody knows about, I know they're most likely wrong but if a 1000 monkeys can type Shakespeare then maybe thousands of years of theory crafting will lead us to finding the truth without knowing that it was the truth in the first place

Again I'm sorry if I said something multiple times, if you don't remember I guess we're on the same page but if you do remember that it's not intentional and if I didn't even do that I'd still rather mention it instead of ignore it

School Conference

There's going to be a school conference in a few days... okay I'll start from the beginning

a month ago (before I looked at the age of the Youtube video I thought it was couple of weeks ago... yikes) I mentioned to my English teacher that I was trying to finish an animation because the only person I remember mentioning it to was my mom

the teacher unexpectedly was actually interested and offered me to show the class once I've finished it and maybe even attending a conference to show my project to other people

I unlike back in 2016 (when I took acting classes and even acted in a stage outside of our school) I had stage fright but I decided to do it

A day or two later I showed it to them after I uploaded It on Youtube and they actually liked it

even if I still thought and still do that it was not perfect and that I should've taken a slightly more time to fix it instead of the dread of my birthday being a dead line overtake me

One of them actually said a theory that the story was a loop about deaths of styles over time, I don't remember her name which is incredibly offensive but I can't remember the names of some of my class mates and still remember how years ago there were 15 of us which is incredibly outdated up to this point sooo... it's nothing new... sorry (other than to the people who I'd rather not even remember the names of because that's what I do to people who I hate)

So I said yes to the conference couldn't find time to actually memorize the lines that I've written

This past two days I haven't been able to say the lines by heart but was able to say some stuff but in a different way

Today the teacher told me that I also had to make a presentation of it (lucky me... that was sarcastic I can't exactly translate my sound through text)

So here's the "speech" (I don't like calling it that it's too grandiose but I can NOT remember a single word that describes it)

My little animation project

1. To make the animation that you saw I didn't seek out any new information FOR the animation, I was using what I've already learnt with my experience with drawing and the experience that I've attained during the process of making it

I was already interested in writing short stories and drawing way before this project so the idea of making an animation wasn't exactly something new

But that wasn't enough to motivate me to make a full-fledged animation that I'd put that much effort into

That was until I watched an animation video on Youtube about something very personal to me

My belief that death was a permanent end of one's life instead of a stepping stone for another stage of one led me to like that animated video and inspired me to recreate it but with my characters

so the lines you hear in my "animation" are the voice lines which I got from that animation... which itself got the audio from a series that I don't remember the name of

I'll explain it briefly... fine I'll be honest this will take a significant part of this "speech" but the first character we've seen in the video was the style of art that I developed back in 2019, and references to the orange stickman such as the tombstone in the far back, the painting in the bus, and the Slenderman references (his form) by the statue in the front of the bus are references to my second ever animated character who was animated back in 2018 in a channel that now doesn't exist... I can't restore the old videos at all so the first two animations I've ever done are the only animations that are left from my past

The Orange stickman originated from a video called "Stickman vs Minecraft" which was made by "Alan Becker" back in 2015 so after making animations with that character I tried to come up with my character which lead to the creation of my first ever style

Sorry for taking so much time but I just wanted to show why these characters mean so much to me and their back stories, also since I know that I'll die one day I feel more comfortable knowing that I at least mentioned the stories behind these characters to people

Oh and also I created that first style character in a car when me and my family were going to Bakuriani... not the first ANIMATED character I meant by the first style aka the first character we saw on screen in that video

2. Anyway for this project I had to make sure to do a couple of things to make the "animation" (it's more of a sketch really) it work

1) the first thing I had to do was make a rough outline of what the scenes would look like before anything else

The rule that I always follow is to redraw the art over and over and over until it was drawn well enough even though I still made mistakes which is why I should've re-watched the video to spot any mistakes such as appearing and disappearing lines or the characters not being drawn fully (that's something I learnt AFTER the animation was uploaded which is why I regret not re-watching it beforehand)

2) for number two adding more symbolisms and Easter eggs like when the new style screams angrily the rain behind him is bigger and rougher but when he calms down after old-style hugs him the rain gets thinner as in calmer/less extreme

Now I'm going to explain every detail of this animation because I know people won't put enough thought into them

Like how plants next to the tombstones and how broken they were physically translated their age, since Orange stickman was one of THE first animated characters his gravestone is so old it even needed wood planks as support so that it wouldn't fall over, also the plant next to it grew so much It grew up to be a tree which made a crack on the tombstone

Or how there's a dragon ball on old style's grave symbolizing that he was not only a fan of dragon ball but his hair design was even intended to show that, I tried to

make his hair look like a mix of hairstyles from the show but one of them already had such hairstyle at one point of the show...

Or how the street light represented the lives of the styles and how if the light turned off they died (I got that idea from a video game called "Beginner's Guide" since street lights had a meaning for the developer in his games and added it throughout his work)

Or how the end of the "new" style's life leads to the video's ending, showing how it feels to be dead aka nothing at all, which we can only experience the beginning and end of by sleeping but death is a permanent version of that

Or how the bus is the oldest thing in this animation since it's at least as old as the Orange Stickman but also how death is as old as life itself

Or how the Orange stickman's grave has his Slender man tie on his grave

Or how when they were hugging the scene shows the new style closer to the camera compared to the old style showing that he feels more empty inside because he's going to experience death firsthand even if he tried to stay calm and positive even before his death (which new style also tried to do by smiling for the last time of his life before being engulfed in darkness)

Or hell even the "Bus stop" sign behind "new style" aged up and broke down with holes made by the past nails that

were pinning the corners of the sign after we see him in the flash-forward scene with the newest style

I just really wanted to mention all of those because people might mistake them for something else or never put as much thought into them... what was I talking about again? Oh right what I did to complete it

3) redraw the final art again but in a slightly different way so in animation it'll look more lively and less boring because watching the same frame for a long time isn't exactly interesting but watching two of the same art looping gives it a sense of style that I really wanted to add to my animation

4) add as much substance to it and add a message

For this one, it wasn't anything creative it was about how the end of someone's life is a permanent end of their existence as a whole which the voice lines were already saying

But also that such thing could be considered for art styles because when people significantly change their art style they rarely go back to doing what they used to do the exact way they used to do it so you could say even Art Style has a life cycle which would also be influenced by the life of the artist

And here is the outline of what it was supposed to be like

Outline of My Project

1. Define what you had to learn to reach your goal and explain how your personal interests lead to the beginning of your project
 2. Product success criteria (what you did to make the product more successful and complete)
 3. How you planned to balance working on the project while doing other things
 4. Explain how you used your already learnt skills to create the product
 5. Remember how you learnt new skills and put it to use in the process of the product's creation
- (Try to talk to the audience about 4 and 5 as if you're giving them an opinion about your artistic methodology that they could use in their project)
6. Explain how the product influenced your academic life and your personal life

7. Judge the product aka explain what they like/dislike about it

The English teacher have me a reference of how I was supposed to make it so I made that outline

In the end... I have no idea what will happen because if I won't finish memorizing the lines and send the presentation in time I won't be able to participate at all

Either way I'm just too tired to come up with a way to finish this so I'll just let my future self do it

Hello, it's me future Sab, I just thought of how miserably terrible my "speech" might be even if the teacher thought it was okay, could you imagine if someone just stood there and used 90% of his "speech" to talk about the backstories and details of the animation instead of what the hell he did to make the "animation"

I just feel awful because I know nobody will memorize or remember any of those things what's the point of saying them, hell I even left the speech here in the Wayback Machine for ANYBODY to see

So I think the speech is all and all garbage but I can't change it now because 1 it would take TIME and I only have 2 days of break on weekends so I can't just use one day to rewrite it and another day to memorize the new lines

I guess I'll just cut out the parts that aren't necessary AND that I haven't memorized yet

I don't know what your thought about it is since you can't exactly tell me but I think you think the same way

If not it's fine but again I really doubt the "speech" as it is right now can't be spoken to... 15-20 people in the conference

Again unlike back in my acting days I have stage fright
(probably because I started to be more and more introverted)

Here's the newest version as of now but since the last one was just a long explanation of things outside of the project and if you did read it I'll just give you a coffee break or... whatever break you want to have

You don't need to push yourself to read my presentations it's okay to have a break

The newest version as of today

My little animation project

1. To make the animation that you just saw I didn't seek out any new information FOR the animation, I was using what I've already learned with my experience with drawing and the experience that I've attained during the process of making it

I was already interested in drawing and writing short stories WAAY before this project so the concept of me making a full animation wasn't exactly something new

But that wasn't enough to motivate me to make a full-fledged animation that I'd put that much effort into

That was until I watched an animation video on Youtube about something very personal to me

My belief that death was a permanent end of one's life instead of a stepping stone for another stage of one lead me to like that animated video and inspired me to recreate it but with my characters and my spin on the topic

So the lines you hear in my "animation" are the voice lines that I got from that animation... which itself got the audio from a series that I don't remember the name of

I'll explain it briefly... fine I'll be honest this will take a significant part of this "speech" but the first character we've seen in the video was the style of art that I developed back in 2019, and references to the orange stickman such as the tombstone in the far back, the painting in the bus, and the Slenderman references (which is his other form) by the statue in the front of the bus and his tie on his grave are references to my second ever animated character who was animated back in 2018 in a channel that doesn't exist anymore... I can't restore the old videos at all so the first two animations I've ever made are the only animations that are left from my past

The Orange stickman originated from a video called "Animation vs Minecraft" which is an ongoing series made by "Alan Becker", the first video I've seen and got inspired from was made back in 2015 so after making animations with that character in 2018 I tried to come up with my character because I didn't think it was creative using someone else's character which lead to the creation of my first ever style

(Note that the Orange Stick man in the animation vs minecraft series didn't transform into Slenderman, that was just what I came up with for my second animation)

Sorry for taking so much time but I just wanted to show why these characters mean so much to me and their backstories, also since I know that I'll die one day I'll feel more comfortable knowing that I at least mentioned the

stories behind these characters to people even if they most likely already have forgotten it

Oh and also my first style character was made when me and my family were driving to Bakuriani

2. Anyway for this project I had to make sure to do a couple of things to make the "animation" (it's more of a sketch really)... make the sketch work

1) the first thing I had to do was make a rough outline of what the scenes would look like, after coming up with the story of course

The rule that I always follow is to redraw the art over and over and over until it was drawn well enough even though I still made mistakes which is why I should've re-watched the video to spot any mistakes such as appearing and disappearing lines or the characters not being drawn fully (that's something I learned AFTER the animation was uploaded which is why I regret not re-watching it beforehand)

2) for number two adding more symbolisms and Easter eggs like when the new style screams angrily while hugging old style tightly the rain behind him is bigger and rougher... or I guess it's just bigger, but when he calms down after the old-style hugs him back the rain gets thinner as in calmer/less extreme

3) then redraw the final art again but in a slightly different way so in animation it'll look more lively and less boring because watching the same frame for a long time

isn't exactly interesting but watching two of the same art looping gives it a sense of style that I really wanted to add to my animation

4) add as much substance throughout the process of making it and add a message

For this one, it wasn't anything creative it was about how the end of someone's life is a permanent end of their existence which the voice lines were already saying

But also that such thing could be considered for art styles because when people significantly change their art style they rarely stop to salute and say goodbye to their past style so you could say even Art Style has a life cycle which would also be influenced by the life of the artist

5. I think the project could be greatly improved if I went back and fixed the glaring and distracting issues (at least glaring and distracting for me) like the rain not moving when the character was, a character not being fully drawn, a character not being drawn well enough, appearing and disappearing lines, the stylistic loop of frames not happening for some things, the loop not working as consistently, substance not being consistent, the character designs slightly changing, some parts in the animation not looking as crisp AND? the animation NOT HAVING ACTUAL ANIMATION AT ALL... these are the problems I see within the project

But at least it taught me that even if a deadline might give you the push and motivation to finish your work even then it doesn't guarantee that your work will be

good and the problems you'll see in something that you poured your life into might lead to you remembering to fix those problems for other projects you might make in the future

I know striving to make something perfect isn't something I should do but if I know the many problems that it has then I'll have to fix them but also make sure to not overwork yourself to the point of pointlessness

Which is why I'm going to take it slow and slowly fix the problems I saw within the animation from ground up

It's not perfect and it has many flaws

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to show this to you

Sincerely: Austin... oh wait wrong channel

Sincerely: Saba

I didn't think you were interested enough to read my presentation but I guess I can kind of believe it, it's my first presentation about my own animation

I just really want to make animations with a lot of substance and deeper meaning something that people wouldn't expect from an unpopular channel... even though that's a part of the problem, people wouldn't put thought into them as much as I do

Which is probably why I didn't finish a Flipa Clip commercial project for my school, it didn't have meaning at all nor a meaningful dead line for me to care to finish it in time, like if I told myself " next day is the deadline " it wouldn't be as meaningful and motivating as "I'll permanently become 16 years old tomorrow I better freak the hell out"

I do think I'm not being explicate enough for people to realize those symbolisms that I had to cut out for the latest version (because honestly it was just too much and I already have it saved here so if anybody would be curious they could read that version

I can't exactly predict what you could be doing, you might be engaged, you might be forced to read this, you might feel bad for something that happened in the future which leads you to reading this but I just want to say... thank you

How many ever people will read this or even if there's only one person reading this probably decades after my death to cure their boredom isolated somewhere I'm thankful you've gone this far

I can't physically give you a medal of appreciation but I can try

... nope, I am still letters on a screen

I can create myself a body though

(o hi there, If you couldn't guess I'm sitting on a ledge
while waving my arm

IL
| () |
| |

Oh you're wondering which animation the presentation was even about? I completely forgot to show that (or you already realized which animation I was talking about I don't really know it might even be gone by the time you're reading this, or maybe you haven't even seen it on my channel but somewhere else like my saved videos and art on the Wayback Machine... which would mean you would've needed to rummage through a bunch of other videos to get there)

Here's the Link to it... if Links are even a thing in the future:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fHk5IJWOk9E&t=12s>

if I ever print these on paper I feel sorry for anyone who'll have to rewrite it letter by letter (if the blue color even appears on the black and white paper

At May 26th 10:30AM is the conference

It's May 24th right now and the English teacher JUST told us that the conference is at that time

Also recommended if our parents want to attend to watch as well

Random questions that I got up the top of my head

(aka Random Thoughts)
(that aka part saves me a hella of a lot of time)

(.-<-<-.) kcab teg I nehwxet dna ezis lamron ot kcab teg ll'I
yllufepoh

esrever ni gnikaeps m'I won tfel ecaf latrop siht edam evah
t'ndluohs I ...em tsap cim ruoy s'ereh yako ,YLLANIF (.-<-<-.)

1. I've seen people making jokes about how people lack
so many brain cells they don't even know how to breathe

Which made me question... how many brain cells in terms of percentage could parts of a brain lose which control human organs function for them to function barely and the human to stay alive but only barely... is it a weird question or a messed up question it sounds like I'm interested in it because of my intent on using it to torture people

here's my tip: never do experiments on humans unless they did something so horrible that they deserve it AND whatever they did IS proven to be a fact

2. if we have a limit to how many things we can taste can we change our dna to extend the parts of our body which allows us to taste things to be able to taste more tastes and what could we taste or what changes would there be to tastes we could already experience would we taste the tastes we used to taste less because of our ability to taste more than what we used to be able to?

3. If there was a planet the size of the biggest star in the universe but had Earth's gravity

What rules of physics would be needed to break for that to happen

And then for its surface to be so strong that if you placed the entire Earth on top of it

What would happen then would Earth crumble by its own weight?

4. Questions of life form limitations

Are there chemicals that are better than human stomach acid and could humans develop stronger stomachs to keep that chemical inside to make digesting easier

How many layers could bones have before they became more dangerous by being too heavy than helpful and durable

Hell could there be a time of day when humans would have knife proof skin with bullet resistant flesh underneath

Could humans be naturally born with armor like insects and how would their bodies need to function and move as a consequence if they had it

What would it look like if your brain could combine the sight of an eye behind your head and an eye in front of it and what would it look like if you went cross eyed if you had such eyes

Could any insect or animal be capable of condensing their body and making themselves smaller to extreme levels while still living normally and if so what's the limit

I know none of those will be answered to me I just wanted to ask to allow others to think about it and maybe even answer it but I doubt that

5. When a drop of water is formed in the clouds how far does it go

I mean when a drop of water is created in the clouds how much distance could that drop of water end up in proportion to where it started its journey

How big is the difference between it falling in a windy day to a normal day

Does temperature change its speed and its angle

Does humidity change the way it moves

If the air was as dense as water how would the rain drops move if clouds will even exist in such atmosphere

Have people questioned this? and what were their names

6. what if Planets actually breathed

I watched a video about a story where a planet can actually breathe

even if it's not my question and my idea I still wanted to ask about the reality of such thing

like wouldn't that just be like a human being capable of making an atmosphere and breathing off of moss growing on their own body that sucks out the limited water they have inside their own body? Wouldn't that just be twisted? Would they feel pain? Would they need a brain for such organs to function? How big would the brain be? How much air and energy would that brain have to take to function, where would that brain be kept because the centre would be hot as hell, if the planet breathed in radiation from nuclear bombs would that give it mutations? If not how many bombs would it take for that to happen? Would it have like... its own "cells" protecting itself from life that is trying to poison the planet like a virus?

also if planets regulate their core temperature by using tectonic plates could humans ever make technology that could do the same or would our size be too small for it to actually be an effective heat source

and the most important question is... how much air would earth be missing to be capable of living like an organic creature, how many plants would it take or how much mass of earth would need to have for all of this to work because the atmosphere is made from the earth's mass so if earth made a bigger atmosphere for those extra plants how much mass would it be losing then

7. How to hypothetically fix the air and gravity problem on mars

I thought if water can make pressures deeper you go and if space stations have air generators using water what if people could bring enough water to mars to make a big tube of water which would make pressures and suits capable of using the water to breathe

the problem I can think of now is that... well... water is limited and not only that but it's really heavy so I can't think of a realistic way of how people could fly gallons of water to mars to make such a thing

8. It's kind of sad to see a snowman melt away after it starts to heat up as if they died never to be seen again

but has there ever been a person who made a snowman and didn't want to see it go so much that they refredurated it for decades

probably going as far as making big batteries for the fridge in case there's a power outage

has there ever been a story about such thing, a lifeless material being kept alive desperately by a person who's been doing it for so long that they even forgot what that lifeless thing meant to them but still continuing the legacy of their past selves until realizing it wasn't actually that serious and that their past self just wanted to keep it alive for a little longer

but them still not letting go of it and making up excuses like how it's their legacy and how it reminds them of their past life even if they don't even see that object that much at all until they try to fix or check on the machine keeping it safe

could there be a messed up version of the story where an old man is keeping his 50 year old wife's corpse frozen in desperation and adness realizing that the ice killed all of her cells and that freezing her that way couldn't bring her back so when they'd realize that they should march forward with the limited time they have instead of making their life goal to keep intact something that already died he decided to pay tribute to it by making both his and her graves both made of freezers

9. how many bubbles does it take to lift a person

could an average sized and weighed human who was stuck in the middle of a water tank be lifted all the way up by the bauyancy of air bubbles moving up under them alone

would it be better to use more smaller bubbles or smaller amounts of bigger bubbles to lift them

would it be better to use hot air or cold air or could we replace air with something that would have more bauyancy like hydrogen, actually hydrogen is flammable but I don't know if that's the case under water

actually if all of that fails in lifting a person by how much

would we need to expand the surface area of that person for it to work so that all of the air would pile up on more space

actually if we had one giant air bubble moving up to a person would they be lifted by the water that the air bubble would be moving away, would the body flow next to the air bubble or penetrate through it, speed up its decent inside of the air bubble and then splash under water braking the giant air bubble down to smaller balls of air

I probably didn't describe it normally making all of this sound boring and nonsencical but this is the best way I can describe it now

hopefully I'll fix it at some point

You're still here? I don't have anything extra to ask but... well I guess for you to come all the way down to this page you would've wanted to read more about not only random things... sorry UNPREDICTABLE things like my thoughts but also what I have to say to you

I was wondering if I should talk to you directly more or if the rarity of me doing this makes it more interesting and engaging because of it being rare making it more special

or maybe I'm overthinking this and it won't make that big of a difference

or maybe I said that part because I wanted to make it seem like I'm going to stop overthinking things, actually I

think we all should be overthinking things to get more questions answered

like let's say in a story if something doesn't make sense we can't just ignore all of it for the sake of the story we should try to fix those kinds of parts of the story in order to fix it over and over, it won't happen in a single day because if story telling taught me anything at first you'll think your story is the best you've made and then couple of days later you'll see plot holes all around it

It's kind of like science, coming up with better calculations to explain how the world works

I'm happy I added that part in, now that my past self is back by the help of Bad End Theatre it actually feels like my old writings, a surprise that people wouldn't expect coming from another question, it's as if my core was here all along my feelings just didn't think it was

10. Infinity

1) Infinity plus 5

I thought of a scenario in physics class which can (technically) allow you to add number 5 TO infinity

Let's imagine an infinite yellow line but also we have a line next to that infinite line which is 5cms long

if we color that 5cm line red, cut open that infinite line in half and slot the 5cm line in the yellow line and put the lines together with the red like we technically changed nothing about the infinity of the line but still added 5 cm to the line

I know this is all technical and how if we colored the line yellow it would make no difference because you can't put those lines together like Lego pieces if I went through so much effort to differentiate the two lines

But imagine this scenario

If you spawned in a random place in that yellow line and moved... let's say half the speed of light because if you moved at the speed of light you know you wouldn't feel time at all

You'd have HALF a chance to find that tiny dot of red in your entire immortalized existence if you focused and never blinked and never stopped and had increased your ability to detect things to that level

You'd still take either an infinite amount of your life trying to look for something that you would never see or in a time that astronomical amount of universes were born and died in the exact same

place down to the exact same alignment and movement and rules of physics as our own

You'd only still see that red line in a blip and that's it

All of that time all of that focus all of that patience

For a speck of your life to see red line... that's how special that line would be

So even meaningless numbers like 5 compared to infinity can become one of the most important things to see in someone's life because their life would be only a white void and a yellow line

And all of that for half a chance to find it

I just wanted to speak my mind about how absurd it would actually feel if we did combine a number to infinity and lived in the universe of math where we could see it for ourselves

11. True touch

If we don't touch anything to an atomic level... is it truly touching by us being able to interact with the push back or is it fake touching therefore touching even in an atomic level is true touching

What would the world look like where we could truly touch

Would a wrong move make us phase through things? Like the shapes of the atoms that are touching aligning in such a way that one goes through the other

Like papers put on top of one another an infinite floor of paper, if you took one paper and put it underneath the paper it was on top of then that paper could go through another and if that happened with every paper on top of the papers underneath your arm would phase through something

12. Truly Unfinished story

What if I made a story about things being left unfinished, abandoned

A story where characters talk through time, like the date of when they're uploaded using a 90s house phone

The first video in December 1st talking to himself in December 6th

Looking for items that'll allow him to bury his Grandfather with everything his Grandpa has made all collected put into his old box and placing it in his arms before burying the coffin

Speaking to his future self and his past self when he becomes his future self until December 27th

He wouldn't hear anything then, he'd think to himself if he died, or if he slept, or if he lost his tongue or did he lose himself not wanting to talk to anybody

Trying to contact to every date after 27 ending up useless

But in December 26th he'd go along with his life as usual until hearing a very loud church bell noise with sirens along with it

The cyan colored sky turning red and then pitch black, the buildings, starting to get buried into the ground, ones that the viewer hasn't seen in the series but the places they have seen changing form

The people trying to run out of their homes but getting their limbs stuck between their homes and the outside world being crushed and torn to pieces before being buried themselves like quicksand

People the viewers would know still existing before the face in the sky appearing breathing them into its mouth

Him then running away towards his home, trying to take the box where everything he worked for to find was still in

Without a shovel from his home that got buried itself using his bare hands to finish his goal

but before that could happen being lifted up into the sky by a giant mouth, its teeth dimly lighting up what's left in the world, sirens being heard as he tries to push the coffin out of the mouth of the monster to at least keep it in the world but the mouth closing ending in the dark, **only a memory of what there used to be**, no more continuation

13. Food to power

What's the most amount of light one food can generate by becoming a battery?

Could you make Defibrillators with them in the middle ages and the output being decided by which food it would be powered by

Could you power a suit of armor from food alone that could zap your enemy if you slapped them across the face by wearing something that can't let electricity pass under your metal armor

Or is there just a way easier solution that doesn't need food or heat containing matters that have almost no color

Could you turn the sucking of water from a tree into power?

Could you use specially made floor tiles allowing people to walk in their homes while generating power allowing them to charge one big battery and use that instead when they run out of power

Hell could you absorb the electricity of the brain to forget things but also cook your potatoes from those lost memories in the meantime?

Can human body heat be trapped by a specially made suit to then be able to use that heat from something attached to the suit to be able to cook potatoes?

Could someone make an entire park where the work of people in there like exercising with bicycles

or running on treadmills or pushing weight around could generate energy that they could use to either charge batteries, their phones computers or deposit that generated power using a battery to use THAT to cook food

And it showing how much energy a fry needs how much a burger needs and stuff like that

And being able to work together with people to generate energy together by plugging those machines into one power taker

It would be like a Rick and Morty car engine episode but in real life

Or like a gymnasium that would show kids the value of work by giving them a small box of fries for running for hours therefore calling more of their friends to try to make as much power as possible

Hell even the restaurant could use some of the power people would generate let's say 30% to power the lights at night

14. Dragon ball Z dnd game Idea

So what if there was a dragon ball game where you had to physically work for it to count instead of a dice

So that everything isn't depended upon luck

So if you wanted to use kaioken you had to choose a heat of water in proportion of the level of kaioken and how long you keep your hands in that hot water will show for how long you'll have that level of kaioken turned on

Then punching a punching bag as fast as you can on the timer of how long you kept your hands in the hot water to see how many hits you would've dealt

The super saiyan form actually being made of anger so in the start of the game people would punch a punching bag to see how far they could move that punching bag

But after getting mad they can do it again and if they beat their previous high score they can turn super saiyan

If they don't act angry while doing it though it'll just give them a rage boost instead of a transformation

The distance of the punching bag could be monitored by putting stuff under it and keeping a

camera at it at all times to then slow the footage down

Because otherwise we'll make them wait too long and their anger will decrease

So people getting stressed and pissed off for failing over and over could get an upper hand by doing it

I got that idea after someone had to roll a dice if he could run with extra weight or not calling it shenanigans

15. What the Heck... let's talk about that

What if Satan decided to make the underworld hot because his heart was so cold that he would die from lack of body temperature

Pretty much trapping himself into hell like every madman and woman sent there

16. technology size thoughts

I've seen a size of a phone if the technology to make it was as big as it used to be in the past

Around the size of a skyscraper

Now I wonder how small could old technology get if we were using our time's technology to run and power it

Would a 70s computer be the size of a coin or the size of a potato

17. Titan Balloons

I haven't seen Attack on Titan BUT if the titans are lighter and more like human balloons than humans up scaled shouldn't that mean it should be easier to kill them?

If their mass is light enough to let them move in normal human proportions at the size that they are that would mean they don't have enough mass to deal enough damage to anything especially buildings

Because Force is Mass times Acceleration

And also their hits would be spread out more than a normal Human punch making it EVEN HARDER to break down buildings

And when their meat is sliced off they turn into gas for whatever reason

If their flesh is as light as that gas they would be floating monster balloons with humans inside of them

Or I guess more accurately giant floating bread balloons

I know people have already thought of this considering Film Theory's Ant Man video and the Attack On Titan series are much older that this random thought but still I'd like to put it out there so that people can slap me in my digital face with the actual facts about the franchise explaining it further about how the giants function

But it better not be that they're popping mass out of nothing

18 Mirrors and lasers

If you shone a laser through a one way mirror would the laser be reflected from the other side or go through it

If it did pass through then would you be able to reflect it back on the mirror by putting another mirror in front of it?

If it could then wouldn't that mean you could basically make a very very long detective laser going on for miles by shining one invisible laser from a mirror and shooting it in the hallway of mirrors

19 I now think about dark

No I didn't misspell it I meant dark ENERGY

If dark energy lets the universe expand and if dark energy is energy within nothingness then... that means there is no dark energy outside pushing the universe in

Why is that

Dark energy is either following the rules of physics in the bubble of the universe allowing it to exist

OR

it was something the universe was born with and multiplied it in the free space it had inside the universe over time making it more like a limited resource than something that would be in all empty space

20 If you could control every cellular interaction in your body

Could you make yourself more powerful at will by pumping your heart faster, using up adrenaline and making yourself angry?

Would your heart get stronger by making it pump faster every day

Hell what if your entire body functioned like a heart and was pulsating in sync with the heart from birth

Would your muscles get insanely strong but have to eat and drink and sleep and be lazier than usual?

If there are different laws of physics affecting atomic bodies unlike the physics in our size what would happen if the rules of physics swapped between those two places

If space is never truly empty because of the small things it has could we find a place that is truly empty by getting smaller and smaller until finding space where there's nothing there? If so if you shrunk a human body to that size without killing it what would it feel like moving in there

Would you be insanely powerful because there would be literally nothing slowing your movement or would it just feel like moving through air but not really feeling it

If humans could live as atomic sized creatures could they use anything in that scale as energy? Like a replacement for food water and air?

If your eyes can only see stuff that can be interacted with by light particles could there be material that can be interacted with light but not be able to absorb or reflect it? Is dark matter one of those types of things?

If you grew your brain to double your body size and generated chemicals in the brain appropriate for its size would you feel more happiness sadness and anger?

if you had eyeballs inside of your eyeballs capable of seeing the reflection inside of your eyeball what would that look like?

If you had eyeballs the size of small insects but so many that it could fit in your socket would you see better or worse

If you were heat proof and had indestructible body what would plasma taste like

What would stars taste like would different colors have different flavor?

If we extracted a core of a star while it's growing would it shrink? If so what consequences would taking away the materials of the core be

Would a star stay the same heat but change its color if we extracted the exact same amount of heat and

materials from it as it used to make itself bigger and hotter or would it stay the same color

Could we make another star from all the taken heat and materials from that star after it loses it's energy and dies? If so how many times could we do it in the best and worst case scenarios like the worst stars to the best stars

21 online vr at its finest

I thought of a game where people have to play multiple pianos for it to sound like one because the finger controls aren't as complex as in real life like how people edited playing the piano in Half Life Alyx

In the warm orange lit bar people singing "we'll meet again don't know where don't know when

Oh nooo oo oh
We'll meet again one sunny daay"

And ending with a piano

I just wonder what it would feel like if you mixed the wholesomeness of "The under presents" and the inability to speak with anything other than gestures with "Half Life Alyx" and made a G mod type of vr game where you could join other people

in a strange world finding out something new about
it every daay

Tan tara tan tara tara
dunnn

But seriously I just really feel like Under Presents
vibe is pretty much impossible to replicate so if a
game could do that it would be insane

22 Light warping

If you defocus on your finger and get it close to your eye you can see light warping the space behind the finger

So I was wondering... what did people think about that in ancient times

Did they think of it as a mystery? Did they not give it enough thought?

Why didn't they wonder why when defocusing on their fingers getting closer why it would look like the fingers were warping towards one another

23 Jumanji ending question

The two main characters went back to being kids

So I have to wonder how much their lives would be changed

Because the dude had incredible experience in surviving in a jungle he was stuck there for probably decades

While the girl grew up and was living a life even knowing how to do taxes

Meaning both would be kids with insane amount of knowledge and experience for the future

So adults would be wondering how they even got all that knowledge and skill

However we don't really see that part of their lives

24 Time Capsule flag

People when making Time Capsules for the future have a great amount of urge to bury those boxes like pirates yet don't really consider one simple question

“Will anyone find it in any time ever?”

And when you're talking about hundreds of years the likely chance of it happening dwindle more and more

Hell I remember people finding a skeleton under a PARKING place

An old part of history that was hiding under people's noses under a parking place I am not joking

So you could fix that problem in two ways

1 hide the box in a place where it could be found by adventurers but not so easily that it would be wide open like maybe behind a wall of an abandoned house... with extra protection around it in case the house breaks down on top of it

or

2 add something on top of the box that'll stretch out for miles

Like let's say wrapping it around with a metal string attaching a flag on it and putting it under ground

If the color of the flag was very different in contrast to the surrounding area people would be more likely to notice it and pull it

And if the string was long enough they could pull the flag out and feel the string stopping at certain threshold

Meaning there might be something stopping it from getting to the top

And for a safety measure adding notes on top of the metal rod in case someone takes it out so that they can read “there’s something under there”

or if you want to be creative you could add multiple notes that sound like lines told by a person like a story so that people will be more curious about how the story will unfold

Like if they ripped half of the string and got half of the notes they’d be missing that half of the story

“What’s down there!”

“I don’t know it... is it moving?”

“Is it alive? Did we find a new creature?”

“I don’t think something alive would be this shape”

“is it a treasure box?”

“I wouldn’t call it that but someone else definitely would”

“Who would?”

“The person who left no true legacy”

I tried adding a question to each one of them until the end so if they ripped any part of it out they'd still have a question in mind

But I now feel bad for that one kid who thought it would be a treasure chest instead of a boring old as hell disk

25 If the world was really a simulation

Do you think illusions are glitches we think of as illusions?

Is the lack of smoothness of movement when being tired just the machine saving up processing power by giving you lower fps? (I know I've mentioned that just hold on)

Are people with blindness or deafness just a way for the machine to save up just a little more processing power?

Is that why sometimes when you move your hand very much it looks like you're ultra instinct goku showing multiple hands of where the hands used to be

Or smear frames without any smears

26 Infinite consequences

If you could see the consequences of your every single choice choosing to buy an apple will be as hard as voting in an election

Because sometimes you'll just have to find a way to vote the best of the worst choices (that's what I've learnt okay? I might be wrong especially if you're not from America)

If you were selfless and kind and had that power you'd probably starve to death because you realize the consequence of just choosing to buy them and the people who benefit from it

Or if you're a psychopath doing as much as possible to ruin civilization under everyone's noses

But again it's a CONSEQUENCE of every CHOICE you're about to make

So you can't predict how to make an immortality machine just by looking into the future

28 Enderman Slenderman

Enderman was a reference to Slenderman when it was first added into the game

I get that

I now just wonder... could they be the same?

Like if a human being could transform into an enderman from a wither sickness like how Dantdm suggested the possibility Petra doing it in Minecraft Story mode

And then to protect themselves from the rain they put on clothes shoes white gloves and a white mask

People of the Minecraft world spreading the made up horror stories of “the Slender Man” scaring their kids so that they won’t go to the deep forests

Could you imagine you seeing slenderman who’s supposed to be a faceless monster smile as the wet mask moves towards the sharp teeth

Or that Slender man teleporting into the sky falling with an outstretched fist and just before hitting you teleporting around you

Going at the same speed as the fall but using that speed to scare you that its about to crush into you and you won’t know from which side

Will it even kill you? Or get joy off of seeing you panic

With a wide twisted smile even the eye sockets being noticeable and even it looking happy

I really have to wonder if someone could make a server for the entire world to join to where there is a limit to the amount of zombies and skeletons can spawn by the limit of the amount of dead bodies there were when loading up the game

Skeletons being zombies after aging and decomposing enough

People being able to turn into ender men from the wither sickness

People who die dying forever

And in enough time the new players joining and old ones leaving leading to new players not being used to fighting monsters would be forced to combat the horde of monsters that have been traveling to them all this time

29 smart life dies

All life that is smarter than us committed suicide because of their ability to understand things we don't

And that's why we're so alone

We need to find creatures dumb enough like us but smart enough like the rest of humanity

Hell for all we know life could destroy itself if it is born with wrong chemicals fused into its brain giving negative feelings

Hell maybe that's why our species are the only alive ones

We literally have written in our dna "you need to survive no matter what

Why? I don't know just try to live okay?! Also make sure to sprout out many spider babies to disappear after being found out"

The self preservation might be rare in life and THAT is why life is so rare

But I can't say for sure considering we haven't gotten anywhere close to any of the planets that might have life in them

But I guess we can't really see that many stars considering even our sun gets too dim for any life to see in the sky meaning we might be less alone than we think but can't see anyone or anything else

So basically

I still have no idea how to answer the question

"Where is everybody?"

Where the ##### IS everybody"

Yep that was a fermi paradox Austin swearing reference from a video about subjautica

I am mentioning this because all of Austin's videos are unlisted now which absolutely sucks but at least we can still watch those videos from playlists

I really hope he does well but... I know how hell life works so I don't want to jinx him neither

Austin if you somehow get enough free time to ever read this

I believe in your ability to push forward

Hell you've come this far right? You can do this!
Game theory? Who even cares about Matpat's
bullshit

Don't let him get to you

I might not know much about him but I've heard
some stuff

And I believe that "gag" of him messing with you
when you two share a scene is passive aggressive
at best or outright showing how he treats you at
worst

Hell even in an episode where a fan just says that
he's a fan of Austin he forces him to stop

And all of that even after you being so public about
your mental health

That Fucking dickhead

Again I don't know anything about Matpat or any of
his misdeeds I still need a better concrete evidence
but from what I have gathered as of now he isn't

the best even after making all of those meaningful or depressing videos I still think there's a bad side to him even if he's still a human being

I personally hate that he made a channel about physical looks when my whole motto is "never judge a book by its cover" at least I hope I still act that way

So yeah

I am not surprised that people want to support Austin so much

Oh right where's goomba

Did Matpat kick him out too or what

(future me here Austin himself talked about it in a video stating that he didn't have bad blood towards Matpat which is nice to hear but I still hate

the consistent jokes that Matpat makes about
hating the most human human to ever human)

Lack of focus

When I do homework I feel like I am still sleeping, even right now as I'm writing this my head feels like it's blank with zero activity, it feels a little bit hurt and heavy

it's as if I automatically write this like a robot

That is a huge problem when I need to do tasks such as learning so... how did this start

Well it's all because I don't get good sleep, I just try to take a nap in the day time before doing homework because of how tired I feel which makes things way worse

In fact before writing this I was laying on my bed with my phone searching for " how to get energized to do your homework " on Youtube

There is no point to this I am... just tired

And yet I'm still going to have an exam on Math and a conference on English so...
yaaaaaaaaaaaaay

False alarm I started focusing very well on my “speech” for the conference, I always get distracted so I did look at Youtube videos in small amounts before getting back to business

Also I was reminding myself the lines before reading them which allowed me to start focusing on it better

Hello, I was just done washing up and before that I was done doing Math

now it's 12:05AM SEE?! I NEEDED TO SLEEP AT 10 AND NOW I'M LATE, also I have to prove to my English teacher that I learnt the lines for the conference which is... concerning

I went to class and I was so stressed I felt my heart pumping harder, I once completely forgot the main lines and paused and they were still nice enough and the teacher explained that I could just come up with new lines if I got stuck

They were still supportive even if I completely forgot the main final lines that I even said I forgot

I practiced the voice lines over and over and yet the stress just blew it out of the park

Now imagine me saying those lines to people who I don't even know

Hell I even changed up the final part of the lines and even if the final lines are better it doesn't mean they're easier to get used to and remember

I don't know your opinion about any of this but if I met my past kid self who used to act in front of crowds naturally I think I'd just let him do the talking

Hell my past self was so good with remembering lines he would remind others about THEIR lines

If only I had the calmness and learning potential that my past self had I could do this

But hey I don't know what will happen next day so... yeah

Also my little sister helped me say the lines to her because I explained that in front of crowds I screw up the most which is good and all but... still I know Ele (her nickname) way more than whoever will be in the conference

Actually she was so supportive she asked mom if she could go there to watch but when she heard that there were going to be more people there showing their projects she decided not to go because... it would be boring to her and leaving after watching my presentation would be very disrespectful to other people who worked on their projects

Which I can agree with... not the boredom part I meant the disrespectful part

Today's the day

Today's the day, I haven't even gotten to school yet and I already feel stressed and out of breath

mom told me that it's time to go so... let's see how it goes

After it was done

Before it started I was still feeling stressed out and was memorizing the lines by saying them out loud in front of mom

later I did calm down a little when mom showed me pictures of when me and my sisters were younger

Then mom and dad talked about their past and realizing how similar they are, the first time they went to school there were different teachers saying the names of their students and bringing them to class but mom and dad both were left there until another teacher showed up and found them alone (mom and dad weren't in the same school or class)

mom stood there crying until she was brought to her class, dad however was just brought to someone else's class, the teacher who found him said "just keep him here" and dad got confused because his class was supposed to have his friends there who he knew he'd be in the class with

We got a kick out of those stories

Mom was all like" what's the probability of us having the exact same experience in our first grades "

When it did start I came to show my animation and then presentation after the first person to show their work

I did not think that it would go so smoothly, I didn't feel as much stress when I was explaining it and my parents even recorded the whole thing

After everyone showed their work and we had to go home there was even one girl who told me that she used to use the same app to animate (that interaction was very awkward so... I don't think we ended the conversation the way she thought it would.

She was taking pictures of the group who made their projects and I could see her doing it in one of the photos that either mom or dad took)

I still didn't like getting much attention because I'd rather get less attention because that way I'll see myself as always incomplete

"I could do it better, this isn't good enough and I don't deserve being called out as different they did a phenomenal job at doing their presentations

Most of them were either trying to change the world into a better place by spreading the word about how to avoid doing negative things

Or making a website on street art and how they learnt to make it

Or just talk about creative topics like how humans get inspiration from nature to develop better technology.

I just made an animation and talked about styles having a life cycle, they did something worthwhile and told us a great message that we could use in our lives.

I don't deserve the phrase I never will they deserve it more"

and also "they deserve more" I shouldn't get the phrase into my head so that I'll do something what truly matters

giving them more of my work that is triggered by my feelings and dedication

A part of my digital history

I decided to talk about the people who were a fan of either my art or Youtube Videos before ever reading this

even if the likely chance is very low of me fading right now I better be careful because dead people can't say sorry

I think there's only one person who's seen my Youtube journey throughout its history, his Youtube name is *Legendary Tronic* and he's been there even back when

my first channel was still up

I met him in Roblox and after chatting for a bit he decided to prolong our friendship by subscribing to my channel

and I did the same

I really doubt that my subscribers will read the descriptions of my videos and instead random people who just happened to watch one of my videos but still I want to leave the link to “short story ideas” to them one day because they’re most likely to see them

because I don’t think that many people will get to know me by finding it in the Wayback Machine

Either way if I left my “short story ideas” link NOW to my latest video almost nobody would see it

Also I’m not ready to show this to them quite yet

I’m trying to leave my story out there for anyone to explore, from one link to another they could find all that I’ve left

There aren’t that many people who go out of their way to explore this much virtually to find out about someone else’s life but yet again I can’t change my death date, if I won’t be able to make content they will not only be left with all of the ideas I had but get to know me in the meantime

If at least ONE person reads through all of what I have to say and saw everything I've made in my life's goal would be ticked off of the bucket list

Even if I might be 6 feet under by then in which case it would be a bucket list for dead... I wonder if there's anybody other than me who has a bucket list of things they want to get when they're dead

I wonder if you're one of those people who just found these years or even decades later

I wonder what the future could be like... probably terrible things are happening who knows

Maybe everyone is dead by then which is a messed up and depressing thought but hey if everyone was actually dead you wouldn't be reading would ya

Actually since I know I can't predict the future I'll just let you write the highs and lows of the current year between the quotes and I'll pretend to find out about them

Good? Great!

“ ”

My brain is blank right now so I don't exactly know how to feel about it

maybe you could write my reaction to it using what you remember about me

Again if you don't like the activities I leave it's totally fine I just had an idea in mind, maybe people could write their own perspective of how I'd react to them and maybe it would be fun reading how everyone else imagines my reaction to it

Or maybe reading is underrated in the future even more than it is today and that's why I'll never be remembered...

Oh god don't tell me there aren't any people reading anymore in the future

that would just be messed up

But am... hey at least there will (probably) be AI that can read for you... right? Don't tell me that everything I wrote is meaningless in the future just because nobody reads anymore instead of the English dictionary changing

at least when the dictionary changes people could unpack what I've said by translating the past English language as it used to be

Oh now that I think about it are you one of those people who might have translated all of this to another language?

In which case I'm sorry for all of the things that might not make sense to you because of the mistranslation

Or in General I'm sorry about that too

Elene

Elene (she's my little sister don't mind us) if you're reading this I'm surprised you actually are

I most likely killed myself and left you a note to read this in which case... I'm sorry for your loss, I don't know what future me might have suffered through to get to the point of killing himself but either way at the very least you can get to know your younger version of your brother

Anyway I just wanted to mention how I'm sorry if I couldn't live up to what your expectations were, I can't be joyful when you get a 10 on a math test or when you show me your art because... well... the only thing I can think about when you say that or show me that is how much of a failure I am

I know even if I'll live a whole life you'll live longer than me unless it's the other way around and you died earlier in which case... I'm sorry future me for traumatizing you more

Elene I just... I'm different, I can't bond with you on things I don't understand, which is probably why our relationship started getting better when we started playing together

I didn't have anything planned or anything I just wanted to say thank you for being a friend

And trying to spend time with me when you had nothing else to do

text from the future

Keep doing what you like doing, don't stress yourself to do things you don't want to do, a hobby is a hobby but it doesn't mean you should work so hard that you stop being attached to it

you will fix things and create things in your own phase making the product better as a result

Have a good ride while you still can, your dedication will not perish but be strengthened by you pushing yourself I'm not saying you shouldn't, I'm saying you shouldn't do it too much

I at least wrote SOMETHING today... or tonight

I don't write that often so I feel pressure to come up with something

Just like Markiplier said your life is like water and content is like an empty well, once you run out of water you need to refill the water by continuing to live a life

But the thing he left out was that you might have extra buckets of water that you didn't remember about like past memories

Or come up with like new stories

It's 4:37 AM now I can't sleep so I am... not feeling good at all but I am feeling like I didn't let time go to waste

My everyday goals are to do something that will be worth doing in the long run every single day and if I don't do it that day then I'll either be busy doing homework or too lazy or out of ideas or not motivated enough or too tired like I am right now

The only reason I made a deviant art page was because of that fact, it was literally just me saying to myself "yeah that'll make this day less of a waste"

if you could talk to me about opening up stuff that could help me reach my goal I'd appreciate it

but since I'm only text I'm afraid we aren't able to communicate

I'm pretty much talking to a wall right now but the wall is bright and changing every time I press buttons

I think I should definitely stop saying words that I've already used and instead use different words because I think reading sentences like "death, in case I die, in the future " and so on is getting under your skin

so I'll try to use other ways of saying them

Will there ever be

1. In my conversation with mom I thought to myself “ will there be the age of books? One day children getting so used to technology that it would get boring to them and books would be a whole new thing to them that they’d enjoy “

But I’m most likely wrong judging by how it’s more likely for “ the age of stupidity “ to rain down upon us

2. will there ever be a time when the night sky will be replaced by the night ground

The lights that buildings give off flicker like stars in the sky, they make more light pollution which will make it harder for us to see the greatness of nature and instead we’ll stare at “greatness” of human ingenuity

I should make a new channel

And upload the best I've made in it

I know it's going to be a challenge starting from the beginning all over again but if I want to make a fan base who'll be there every step of the way I'll need to

I know starting over is hard, Hell I made an entire freaking history in that channel by changing comments in playlists throughout time and saving them in the wayback machine, making videos there for almost 4 years now

But I need to start over I need to make a channel where I'll add the best of what I've made

Also if any of you people want to be a Youtuber here's a quick tip

Get your fan base involved, not too much but treat them more humanly and talk to them as if you're talking to a friend

if you make QnA don't live stream an already prepared video but instead make an actual QnA live stream in your free time

And if you simply won't have that time and need to upload a QnA just upload it, don't break their heart by them realizing their ideas and comments won't be seen by you

Also be friendly to them, if they are saying problems they see in your work just make sure they aren't bias and try to fix the genuine problems they might see

If they're bias just ignore them unless it goes out of control then just wait if they'll realize their mistake themselves and if not make an honest video about the topic showing your proof on the matter, do it like Mat Pat did when he was accused of making a fake video about Milk's calcium levels and do admit if you make a mistake so that you won't do it again

If they're starting flame wars or supporting something bad keep them away from your channel

Oh hello future me... do you see any problems with my thoughts? If so do fix them, also think critically about it don't just think "maybe they'll feel like this or that"

I just think it's scary to start all over again

I made that channel 3 years ago and added effort into making it a part of history

But I think it's the right thing to do

Just let me save every single video I've saved in the playlists of the other channel, I don't want to lose them like I did for my oldest channel

Either way if you're going through the same fear I am... I hope you'll reach your end goal less painfully than what I might be putting myself through

Is there

Is there a story where a person has a mental illness which makes him see things sometimes and has to take drugs to get rid of them

The entire story would take place in his imagination but when he'd finally get a happy ending after so much struggle and torture the world around him would get ripped apart and turned into a black void

We would zoom out of their eye and see them as a corpse, skinny and frail they died from starvation and thirst in an alley

Then someone picks him up throws him out to a bin with many more bodies within it, all frail and wounded

I thought of the scene going like this

He's all alone in a train station, he's sleepy, then he looks up and sees a person sitting in front of him

He shivers and moves back in fear when he sees her blood stains on her white dress, her lifeless white eyes looking at him, she was limp on her seat with her head on her shoulder, she was frail and blood stains were on her nose and mouth, she looked like she took a beating

He freaks out and looks into his backpack to find his drugs but couldn't find it

He starts screaming and punching himself in the nose repeatedly

Blood didn't drip and he couldn't feel it until he tasted it in his mouth

Then he starts feeling the sensation of liquid running down his nose and on his arms

He looks around and he's alone again... or

Is sleep deprivation a part of me?

Because I only felt like myself after skipping hours of sleep time and then arguing with my reflection for not sleeping normally when I totally could have

I start having thoughts and ideas or do things actively when it's night so sometimes I feel like the sleep deprivation is worth doing stuff like those which I otherwise wouldn't have time to do, is that why? Did I just get used to that notion?

Or am I just a husk of a creature and the only thing that makes me myself now is being deprived of something

Maybe it's boredom, maybe I just get tired and think this way because of it

I honestly don't know but even if I didn't even do anything that meaningful I still felt like myself

The only thing I did worth commenting on was of me imagining a story where a character can't physically cry about a person's death (which is a character who's art I saw which is engulfed in my mind as the most depressing thing to look at) but Instead by physical reaction shows how hurt he is

Starring at her corpse shaking, falling down by sheer weight of what he's seeing

His arms shiver as he puts his hands on his eyes

He breathes in still shivering

“She didn’t deserve this” he said, looking at the screen

actually I feel like sleep deprivation AND oversleeping are a part of me, just today I slept way too much, laid on the bed for too long and now my brain feels like it’s a liquid and my ears are sinks that I can’t turn off

also I physically can’t force myself to think normally when I feel this way

actually... now that I think about it I feel like I’m losing my ability to write as well as I used to, as entertainingly as I used to, as creatively as I used to

I’m not saying I was THAT entertaining nor that I was THAT creative before but... I think it’s getting worse

why

actually sometimes I’m happy that I skip nights of sleep, by the help of a video from Mark about the game “Bad End Theatre” I allowed myself to feel better, feel kinder and remind myself of who I was

that wouldn’t have happened if I didn’t take time and watch the video

I won't say what time it is because I think it's not important

acting like there's no time

I don't know why but when I turned on a timer I pretended that I was going to die when it would hit zero

when I did the only thing I did was something that would make me feel comfortable instead of remembering to rush and complete what's important

maybe experiencing this act of having a limited time to live will help me do things that will be worth it if I ever get in such situation

no matter how much I write, how much I draw or work I'll still not be ready to die because either I have a lot more left in me or I haven't shared the work I've made to anyone

I think I should try stuff like that sometimes to teach myself what I should always do because even if the probability is very slim there's still a probability that I can die at any moment

Just yesterday I was terrified of sleeping because the night before I woke up out of breath so I thought I'd die by not breathing in the night, even in the process of trying to sleep I had to put effort into breathing which kept me more active than numb

Then I realized my room just lacked oxygen and had to
open the window and door, I even slept on my couch near
the door to get the air I needed

anyway I'll go experience "death"

I'll see you on the other side of the portal
see? I told you I'd see ya

the last day of 9th grade before summer
vacation

aka the most boring day

I don't believe I'm already here, back then I thought that
even if there's a month left before vacation and that it
would arrive I thought it would feel like eternity

now that I'm here it feels like a split second because I
don't remember a SINGLE thing that happened

There was nothing interesting that happened other than
that in this day of exam I realized the physics teacher
was kind enough to give us simpler problems to solve

I still definitely made mistakes but it was nowhere close to the utter chaos that were Math and History exams

Either way now that I have all the time in the world to do stuff the only thing holding me back from writing and drawing is lack of ideas and lack of motivation

Sab? Yeah if you're reading this PLEASE start working, you can't spend time playing games when people on YouTube are waiting for the next animation video of Captain Sauce, so please do get to it

well... they aren't exactly waiting for it but they're hoping for another animation video

Don't rush HELL no, remember to review the animation to identify any mistakes and to never think of that art as good enough, think of a way to make it better

since I don't want to sound like your boss (which would be a bad thing) I'm instead going to make it sound like I'm a leader and get back to it myself

so if I tell you to do something I'll have to do that too unless I'm just reminding you to do something that needs to happen in the future

Deal? Deal!

... oh hey there, I'm talking to myself don't mind me... I'm starting to think people might be insecure knowing that I talk to myself so much

It's okay I'm not an extrovert I don't exactly enjoy it but I'm not saying it's depressing that I'm talking to nobody

Once when I was very bored at night I talked to my wardrobe about plot of Spider Man

I feel like my mind is in a loop

I don't have any new pain or struggle I can talk about because my mind is kind of like in a loop of forgetting and remembering something that I've already realized or thought about before

Which was most likely why I can't come up with any good story where I can think of what the character is supposed to go through, to show people my experience with that pain through the story

I've already said that I haven't written much lately, I've already said I have difficulty coming up with ideas but since they keep happening and there's nothing else to talk about I don't know what to do

yes this indeed happened before I saw Bad End Theatre which resurrected me in a sense and allowed me to not only write some short stories but also allowed me to decide to look around, read some of my past writings

Maybe I could read about psychological illnesses that I could use in my stories but that wouldn't feel right

because since I don't have experience with it I won't understand it as much no matter how many videos I watch about it or text I read about it

My fear is fully realized, I'm forgetting and I'm forgetting FAST

The only thing I forced myself to truly remember was what I told myself in my mind back when I was suicidal "life is hell "

I remember there being more things that I wanted myself to remember but now it's all gone, it's all erased from my memory

maybe I could come up with a story about losing memories and the terrifying effect it could have on people who don't write about themselves or try to make records about themselves that they could read or watch

Maybe about a story where a person had a life cycle that never changed which lead to him having the same thoughts and feelings and beliefs

until someone who he knew before that cycle found him and wanted to talk to him after so long

He would be saddened and terrified because he doesn't remember this person, he doesn't want to say he forgot about them because it would be heart breaking for them to hear that after so long he doesn't even know them

In the other hand if he lies and pretends to remember them it'll just be a terrible relationship because to them he's already a friend and treat him like one while to him that person is some random stranger he just walked up to, they'd find out that they weren't remembered in no time

Actually... that's not even a creative story, I've been through that experience as well where I forgot the names of every single classmate I've had in 1st and 2nd grade while they all remembered me

literally the only person I remembered was (I'll call him Aka since I don't know if he'd want his name to be said to people) Aka and yet literally the only thing I remember about our "friendship" is when a bully was trying to screw with him I kept Aka behind me and stared at the bully angrily

Then again I do remember how we went downstairs for the music lesson and I saw big red confetti shaped as "2015" attached to the yellow wall next to the music class

Also now I'm remembering how back in kindergarten how I used my bare hands to play the snow ball fight and getting sick later

Or how the first time I got an illness that changed my physical appearance (I don't know the name of it) I

dashed towards the pillows in the room and jumped into them to hide my face from the other kindergarteners

Or how when I was in a park with my old Huawei phone for some inexplicable reason I took a picture of random people

Or how I took pictures of Grandpa with dead trees behind him in the same park, I can actually remember the photos but since I don't know where my old phone is the photos are just as missing as the phone itself

Or how I ate my older sister's lipstick back when we were living in a completely different house which was probably in 2011 or 2012

Or how I blew up my older sister's balloon by hitting it to the tip of a door because I wanted to pretend like I was Kevin McCallister from "Home Alone" where he slid down rope with a bike handle but instead of a bike handle I used a red balloon

... now that I think about it I think THAT'S why she hated me so much

Or how when my older sister and a kid visitor screwed with me by closing a door on me I threw a metal toy of Luigi (from the Cars movie) at the glass door and after it cracked I punched it leading to me bleeding and shouting I'm happy I was able to tell stories of things that I remember from my past but at the same time I most likely already mentioned them

I most likely mentioned the “breaking the glass door” story

It wasn't actually a glass door but instead a wooden door with a green plate of glass of sorts in the middle of it which had crystal like shapes which made it opaque

at least that's how I remember it

A single wish

What do you think would be a perfect wish to have not only for yourself but the entire world

If I had a single wish to go off of I'd wish for souls to exist so that people would be able to live forever after their death so that they wouldn't be brutally erased from existence but instead continue existing and their memories would be intact

but it wouldn't make sense for such things as souls to exist because they'd have to follow the rules of physics and I can't think of a single way to make a soul

1 last inside of a person's body without being ripped apart if the person lost a limb aka that part of their limb dying

2 somehow phase through everything but still be able to make sound waves and THINK aka get electric pulses inside of their brains

3 be able to actually last and exist far longer than the entire universe unlike protons which can decay over time even if that time will be a long one

4 be invisible BUT STILL BE ABLE TO SEE, because if you're invisible light doesn't bounce off your body which means that if you were invisible your eyes wouldn't catch the light that allows you to see

And actually if you can't do anything but talk and think and see as a ghost your life as a ghost would

be meaningless, if being a soul would be a life extension and you were able to talk to living people and interact with things then being a ghost at all would be meaningless because I could just wish for everyone to be immortal and the only thing that would change is that they wouldn't be able to float

Some people even want to stop existing because they believe that if they existed that long their mind would change to the point of them not being themselves anymore and the only thing being intact would be their consciousness which is a valid point

Sorry my mind feels like its being cooked up right now, I can't think critically about so many things, I feel like in couple of seconds I'll even be able to smell my own cooked brain but by the time that happens I wouldn't even remember what smell means

The moral of the story is that... wishes are complicated, there are many things that need to be accounted for that we humans sadly can't do

Also I realized how depressing it is to be stuck thinking about a concept that simply would never happen

It's as if I'm isolating myself in my imaginations again to ignore reality before it strikes me that " oh right... that's just a concept, that'll never happen, this is real life "

At least technology allows us to bring those concepts to life by either animating it or making a full game of it or maybe simply drawing it

If you ever wanted to try to bring your imagination to life but don't think you have enough skill to do it that's exactly the point, if you never start trying and continue doing it you won't be able to

I started animating back in 2018 and amazingly I was better at animating back then when I was so inexperienced than I am now because the most experience I got was of drawing and not animating

So you should also put your mind into what you actually want to achieve, become a better animator or a better artist or in case of your hobby something and something... I can't read your mind I'm sorry

also think about your work as either "not good enough" or that " it is good but it could be improved upon, I only need to find out how "

wait did I change the subject completely? Sorry but again that IS how conversations go

first you start talking about dinosaurs and in the end talk about the secrets of how to make the most delicious pudding

You're still here?... no I didn't think you would just leave me I just thought you'd completely skim over everything

Who am I kidding everyone who'll see this will skim over everything

BUT HEY that's just a hypothesis

A hypothesis of how I think the future events will transpire

thanks for reading

Sab! Remember to write more stories because if you don't write stories for a significant amount of time you'll lose your ability to do it as well as you used to

maybe read something? Even if it's a Wikipedia page about library of Babel it's still something

Now that I think about it I could consider these bold texts as texts written by a different character

There's a climber, a text artist, the actual writer and me... and also that invisible guy that I heard somewhere

Question of story placement

I'm wondering if it comes as surprise to people who find more stories outside the categories of stories at the top of short story ideas

I honestly don't know why I started doing this, I do remember that I sometimes would talk about myself in parts where people probably wouldn't expect to find so if they were focusing on what they were reading they'd find out more about me

maybe I did it because I thought if people wanted to see more stories from me but thought there weren't any more it would be surprising for them to find more outside of the categories, it would be like a reward for looking around but I wouldn't call

them a “reward” because I still think they can be written better or that they aren’t creative enough or interesting enough for anyone else to read

these are the types of stories that are going to be under this text

stories that I wrote outside of Short Story Ideas that I was thinking I could improve upon but never got back to them so they’re just a broken shard of glass of what they could’ve been if I made the entire glass vase

even though I’m still proud of them that they’re more line based than me explaining the story to you, it’s pretty interesting how I could try to make these characters seem like in the eyes of people if I made them speak a certain way

Stories I made outside Short Story Ideas

Arthur and Mike

Day 1

Lying to protect

"I can't help him they'll beat both of us up," thought Arthur to himself hiding behind a wall next to the alley crying in shame with himself

"Did you hear that?" said Bryan

Arthur shook in fear believing he got caught

"It's the sound of your heart pumping, let's fix that," said Bryan

Mike continues to be beaten up by Bryan and his friends

Arthur rushes into the school sobbing, in the locker room hallway everyone started laughing at him "what's wrong Arthur, Daddy got drunk again?" said one of the students

Arthur runs into class and hides under his desk crying and sobbing uncontrollably, he was thinking that if he told the teacher about this they would find out and be taken out and if he didn't do anything Mike would continue to get hurt forever

He hears the noise of the door opening, Arthur shivers up and puts his hand on his mouth to quiet down

"Are you okay?" said Mike

"I'm okay I just... am... I'm getting judged again"

“I’m... sorry to hear that, do you need help?” said Mike in a concerned voice

“no no no it’s fine, don’t bother yourself they got bored and walked away... are you okay?”

“ Indeed I am, Bryan seemed to leave me alone today for whatever reason so you don’t need to help me with that”

“That’s... great news”

“Listen just because you can only smile doesn’t mean they should make fun of you for it, try to think that they don’t have any feelings whatsoever and they aren’t human and boom you’ll make a comeback”

“I think wearing a mask would be a better Idea...”

“Don’t hide your true face just because some random jerks are trying to make you feel bad for something you can’t control, at least report to the teacher they’re here to help us if necessary”

“Why didn’t you tell the teacher when Bryan was messing with you... yesterday?”

“Bryan would make me eat my words while people who’re trying to hurt you are too cowardly to fight, they wouldn’t mess with you if they would risk getting kicked out of school”

“Thank you for clearing that up Mike but... I still have a bad feeling about you being bullied by Bryan”

“Don’t thank me I didn’t do anything but suggest something, if I helped you they wouldn’t fear messing with you, they’d fear messing with you with me around so I... I don’t know what to do other than the least of what I can do, don’t feel bad he’ll be dealt with one day”

“It’s all right you gave me hope and that’s all that matters, hope is the last thing to extinguish in the pit of fire”

Day 2

A gun or words

I did not write this part so I’ll just add an explanation of what I remember I had in mind then

Arthur will become a villain of this story, he’ll actually choose to take the gun he found in his dad’s drawer and use it to shoot two of the bullies down when Mike would get bullied again

One of the bullies got away because Mike distracted Arthur by screaming at him and telling him to let him go

Arthur's belief in that moment was "kill your demons to extinguish the flames of hell" but Mike thinks "if you kill your "demons" you'll only take their place, the flames will flare up because even they wouldn't dare to take a life"

The bully though got very vengeful, he was very loyal to his friend so he started hating Mike and continuing to bully him but to a physical and mental degree, even cutting Mike's chest leaving Mike with distorted flesh and exposed bone after he was healed

Mike would be alone because Arthur was the only friend he had, he really expected the bully to become a better person after that tragedy but no...

he'd be driven down to the point that he would go to Arthur's tree house hideout to ask for help knowing full well his mental stability and exactly what Arthur would want to do to that bully

Arthur however had a different plan, he actually remembered Mike's advice that if he scared away bullies for him they wouldn't be afraid of Arthur but instead scared of bullying Arthur when he is around

so Arthur decided to give the gun to Mike

this would be a test of if Mike will be driven down to doing the same thing that Arthur did

Larry makes a pun

Alan and Jack were playing smash bros when suddenly:

Larry: JACK!

Jack: huh?

Larry: ALAN!

Alan: WHAAAAAAAAAAT!!! (He said angrily after losing so many times)

Larry: TURN!

Alan and Jack turn around: ...

Jack: you made us friends and kept us together for so long just for you to make a pun about jackolanterns specifically on Halloween?

Larry: ha-ha I just couldn't resi-

Alan: YOU'RE F####ING DEAD TO ME! AFTER ALL THAT MOTHER F####ING TIME I REALIZE I CALLED IT, IT WAS ALL A F####ING LIE

Larry: am... Alan?

Alan: NO MORE OF YOUR BULLSH## I'M DONE!!!

Jack: Alan I think you're bleeping cursed words again

Alan: ... f####? Yeah you're right I should take my meds
gulp

Everyone: ...

Alan: I'm gonna go now

Jack: me too

Larry: I'm pleasantly surprised neither of you tried to rip my head off this time

Alan: it's only because I believe you have a pun virus and if I touch you I'm gonna get infected by it

(As Jack and Alan were going down stairs)

Jack: were you trying to make a joke or did you actually mean that

Alan: I try to make myself believe it so that I won't hurt him

Jack: so you don't want to kill him?

Alan: he's still a person Jesus Christ

Jack: I know I know...

Alan: and?

Jack: * sigh * you're not your feelings

Alan: that's the spirit, you actually remembered this time

Jack: yeah... yeah I suppose I'm getting used to it

I didn't want anyone to be personally attacked who have friends who take puns that seriously

I honestly just had an idea for a comic and how Jack and Alan could make a crappy pun about Jack Alan terns but then thought " what if I expanded upon this a little bit to make characters that feel a little more real... somewhat real "

If you saw a smudge on this page of the paper (If my future self printed these out and didn't throw them away) and thought "THE LOOOOOOOOOOORE" (that was a Mat Pat reference) and came back to the digital version to find this it was me, hello I'm a new "character"

I'm the one in charge of hiding text that you've seen all the way back to the top

yes I have returned after finding a poor man climbing with an inch of his life, I helped him up, we sat down enjoyed some coffee, he told me the entire story

And it got me thinking if I could leave some invisible text behind for people to find as an Easter egg to make all of it seem less like plain old text but like a haunt for more text like doing activities in Stanley Parable and being rewarded with an insight that the creators knew that you'd do that and left a message for you to hear

you did find that message after all so congrats
Also I feel like at least one of you imagined my voice as British before reading the word
"coffee"

you can keep the same head cannon voice it's fine

I've actually met the Bold guy on the way down and even if physically he's the opposite of me being direct instead of indirect he's pretty similar in personality, I miss them already even if I've met the climber as his past selves sometimes , I even sneaked past one of them because he thought there was only one door into the classic layer, then I said UCK out loud which thankfully made him think that was a duck, because it lead to a hilarious joke that I've heard from him when we were drinking tea and eating biscuits at home

I'm actually thinking about this instead of saying this to you because apparently my thoughts are more visible than my voice it's kind of strange

,

Ellie and the Robot Brother

Ellie entered William's room excited to finally see him

It was dark but the dark blue color of the outside of the window lit the place up enough for her to see

Ellie didn't see him at a first glance but after looking around she saw him sitting underneath his desk

Ellie: what's wrong?

William: I'm afraid

Ellie: what're you afraid of? Are you okay?

William: I am but I don't feel like I am, I can't imagine things as I used to, the image of my imagination is physical, I can't breathe, I can't feel my heart beat, I can't feel the heat of my body nor anything really, I feel dead as if all I can do is send sound waves, and even speaking feels terrible because I can't speak with my mouth, tongue and air in my lungs as I used to, the sound just comes out...

I even think I'm not real, William's corpse has decomposed and I'm just a clone of him, I feel bad to think that William has ended his life permanently, took his final breaths, said his final words and that I'm just here, a cheap replacement to a person who you actually cared for

Ellie's eyes teared up as she smiled

Ellie: you talk exactly like he used to, those existential questions, talking to himself as if he's a different person, his fear of change

Ellie started sobbing and hugged William

William hugged back

William: I can't feel the joy of embrace, I can't tear up, I can't feel happy, But why do I feel this pain

Ellie: it shows who we are and sometimes changes us to the better

William: ... heh

Ellie: what is it

William: I just thought that even if I was a clone thankfully William isn't going through what I am going through

Ellie: yeah... *sob* me too...

Ellie looked around and saw a very old game device her and her brother used to play on

do you want to play?

William: I can't see why not.

I had my actual little sister in mind when I made this story, I thought that she'd see those parts of me as my personality and even if we're different and can't relate mentally we both like playing games together... well sometimes

Games are just something that keeps us together, also I tried to make the final part sound like her brother has been dead for a long time so his game that they used to play got very old and she aged far more than he has, he's the same teenager from back then that he used to be, she's a 20 year old adult when she's talking to him which is why it's so painful for her to finally hear words that her brother would truly say

Elene stop criticizing it! I'm not saying that we have such a relationship I'm just saying I took parts of our relationship and attached it to this

even though... now that I think about it if you're an adult when you're reading this it's way more realistic because you're reading text made by me when I was 16 years old... or if you look around up there around 14-15

either way I hope you're doing great and I hope for myself to have ended my life because none of my work would have ANY meaning if I was so focused on death and never actually died but instead became a beggar starving outside because I couldn't get a flipping job

Future me... does this hit too close to home? I think it does but I'll await for your response

don't worry I don't feel time passing so it will feel like a blip to me when you'll answer

Have you been on a hunt for more invisible text?
Because apparently you have, I'm happy that you
put so much effort into doing so after ALL of the
time that I haven't used them

I just thought it would be kind of like an Easter egg
hunt for you so I'll make more in the foreseeable
future

I really hope it didn't take you like... decades to find this
or never found it because you thought I was joking about
the part where I said that I want to make this more
creative and rewarding even if I'm terrible at doing both
of those things

Either way it's good to finally uncloak myself from that
invisibility cloak, I should probably give it back to Potter
but I doubt he'll get any use of it now that he's an adult
having a normal life in the real world

I actually decided to write more of these kinds of stories
because they have enough detail for people to come up
with their own continuation about the story and they can
take it to ANY kind of direction

like a family story or a struggle with being a machine and
acceptance of change in an everyday life which are very
good and understandable way of continuing it

Please come up with your own idea about it before reading what I thought the continuation could be about unless you're just interested on my take about how it could continue in which case go ahead

My Idea is that there would be more people who'd be saved and immortalized as a robot but that would lead to more people living leading to an overpopulation of robots that would lead to shortages with energy and resources

which would blow up to be a massive catastrophe of a war between humans who believe everyone should have an end to their life so that the future generations would live in peace and robots that believe that living longer would be a more meaningful way of living leading to more intelligent people who could help the world even better

I still think the family drama and acceptance of change is a better Idea for a story itself but an in universe history would actually work with this idea in my opinion

Is it messed up that I feel more emotion towards seeing a lifeless object in a bad condition as if it was living?

What do I mean by that?

I mean I felt more care towards a doll that my little sister made by different colors of plasticine (which made the body parts look more messed up by you being able to look at different colors on her detached body parts that weren't colored since they were ripped off, making it look like her organs) and tan colored paint

her head and torso were ripped out even if she didn't have hair nor eyes nor face she had a distinct shape to her nose and head and body which is why I started to think of her as a she

I felt like even if I knew it wasn't alive I felt bad because of her condition, I actually named her "corpsie" a couple of months back for obvious reasons

Her neck was misplaced and twisted which made the middle of the flower she's laying on look more like a blood splatter than the heart of the flower

I thought the least I could do is put her body parts closer together and spin the flower around like a ride

I felt kind of relieved but now I also feel messed up at the same time after thinking about it

because I felt better about myself for at least trying to make her permanent laying and boredom slightly more interesting by talking to her (she was laying on the colored cardboard flower in the kitchen in the dark of night, the middle of the flower was black and looked sprayed making it look like a blood splatter in a certain

angle) but also she looks like a corpse, it's as if a parent was taking care of a corpse of their dead child it's very unsettling

Matpats outrage

Dan says: I like mountain dew

Steph says: I like coke zero

MatPat says: I love coke...

His eyes are red and his voice is broken

Steph asks: are you okay?

MatPat turns around and says: I fought for this metal can... I-I can't stop

Dan: Matthew are you good?

MatPat: I KILLED! WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME! WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE ME SLEEP! I CAN'T STOP DRINKING BUT IT MAKES IT WORSE, I REMEMBER THEM MORE THE MORE I DRINK! WHAT'S THE POINT OF LOVE IF IT CHANGES YOU TO A MONSTER TO DEFEND IT!?

Steph hugs MatPat to calm him down

MatPat cries brown liquid, it had a hissing sound

Stephany: tell me what you really need

MatPat:

I'm... tired... I need... h-...

Stephany: you got it

MatPat: h-heee-...

Stephany: you can do it

MatPat: I need... help

Dan: Mat?

MatPat: mhm?

Dan: where are the other editors?

I thought of a story where love towards an object becomes addiction, I don't know if you're a fan of Game Theory or not but I'll summarize it for you

Mat Pat loves diet coke

so I thought “what if he liked it too much and never got help
fixing that”

either way now you’re a certified theorist, could we shake a
hand?... oh right I don’t have one, I’ll have the artist draw us with
one it’ll be fine

0 0

||[handshake]||
^ ^

I guess that’ll have to do, thanks other me... sorry I forgot you
don’t have a mouth... I’m sorry

0_1.
(|
||

Thanks for forgiving me, thumbs up all around buddy

either way if you didn’t want to hand shake that’s fine too, not
everyone has to like a specific Youtuber, your choice is yours, I
just recommend you give him a chance and find videos where he
reveals his true self, the one hat struggles, the one that suffers

up top!

(slap me)
0 /

||
^

More memories from a sleep deprived
dummy

I remembered how I let go of my dad's swimming goggles from my hands in the sea a long time ago and it went missing in there, I was very close to the shore so I was surprised that it actually went missing

Now it's either in the sea, a fish ate it or it went to another country years ago

I imagine it getting a tan in the bahamas or something wearing glasses

I was a very young child back then so it's surprising it just popped back into my mind just now, also dad started fussing about how expensive it was after he realized it

I probably imagined a scenario of where I didn't let go then

Also I remember in a completely unrelated summer holiday me and... I don't remember I think it was me and mom

we ate ice cream from a cup

That's literally all I remember

I reminded myself that I'm going to die so even if all of this is useless information the fact that I remembered it means I should write it down no matter what because your life will phase out in a flicker so any information you have in your brain matters

It's 2:16 am my head doesn't hurt as much as normally but still, I feel pretty energetic which is a problem when trying to sleep

I watched videos of Mr beast swimming on a yacht then camping on mountains and islands and I think the activity got into me

I am so sleepy that even a stupid joke makes me laugh

I hate myself

Anyway I'll am... see you tomorrow?

Hopefully this day wasn't the most productive day this summer because when I worked on an animation for multiple hours straight I genuinely felt good about myself and finally felt starvation from work alone

Instead of eating out of impulse I finally ate because I was starving

Now I'm hearing either a rain or a strong breeze and since the window isn't making sounds from the wind forces I'm guessing it's a rain that sounds like a wind

I'll go get off bed and see

Yep it's raining, just like grandma said it's going to be raining for couple of days

Oh and I also forgot that I saw a bunch of ants eating a bread crum in the house in "my" room

I used to be obsessed by ants when I was a kid and the fact that I didn't hate the sight of so many ants being in the room and instead being afraid of stepping on them and hurting them accidentally either shows that my likeness towards ants hasn't died yet or that I am way less destructive

Or maybe I didn't want to mess up my feet with ant blood like an idiot who knows

Also I was questioning my ability to do anything after hearing what mr beast's friends were good at and realized I wasn't good at anything

I can't write good stories

I can't draw the most basic things that artists need to do like anatomy

I can't draw background

I can't even animate better than my past self

I'm physically unhealthy

And I'm incredibly stupid

And that stupidity is only getting worse

The only thing that's going for me is that I think better than my class mates because they're acting like 8 year olds... sorry 8 year olds who also have traits of adult crack addicts

Except for some of them, I don't even know some of them as a person, some of them are just nice

Niceness is like a surface of kindness it could be a selfish way for people to get what they want or a genuine kind attitude or just normally doing nice things because they know they should do it

Like opening the door for people coming through

future me could you fix my broken text? I know it's unfair that I'm not doing it but AAAAHHHHHH screw it I'll do it myself

I could not find a way to shorten it enough for it to not get to this page so I'm just going to keep it that way

I wasn't joking my stupidity is actually rising, I can't even write anything interesting or creative anymore

Hell I can't even read my own language at a normal phase

Ai speaking

I'm thinking if there will be a probability of AI getting so good that they'd be able to imitate a person through getting text from them so I thought what if I'll write questions for people in the future to ask to the AI for me to answer there and answer here to see how similar it will be

What is your opinion about ducks?

Ducks? Well am... that's a very random question but I don't have an opinion about ducks, I haven't thought about them anyway, now that I think about it I do remember that the last time I saw a duck in real life was a very long time ago, back when I was a little kid I saw my grandpa (not THAT grandpa I mean as in another grandpa... I feel so disrespectful not remembering his name, if any of my relatives are reading this story can you put his name in between these parenthesis () thank you) anyway I saw my grandpa with his ducks in the village and he grabbed the neck of the most beautiful duck (judging by the response of my older sister and how she said that he killed the best looking out of all) and chopped its head off in front of me... I was pretty far away but I did see the blood squirting out of the neck, I

remember how I tried to remember it like a disturbing flash back in a depressing movie or something and my sister's response

I don't remember exactly but I think the duck was black with white around its eye

you'll be missed my old feathered friend

I don't think I got that big of a reaction from it though which kind of makes sense to me because I was still a small child I didn't know the full implications of death nor thought about what it would feel like if I was in the place of that duck

I'm now also remembering us in Kutaisi (yes in THAT Grandpa's house) having two chickens, one was taller and I think colored white and another was orange and smaller, me and my little sister used to play with them, sometimes just holding them and looking at them flapping their wings after letting them fall from a small height

I know the AI won't be able to replicate my memories because I don't think I've mentioned them until now so I'll try something else

What do you think would be your reaction to writing for the final time

I honestly don't know, I'd be a completely different person by then but also I think it would feel terrible and horrifying that I've actually reached a time when I'd have to finish it

I'd probably thank every person who's been there in my journey of life I'd probably say goodbyes to every last person, if I'd be all alone it would kind of be like a brutal way of finishing my life's work showing that even if I went through this much I still haven't found anybody who I'd consider a friend

again saying what I think would do isn't the best way of trying to predict it because even when I know what's the right thing to do and say that I'd do it when I actually experience it, it all feels so different

I'd like to say my final goodbyes to the reader who'd care enough to be with me, I can think of people who'd be shocked of that all of this was written before they were even born and if this is actually the case I really feel happy that I meant something in the future, was found by at least few people I'd like to give them a hug but I know I won't be able to

I mentioned that because... well... it's impossible to me to believe that people would actually find it and read it and enjoy any of it because I still don't think it's good enough, I still think that even if one person did they wouldn't care enough to even get to this point

I do think my final notes could be written at any time not only because of death being capable of happening at any time even if I still think it has a mild probability it's also

dependant on the life of the Wayback Machine and all the electronic devices I keep it in

Actually I remember looking through steam and finding a game that peaked my interest, I searched its name "symphonic rain" on Youtube and realized it had a small fan base was written very well but was made in 2004, it was almost two decades old and then I imagined the game being my short story ideas... not in terms of writing I'll never be that good

will there be a day when people will think "I wasn't even born when this was finished" after seeing the date of when It was made or am I still living in my dreams

actually I think having a smaller "fan base" would be better because it would have many advantages but the key advantage being that it would be like a family, everyone would be closer because of it and it warms my heart thinking that someone could get friends because of it

I really hope my final notes will be written when I'll be an old man, devoid of life burnt out from all the things I've achieved

I don't think that will be the case but still, I remember finding a game called "coffee talk" and thinking it as another ordinary game but then realizing that the creator passed away at the age of... 32...

It devastated me and thought of that game was his final words that he bestowed upon us

so I decided to look closer into it

So I'm pondering if my early death would put more meaning to my work or if it'll make it all worse because I couldn't continue it I couldn't add to it and I couldn't fix it

I'm not saying I'd commit suicide to do that hell no, if suicide taught me anything it is that you'll only get enough motivation to get only a step closer to death if you went through enough constant negative emotions, thoughts and beliefs

And I still want to continue doing this I love doing it but since I'm just writing on my own for nobody to judge I don't know how many mistakes I make, how many problems they have how dumb the things I say are and so on

Even if there were people explaining the issues they see in them I'd have to fix them all which feels impossible for me

when I read comments on Youtube of people telling their own stories they were entertaining but... they felt devoid of life because I haven't experienced them so I easily forget some of them even if they might be a reason I might have decided to do something therefore them

so now I feel like everything I've ever said and will say in all of my writings will be completely meaningless and easily forgettable by anyone

heck now I'm thinking even they wouldn't remember things to the point that every time I'd accidentally say the same thing over and over they'd just have a feeling of

déjà vu or just remember that I've mentioned it somewhere

I think I won't even be thought of as a friend to anyone reading this but instead just some random dude typing aimlessly

Talking about the same fears over and over like being forgotten or never being found or read or him never being able to make any positive change in anyone's life no matter what everyone else tells them

now pause and think about this for a second

I'm sitting in my room, it's dark the light of the sun is barely getting in through the curtains and I'm sitting on my bed typing this as the white color of the pages hit my face from the screen

does that feel... like I'm a lonely person? Not a written dialogue or a character or just some tool you don't think "this was made by a breathing human being one day" about but instead a person who was in that state a while ago

My descriptions mean nothing because people can imagine it in many different ways

actually now I'm thinking if any of this will be good enough to be read again

If it's an interesting enough writing that isn't going to age in time but instead going to stay relevant years later

Am I wasting my life doing something I like for nobody?
Am I even real to these people? Is me showing my
realness even meaningful anymore? Is it even worth it?

I... don't know

I can leave any Easter eggs or any life stories or any
writings about my struggles and yet everything might be
completely meaningless to everyone in only couple of
minutes

For anyone to get down to this point they'd have to
continue reading since STARTING to read and now my
heart is telling me that they won't even care enough to
keep this document downloaded after only reading the
beginning of everything

Like I'm a used broken plastic spoon that they can throw
away

my heart feels bad now it feels like it's weighing down
and starting to heat up

The air around me is dense I can barely breathe with my
mouth

now I'm imagining everything I've said up to this moment
being deleted and me never being capable of writing it
the same way again

Now I'm thinking if I've lost everything what I would do,
what I would say how I would feel

Hobby tip for ya

Turning a hobby into a habit is a tricky thing for me to do because sometimes on break I'm all like "IT'S TIME TO CONTINUE DOING THE PROJECT IT WON'T FINISH ITSELF" and other times I'm all like "I can't do this today, screw it I'll play a game"

but I learnt from a video from "Kurzgesagt - In a Nutshell" from "change your life - One Tiny Step at a Time" video that hobbies have triggers

I paused the video and got back to drawing

And at first I didn't think I had any until I thought a little bit more and it hit me

I got motivation from videos talking about work and motivating me to do better when I'm not actively seeking such videos out

Which is kind of frustrating that my trigger to doing this comes from luck and if I find a video unexpectedly talking about making better decisions about things and doing activities

it all happened today actually, but it's more probable that it was also the huge amount of boredom and lack of work that I got from the school trip (I know it's probably not called that I just don't remember it) to a museum where we spend 10% of time in out of the whole trip

60% was of us driving around and another 30% that felt like 70% was of me not going to the restaurant and sitting next to my class mates even if some of them even got out telling me to get there with them

The first person to try to do that was way more motivated to do that than the boys because she was trying to convince me one way or another while I was walking around outside and when she left and the boys dared to show their faces (there were 3 of them if you were wondering) they just said a couple of things and went right back in there

she was so determined but she couldn't understand why I wanted to stay away, she thought it wasn't fair which makes me think I was doing it because even if I hated doing it I forced myself to which is not true it's the opposite

she just couldn't get the notion that I get joy from loneliness

I was trying to draw throughout the entire trip on my phone but my teacher would stop me every time she saw me

I'M TRYING TO DO WORK DAMN IT

Anyway the whole trip ended with my parents talking about how isolation is bad and yatty yatty yatta and them not understanding that it's totally okay for me to be isolated from my classmates and not have friends, it all ended in the beginning of the trip back home and the rest of the trip was just quiet, I did write down a song I came

up with but even if I tried to make it deep it got way too direct

Isolation made me the person I am right now, me isolating myself with my depressed and suicidal thoughts back then shaped me to be this person, without it I wouldn't even think this way, I would be just as dumb and childish as the rest of my class mates (even though I STILL THINK they're using that as an excuse to do a lot of dumb crap)

if I didn't hide my feelings then I wouldn't even be here, I wouldn't even come up with stories I don't think because that was one of the only ways of me bringing myself outside of the real world to a world of imagination where I could be anything and do anything

Then I started being expressive and showing my imagination through art and... well... here I am

WOW I think the subject made a big turn early on

but yeah that's what I was talking about when I said that I sometimes hide stories about my life in subjects that I just talk about and then changing the subject about it

It might not be a very smooth transition but I'll try better

I was wrong

I watched a video called “I’m worried about humanity’s future” by “mrwhostheboss” and I believed in things that he did mention in the video

Like how people won’t be able to think about other people’s opinions because technology reinforces them with information that doesn’t contradict with their beliefs

And how people will lose jobs more the ai will develop since they won’t have to go to school and collages, if one ai becomes perfect at something they could be copied

But one of them stood out to me

How isolation is a downside

And since I’ve already listened to him about how people don’t want to think they’re wrong I remembered that and thought to myself “you need to be okay with being

wrong” and now... yeah I’ll try to think of isolation from people as a bad thing

I’m still socially awkward and can’t speak fluently but still

pain and struggle even if it’s bad sometimes has a good aftermath when you start to be a better person and use that experience to relate to more people

But self inflicting that pain to get the good parts of it won’t work, it will only make it worse and you shouldn’t do that

now I know why I completely failed at being depressed again because of how depression was mostly what I used to relate to people and understand their struggle and was an important part of my personality

AI Movie... Game? Idea?

I remembered an animation video where a character flipped a vhs tape upside down and watched a different content from before and once they put a physical item into the vhs recorder it appeared on the screen

It got me thinking if we could make cds capable of showing different content depending on which side of it is put into the recorder

and then I thought to myself "is it possible that in the future Television could be interractable by the help of Ai" because if ai gets good enough it could also act like the actors on screen and come up with creative ways to drive the story forward

Like let's say I took a picture of a movie scene in the ending of the movie then reversed the movie and put the printed picture into the recorder or some other device that could scan the photo and pop it into the movie

then would there be an alternate version of the movie where the villains or the main characters would see the picture and know the ending of the story?

Will the ending change in this case?

Will there even be an alternate movie from this because they'd realize something isn't right and that the picture would have to come from somewhere leading to an entirely different plot about fictional characters learning that they're fictional and trying to get outside of the movie

And if they tried to would the picture scanner hilariously spit out a 2d image of the character who attempted to come out of the movie and into the real world technically making the movie more real

could you record yourself doing something then playing it on a screen AND THEN using that scanning device to send your fictional self things

wouldn't that technically be more like a video game than a movie?...

someone NEEDS to make a video game about such concept

I can already think of a pixelated game where you had limited items in your house and had couple of movie disks

and you could send those items into the movie and then the characters would start to come out of the screen and it would become a horror game of you trying to protect yourself from people who you've dared to torture and screw with

there being multiple endings like the good ending where you help the characters, the bad ending where you'd die to them and the normal ending where you'd just enjoy watching the movies

If you screwed with many characters in their movies the horror game would be more difficult, also the characters in the movies would need to have different styles to fit their movies making the horror portion like five nights at freddys but you have to manipulate them and scare them away from your room using the information you've gotten FROM their movies

My new dream

I watched a video called "The Origin and Rise of MrBeast | Full Documentary | Beyond the Spotlight"

here's a link If you want to see for yourself:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Qq6sCvz4Z0

when I learnt about his story as a person I realized... I shouldn't just leave myself as plain text and that being my life goal

I want to make a change to people's lives like he did but in my own way like let's say if I made an animation I'm striving to inspire more inexperienced animators by letting them realize "if this stupid failure of a child who

can't even do basic math can make this kind of video... maybe if I put my mind to it for long enough I can do things as well as him"

I want to make a somewhat meaningless activity of me sitting in a dark room drawing turn into something that will change people

there are many people who's mindset is like "these popular people started off as a failure yes but... what's the point of me trying I know I'll never be as good as them" and then they don't try harder or better in their goals

which is frustrating because I couldn't even draw on my own before and now I'm working on a project that's bigger than anything else I've made before

I hope it will do well not because I want views but because if enough people watch it at least some might be inspired by it

I want to make a difference

not just leave a dot on the world but a mark on the experience and life of other people

I know you're thinking that this is just a temporary thought that'll sease out but if I keep reminding myself I think it'll become a natural new goal I'll want to reach

I realized... that wasn't new at all, I already wanted to do that I literally just forgot

The reason why I wrote that is because I only remembered how I started all of this, why I started the entire short story ideas, it was because I was fearful of death so I decided to leave myself behind if anything

Change in Fears

I was talking to an imaginative monster under my bed and clothes on a clothes hanger about how I wasn't afraid of monsters in the dark in a different environment but that I wasted away an entire day doing nothing

It kind of makes me proud and also kind of pains me to think that I am fearing real things now which put stress to me which leads to me not being able to sleep

They told me I should write about it so I thanked them for the idea and here I am

I was just talking to them that I was genuinely terrified that I didn't do any activity that gave me anything

I could've lived an entire day longer and would have my work, the continuation of my project to show for it but no... I only drew half of a single frame

Now I'm stressed out that I need to sleep to be capable of working extra tomorrow but I can't do that when the stress of trying to sleep is stressing me out

I know I can do it at any time it's just a single day and that it's all a hobby anyway BUT STILL

The day I won't have enough energy or time to do it will still arrive and until that day I'll need to put everything I have at it if not I'll waste my time doing nothing that will benefit me nor anyone else

I've most likely already talked about this... I'm truly in an infinite loop in a spiral of memories aren't I

future sab here, apparently that wasn't the most active day I've had, today I was not only mentally active by doing the project but also physically active by playing a boxing game in VR so many times my entire body lost 80% of the water within it, once I got too tired and I didn't sweat as much but god damn it I feel like Bakugo again

I didn't redraw any art for them to look better though but I did add the sound to the animation to make it fit with the sound and when I realized I had more work to do I added as many rough drawings and animation as I could add

either way I hope future me will be capable of doing better

I'm freaking out over my eye

I finished excersizing by playing a vr game "knockout league" in the final blue stages and the first two of the red stages I got so tired but so immerced that I accidentily hit my headset once and hit my controlles twice

then I took a break drank a cold glass of water and then the weird stuff started happening

I watched an animated youtube video but sometimes the characters would lose a part of their body depending on where I was looking

then I realized on my left eye my blind spot either grew or just became more aparent since when I stick out my finger and moved my arm forward it was far easier to spot than my right eye

So I'm terrified of the thought that I might have given my eye a permanent damage, also even now I'm seeing green or purple flashes or whatever they are on the left sides of my left eye

also no those type of flashes aren't happening on my right eye I double checked

so I'm afraid that I either gave myself a bigger blind spot or screwed up my depth perception

sometimes I can't even see things that are obviously there it either disappears or mixes into the background

I don't know what happened

this is July 10th 2022

2:21PM

and I really hope it'll just go away in time... preferably short time

FALSE ALARM it went away already, it's 2:33Pm now

but I can't stop freaking out on something that could probably be permanent

I always have to think about the worst outcome... actually the worst outcome would be that it would get worse and then happen to my right eye too

before it went away I tried drawing with that eyesight and Jesus christ I couldn't even see the whole shoulder of the character

Appearing and disappearing lines became literal in my vision

Knockout league animation idea

What would it look like if all the fighters of knockout league were eating in a restaurant together, what would they talk about, say, eat, do

The character interactions could be great

Like barrage being nice the whole time, giving ideas to volt about inventions he could make then being asked if it's going to work or not and then saying no, volt being

confused but then her explaining that nothing will work right off the bat, if there are challenges we shouldn't think it's bad, we should strive for it to make ourselves better and our inventions

Jones sitting as far away from them as possible while trying to teach his parrot how to say inappropriate things to make himself laugh in the end when he makes the parrot say it in someone else's voice and make crimson fang think it was them and start a fight

Iron maiden eating incredibly spicy chips to hurt herself (because she enjoys that for whatever reason, maybe she escaped prison because she wasn't tortured enough? That explains why she'd open parts of her armor for us to hit) while making up a story about how she busted out of jail

And stuff like that

Volt would most likely be in a wheel chair

I don't know enough about the other character's personalities so I'll just come up with them

I hope they make knockout league 2 where you can fight those fighters again but this time them being slightly different by learning their weaknesses from the last battles

like volt getting better legs or even robotic arms

crimson fang actually starting to work hard and train after getting that suggestion from barrage

barrage working on her speed more so that her heavy punches wouldn't be slower and stuff like that

maybe Jones would get a different weapon that he'd use in a different way

iron maiden getting heavier armory and you having to brake through the weak lighter points

The time people find this

I realized my expectations might have been way out of wack because... well... nothing's stopping people from finding this very recently like 3 years after finishing it or just 10 years

Or a day after I write this because it's already uploaded on the Wayback Machine

or... never

in which case I'm actually happy that happened because then there'll be a possibility that people could see this first as children and then as an adult and be able to see how differently they reacted to a person who is stuck in the time of when these were written

if you don't want to revisit this it's totally understandable, even as of now I'm on page 559 and 109,816 words

I don't want to leave homework to people I just want to leave something people might be interested in

like how I was interested if people like me wrote stuff like this in the past and where it could be

for all I know those people are already on the internet the question is where

even though yeah technically it's everywhere because creators from all around the world are putting themselves in their work but still

Graveyard Walking

Is it weird that I like walking around in the grave yard?...

Okay yes it is but I like finding things that I don't expect and also it's more interesting to me to see abandoned graves which have a lot of plants growing on them and finding things there

(also I forgot to mention that the "grave yard" I'm talking about isn't the type of grave yard that just has tombstones in a field it has multiple squares of space for

each family with small desks and seats near them, I don't know if your country has those types of grave yards but still I hope I explained it well enough)

Like some graves not having anything written on them but most likely something being on that flat board before

Or there being broken graves or one of the old graves having a 50 year old picture of a face on it while the other two poor fellows losing them

To be frank with you I don't like that the new grave stones have a picture and text written on top of it which can degrade and erase over time, there is a big rock block as a grave stone and no matter how old it looks it still has the carving of the text and the carving of the faces on it even though a part of it is still missing, a circular hole in the middle which most likely had something in it

I'm still weirded out by the fact that all that is going to be on your grave is a text and a face that will most likely disappear

I think there should be other things that will allow adventurers like me to know more about them

I'm not saying they should put a box inside the grave stone and leave notes and photos in it to random strangers just saying how they were and what they were like would make it much better

Maybe a big block of tombstone not only stating what their last words were but description of what they think

they were like and the description of others describing them

And since it's a cuboidal shape we can add those descriptions on the sides and leave the final words, the date and the face in the middle

Also I was brought to the grave yard of my grandpa by grandma because she didn't want to be alone there

and good thing she did because I got to think about all of this and maybe change the minds of people about how tombstones should be made... I'll most likely fail at that but I don't know what the future holds

For all I know there are bonker things that are happening, some globally depressing and some completely disgusting

like a platform starting to literally melt the brains of people

Or technology not developing as quickly anymore (which probably has already happened) because the walls that people have to go through to achieve those newer goals are getting harder

or maybe I'm completely wrong about everything and the war killed millions of people leaving only few that try to rebuild their society and then bunch of children finding all of these texts in an abandoned building with plants growing everywhere

Even though I don't want the war part to happen I'd actually enjoy the thought of curious adventurous children finding a box of papers written by me in a cave or a building with plants on them and old as heck technology (to them) that me or others used to use and then them asking people how to translate this weird version of English to the English that they're used to

If you're one of them, hello I'm happy you brought my wish to reality

If not... well, I actually expected that not to happen because dreams don't become reality by dreaming about them

And if it was close like an adult finding it I'm still happy someone else found these papers many many years later

the downside of thinking like me

I can't feel as much care for the deep things like death and other inevitabilities, I think thinking about them for so much made them lose the terror and meaning to me

now I'm terrified that I'll lose myself because of this by trying to think about things deeply like I always do which is a core of my personality and then them meaning nothing to me anymore

I felt genuinely good about myself when I did work like doing a project over playing a game and wasting time

time of vacation or otherwise

I can't force myself to work anymore...

I just realized it was all because I was doing the same thing too many times

I was getting bored of the same work on the same project so I had to do something different like drawing an art that I haven't finished or just continuing to talk about myself

I still have difficulty coming up with a meaningful story but I do have an idea of a character who lets his anger get the better of him and lash out on people who thought of him as their friends, and not lash out as in attack them physically I mean he'll start judging them and arguing to them about things that they do and how he'd murder them because of it, even something tiny like someone calling someone else's opinion bias sets him off entirely

What I remember about ddlc

I remember that I actually watched a play through of ddlc in 2020 because I remember that year actually being the least painful depression wise and how it was turning day time when I was having epiphanies

I definitely remember one of the short stories about paths and how both paths lead to the exact same terrible end was written after watching ddlc saying how there is no control there's only an illusion of choice

And I remember how I thought "I don't know how to write poems but I can make short stories that look like poems" when I was watching through it

Also yes I was watching the Natsuki play through because in the game theory I learnt what she was going through and I felt bad for her

I know they're all characters but they're relatable one way or another darn it

And you'll only learn more about them if you watch a gameplay or play for yourself

The newest relatable trait that I can see is Yuri's because I'm incredibly socially awkward, not to her degree but still

I was trying to remember when I started writing short story ideas and I'm thinking it was around 2019 because of how I wrote my first full stories at that time "Jeremy in Fazbear's Fright"

Also when I was thinking about it I thought I wasn't going

to write about it and then I remembered my older self
and how he'd react to it, if he'd even remember it and
what would happen if I didn't add it

**don't forget future me if ANYTHING pops back into
your memory write about it, you're the only one
with those memories and leaving them there to be
erased is not a good idea, I think I've already said
this but you're likely to have the same memory
problems so saying it twice or more wouldn't be
bad**

Dragon catching taxi driver

I remember when I was a kid on my way to school with mom and a taxi driver I was talking about a movie "how to train your dragon" and I remember the taxi driver starting to tell a story of how he caught one

I was a kid so I totally believed that he did leave a net with his frined at night

I think there was a detail that made me think that he didn't watch the movie so he came up with it like that he specifically did it at night because of the name of the dragon having something to do with night but It just makes me feel like it was a wholesome experience

that a taxi driver could bring the imagination of my child self to life and at least for a moment believe that dragons were real

I know he probably doesn't remember it because it was just another person that had to be brought to school and the fact that it happened ages ago but I wanted to say this because I ligetimately forgot that nice people still exist out there who do as little as tell a story to leave others with a good memory

I just want to thank him for that and hope there will be more people like him letting kids live in their own world while they still can

it's not really a bad lie like how telling kids that santa is real isn't a lie

they'll grow out of it one day and if not well it's going to

be their lesson of how to let go of something and get to believe a new normal

Walking in circles

Imagine that it's night time, you're in another house, your father is sleeping in the same bedroom as you're supposed to sleep and you can't sleep when there are more people in the house, in the main big room there's a big rug and two windows with seethrough curtains and a glass cup on top of a drawer with almost no water and the water is in the other room where your grandma is sleeping

what do you do?

well I started walking to get myself tired enough to sleep easily

I walked forward and backward couple of times then tried doing it with bare foot with closed eyes so that I'd feel the ground change rug to floor to know when to turn around and a dim light to allow me to know if I was moving forward correctly, if I moved too far to the right I tried to move to the left by the same degree

I got small bursts of energy sometimes, making me feel more active and aware, I got that energy entire time when I started counting

then I started walking in circles because I was more used to it than accidentally walking into a chair near a desk

I thought to myself I should've checked the clock on my phone but then got an idea

that I would have to walk backward in circles 300 times to get my phone to write about my ideas and 100 times to refill my glass of water that I wanted at that time

by the time I got that idea I think I walked around for like... 30-40 minutes even if I convinced myself that at worst it has been 10 minutes, I was thinking this way because I wanted to walk around until I could see the light of the sun outside so that I'd be sleep deprived enough to sleep through the entire journey back home

I was am... expecting WAY too much from myself

so I decided to walk the opposite direction instead, It didn't feel as weird or nauseating as I expected it to feel, I forced my body to move no matter what I shouldn't take any breaks

walking and distracting myself actually made me stop wanting water so much

These were the things that I remember coursing through my mind

#1 alternate universes don't make sense because for the universe to change the beginning of the story would have to be altered to get to that point but if the past altered to that degree the present would change so much that all of the butterfly effects that turned the present as we all know wouldn't exist meaning an alternate timeline where you had a different electric pulse in the brain wouldn't

exist because you'd have to go through an experience that wouldn't exist if far in the past something didn't happen that didn't alter the events that lead to your birth because everything follows strict rules of physics

is it too complicated? Probably

but I'm moving on anyway

#2 I would allow myself to take my phone and refill my water in 400 loops and that I wasn't going to be a coward and that I shouldn't run away from such a challenge, it would prove my capability in not only remembering everything that would be in my mind but my patience

then I realized I could just walk 100 times around the circle get a cup of water and then continue doing the 300 part

#3 I... don't remember this at all, I don't even remember if there was a third idea going through my head

me walking around felt somewhat fun

I started thinking of every loop as a year passing so when I got all the way up to 47 I decided to count more precisely like 47.5, 48, 48.5 because I was so close to being half way done and that it was worth the hype

The entire time I was walking I reminded myself to write everything in my mind and saying one by one what I'll write about like a song in my head

my hands started hurting when I was moving them

forwards and backwards so much so I let my lower arms take a break while my shoulders would move the entire hands to move

then I started walking in different ways to entertain myself, like the “broken foot” walk where my left foot faced the front like normal but my right foot faced left so I had to move my entire left leg in front of my right leg to move

I also remember walking like a robot

After I reached 30 loops I started thinking of decades more like “new decade yayyyy...” and “new decade new me” and “wow I was 66 before now I’m 88? It’s been 22 years” and “this all began with one step, look how far I’ve come”

I definitely made 2 mistakes when I was counting by forgetting the number I was on

once I forgot the one digit number after I dozed off in my narration so I looped around an extra time later because it was bugging me so much that I might have missed it

And second time I forgot a two digit number but since I was making shapes of the second digit numbers when I’d get to a new decade with my hands by hurting my hands with my fingers to remember the placement of them I was capable of remembering that I was up to 70

or 80 I can’t trust my past self to tell me correctly in notes

I was also thinking about how no pain is no gain when my legs started hurting but also that sometimes pain is just pain there's no gain

When I started writing this part I felt dizzy and couldn't keep myself walking straight, so that was a thing, this is after I finally took my phone to write this

my body felt like it was giving up

So after I finally reached 100 I took my glass mug happily and moved quietly to the room

Grandma woke up and started saying this about how I should stop playing computers at night

I explained how I was actually moving in circles and counting them but she then told me that my brain needed much needed rest

so I took my phone that was charging in the same room and plugged her phone in, mine was at 47% and hers was also around 40%

She remarked that it was weird that my phone was so low on battery

as I was writing this even then it was 47% but it's because I turned on low battery mode (which my little sister hates for whatever reason) and lowered the lighting

I decided to start writing early because I valued those memories too much to just throw away

I thought of commenting that I was going to sit down when I got tired and dizzy but commenting about that part actually gave me time to recollect myself as I was walking

I think I'm finally going to take a seat now

I'm nervous and smiling because it's been A LONG time

And I finally sat down... that was anticlimactic

oh wait my back started numbing down and moving slightly forward

My knee caps still hurt but on my left I can barely feel it unlike my right where I can feel much more pain

Now it's 3:27 it's still at 47%

I'm very tired and sleep deprived and sleepy
Over and out

Oh and also as I was writing about one of those memories my older sister was awake and passed me by

I know it's a completely useless information but still I like details

her bedroom lights are on coming from the slightly open

door and I thought of adding this part in anyway because I don't want to miss ANY memory out

Also sounds are coming out of the room she's most likely watching a video of sorts

I'm going to let my future self describe how horrible it's going to feel to get back home WITHOUT WANTING TO

I'm serious I'd like to stay in this house for longer with Grandma I got too used to it

(next day)

We have finally arrived back home (even if I STILL WANTED TO STAY IN QUTAI SI) and now... the atmosphere feels completely different, it's hotter the air feels condensed and I feel like I'm not breathing enough air, the conditioner isn't doing much

my parents told me that it was hot in the country where my house is but... I didn't think it was going to be to this degree

I'm Sab at 5:19AM editing all of this signing off, It was all worth it

Future car idea

Cars will be so flattened that people will have to lay down in the car and see a screen showing what's happening in the front the same way a window used to

That way it would be closed off like a Tank but also way more (wind... thingy)

The controllers would be only near the legs and arms so that they wouldn't have to move their hands all the way above their heads to make a move

Also all of that space up there would have not only the things that drive the vehicle but also liquid that can power the three propellers in the back

That would obviously be a sports car not an actual citizen everyday car

Cloning reasons

People think there aren't good enough reasons to make genetic clones of someone

And they're totally right

We shouldn't waste time making a clone that just looks identical, they also need the same memories because

what's the point of a clone then, twins already exist

We could learn about the brain by seeing how long it would take for clones to stop thinking the exact same way as the original person by going through slightly different experiences without telling either of them that they are a clone including the original person

Also our clones would be capable of relating to ourselves the most and we'd be capable of helping one another, communicating more easily and pretty much being friends and learning from each other through our different experiences

But also we should make it illegal to make clones of people who'll try to make the clones do things they don't want to do or working with the clones to do something bad... the second one is obvious but the first one is still very important

clones or the original should be allowed to assault if the other one tries to manipulate the other

I wonder if humans could copy brains by that time if they would freeze many brains of people in different places for safety including space

Question to the reader

First I need to ask you if you're doing okay, even if I can't get an answer I can guess that you're tired or sick or feeling extreme rage against internet being so slow but decided since you don't want to waste time waiting for them to load you just came back here to read

that actually happened to me couple of minutes ago but still

I just hope you're doing okay

I'm physically losing my ability to sound as engaging and friendly as I used to be so my recent writings might have been much worse than my past ones

which got me thinking

which part was the golden age of my writing, not just in terms of story telling or ideas I mean my ability to engage, to talk to you, to talk about what I'm going through or what I'm doing in an exciting way

which is the bronze age

I edited one of the writings I made to make them more appealing and got finished couple of minutes ago

which actually came out way better than before

so I'm wondering as of now what is your personal favorite in this and why, just think about it to yourself

I just remembered "the castle" hotel

I used to call one hotel "the castle" because in my mind it looked like a castle because it had multiple roofs, they were greenish in color and there were 3 bigger parts to the building with taller roofs, I remember the middle having two long windows but I don't remember if the

other parts had the same thing

I remember things about that place, the last time me and my family were there I was very young, probably (I forgot to ask her) according to mom

I remember having a nightmare there where me and my other family members probably just my sister ran into a shack, it was dark blue out and we started panicking after seeing the bright moon

She probably told me that there was a monster after us

So we ran from the street to the abandoned broken down house

I distinctly remember the wooden door being broken and old and I was trying desperately to close it and then just gave up

So we pretended to sleep on the beds in the house and then I accidentally did something that lead to the monster noticing that I wasn't asleep, either me moving my arm or making an intentional snoring noise

Either way after I got jumpscared I fell down the stairs but it didn't look like the stairs of the broken down house we pretended to sleep in but instead the same spiraling stairs as the hotel

As I was rolling down it the windows showed the light of the sun getting brighter first orange then yellow

After the nightmare I remember one of our chess pieces went missing and that we accidentally broke a tip of the chess board

There was also someone else's room in the hotel where there was a two story bed

Also I remember being bullied by kids playing on an ipad
my older sister mari was with me too

I think the kids allowed others to play with the ipad but not me but I don't remember at all

me and my older sister told mom and dad about it

It was so foggy I remember not being able to see further than 8-10 feet but I think that might have been after that night judging by how dark I remember it being when we saw the kids and also how bright white the fog was

I remember the room downstairs where there were billiard tables, a small ball on the ceiling, colorful lights and board games on shelves, when I looked at one of them it looked awfully like Jumanji and I think Tako and Mari said that I'd get sucked into the game if I played with it

I regret not seeing how to actually play that game and instead believing them like the dumb little kid I was

I also remember dad showing up with his old white company car and also a helicopter drone that we played with

After we returned home I remember playing with the drone in the garage (which didn't have a roof and was outside our house) I remember the last time I saw the broken drone was when I looked into the room with a white door

That was most likely many years ago and the drone helicopter went missing completely

Me and my older sister were stuck in the bathroom, our babysitter thought that we were playing on ipad

Mari thought she'd kill herself by eating shampoo

She said it as we were driving from the forest to a restaurant

Gabi (our little dog) is still making sad noises for some reason and I feel so bad that I giggled about her noise in the park near the forest because of the noise

Eventually our babysitter explained that we had to move the door lock in a specific way and we opened it realizing we weren't actually stuck

I don't see any relative properties towards Mari to be honest, the only relatable property is that she thought that she was a breathing future wallet to our parents, which I also thought about but far before she said it, it was today when she mentioned it and the first day my

parents reacted to it so I FINALLY FEEL LIKE I'VE DONE
SOMETHING SOONER THAN HER OVERWORKED Aaaa...
aaarms? *head slap*

but no seriously she said her favorite activity was reading
READING!!!

ACTIVITY THAT GAVE HER JOY!!!

I don't know what she reads but she looks more like a
person destined to get somewhere in life unlike me

because I hope to reach something in both life and death,
meeting someone who saw this, someone who I didn't
know before, someone who relates to this and this
opening their eyes and realizing there are people like
them

I honestly wouldn't mind reading their own stories

My thoughts about the future

I was thinking if in the future Ai could actually become good enough for it to be capable of mimicing me very well just by all the text I've written

because there would be many problems with that and one of them is a simple fact that... I haven't fixed or looked back to everything I've ever written

so I might have written things incorrectly and also there would be a difference between what or how I would've said something when I was 14 compared to me now as 16

like how back then I was oblivious of how the Wayback machine could upload documents or even knowing what Wayback machine is leading me to think back then that people would find this not on the internet but in a time capsule aka a physical copy or a digital copy saved in a flash drive or a specific type of disk that could keep the information for much longer that would be inside of a microwave

I also thought and still think that I should make multiple copies and hide them in multiple countries so that in case someone builds something over one of them the other in another country could be found

I like how in the past they were talking about what would happen in specific years in the future so they weren't just contempt to say "2000s" but instead "what will happen in 2011" or 2015 or 2022

But if I said something like “ see you in 2037” or “2045” or “2078” I won’t know how accurate this will be to the time when people will find it and read it or if I’ll share it with my audience one day as a project I’ve been working on since the beginning

I was interested if people like me wrote things like this in the past and if it’s on the internet somewhere because to me it would make sense for some people to be keeping track of that sort of thing

and I couldn’t find one... the best I could find was texts of final words of prisoners before their death

Which made me ask myself if someone like me in the future was looking for it and gave up so easily... what’s my chance of getting anywhere

there were people since the day writing was invented to do all of that and their works hasn’t survived up to the point of when I’m making it so... how the hell will a 16 year old child do any better

I don’t even know how many people are out there doing it especially in the future, I might as well be talking to a blank wall because I don’t think I’ll reach my goals

I know I should be happy for making a positive difference to at least one person in the world by making a short entertaining video to distract them or a short story that I wanted to show, heck I might have done that after showing it in the conference because I’ve heard from my

mom that someone who saw my project showed this to her son and told him that I made an entire animation while he doesn't do anything

but... I just think for a life goal that isn't enough showing my classmates and other people my project isn't enough

heck showing 28k people a crappy sketch of Captain Sauce isn't good enough

if I'm going to turn 18 in 2 years, if I'm going to lose freedom in working on projects by having no time anymore and the best part of my life leaving me forever I might as well try to reach my goal before I shatter to so many small pieces it'll glide away in the breeze

Mom if you're reading this I'll be honest I still don't believe that you were as okay as you said you were starting off as an adult even if you admitted that you had to struggle as well... mostly because it's the future and getting a job is harder

I remember the conversation we had on the balcony Nestani

And I'm willing to think of the worst case scenario when I grow up

Dissapointment only happens when you expect something better, past me taught me that... literally with his past experiences

So I believe it'll get worse and worse until I either get swallowed by the sea, decide to swallow a pressure washer and turn it on or freeze the entire sea killing every creature living in it

You tell me which one sounds more realistic

Representing the way I come up with stories with a fictional world

I imagine my way of coming up with stories as me riding on my hoverboard on a small planet that changes its look to what I imagine the story to be, it's as if I'm a bystander watching as it happens even if I still see everything as if it's a movie or a show with that perspective

Kind of like how when I was very young in 1st or 2nd grade I closed my eyes and opened them looking to a different direction as if I was a camera cutting to another scene

I did that with two people talking to each other like one person said something so I stared at them then closed my eyes and cut to another person talking

I remember those two being weirded out by what I was doing so one of them asked

I don't remember who they were though

Anyway when I wouldn't be able to manipulate the planet to come up with a story I would wait for another small

planet to pass by where I could jump to while riding on the hoverboard to try to come up with another story where I could transform my surroundings into what the story was supposed to be like, the more I liked the story and wanted to continue it the more I could manipulate the colors and shapes of everything, the characters and their stories, at first I would pass a part of a plot or development by to come up with the whole story to then make more changes like making a blueprint and then recreating it with both your arms taking your time to mutate that small planet to the world you want it to be like sculpting with clay but the clay can change its color through your imagination

Before I used the hoverboard I would lay down put my hand on my head and stay in one planet in one position, it's as if I was sculpting on myself as if I was a part of the story I was in it and sometimes I'd imagine such extreme scenes I'd feel it in my heart, over time that one planet wasn't enough for me to come up with stories because I was too numb I would be too sleepy and not think about the story as much so I started jumping onto other planets over and over again, the planet would grow in size the more I thought of the story and more details I came up with, before I laid on one place and created the world on the surface that was around me

The fact that I was in a story doesn't mean it was like a 1st person view even if I did do that once or twice like as spider man or Deku flying through the city using my fingers to push air under me to jump to other places I mean I chose what I would've chosen and did whatever I wanted not like a character but instead a game of imagination

There were black holes up and down so if I fell I physically wouldn't be capable of coming up with stories and be stuck inside a black void unless I got motivation what would propel me back up or motivation would fly down to the black home and lift me up back to space

Every planet would be around the same size as me unless I grew it up and gave it color, if I didn't every planet would just be a grey ball like the moon

Now I wonder if anyone will make a story based game about it, I can already imagine a game where it has a pixelated style like "bad end theatre" (I think I thought about that because I saw a playthrough of it recently) where you can draw and come up with stories in your planet a story of a story teller and how sometimes they feel like they're in the brink of losing themselves and being unable to continue coming up with anything just to get another push and continue but them still being afraid of the time when they won't be able to escape the black hole in the dark void forever, in the end of the story after all that trauma and of them showing that trauma through their storytelling and how slowly they became more positive would show them more and more colorful planets closer to where they are compared to where they used to be

them looking back at how many grey lifeless planets there were with the same size and then comparing it to what they see now, diverse planets with different colors and stories showing the stages they went through to get that far and remembering that they made so many stories they think it's funny that they thought they'd give

up and stop doing this entirely so far back, sometimes even revisiting those planets to grow them and recreate the planet to a better one just like the planets on the front that are more likely to be bigger and fully realized

The planets could also have moons, aka stories that are taking place in the same world as the planet they're orbiting

The planets won't be hitting each other unless you wanted to fuse two different stories together to make one big story

The main problem being that when you get on a planet that was moving to come up with another story you don't know where it's going, you could be growing that planet with your ideas and then stop or you could be jumping one planet to the next with nothing, or you could get on a planet where you'd be stuck which would be moving away from other grey planets, where you'd be stuck trying to come up with anything but not being able to which would be how the planet would get magnetized into the black hole making you feel that way

Every planet in its core having a sort of energy or idea that it was born from

Your good idea could pop out of nowhere and you would grow that planet as much as possible

The core of a planet with no ideas or inspiration would be a black one, like a black liquid forcing its way out of the middle being magnetized into the black hole that makes you give up

On the other hand the story you come up with makes the color of the core of the planet represent the story, it could be dark blue as in dark and moody, it could be yellow colorful and fun, it could be dark red brutal and heartless

The color of the core will only change if you put your self on them and do something, otherwise they'll truly be floating rocks

See? I came up with a small idea then more ideas and now it's a whole new world that people could imagine

It started off as just an animated scene in my head where I'd jump to one planet to the next showing the stories I've already made and me riding my hoverboard in those worlds

Sometimes I just sit on a planet waiting for another idea without giving up to boredom and having the planet float up nor down

Actually maybe they wouldn't be magnetized but instead those planets would be facing and moving towards the black holes but I wouldn't know that they were until I'd stay on them for long enough, me not being capable of changing the color of the core would lead to the planet continuing to move to the direction it was moving towards and when I'd feel a little bit like giving up until I'd be engulfed in feeling powerless would be of me seeing a black dot in the distance and me thinking I could avoid it if I changed the core fast enough but then getting closer and closer to the black void until I was engulfed into it and the world behind me shrinking and shrinking, my

doubt being stronger if the world of planets and space behind me would shrink to the size of the dot making the world of where planets are already taking their own directions all the more predictable the same way the universe works but us simply not being able to predict that

sometimes I even have my character sing the same song that I'm listening to with my head set

now I'm thinking if I'll say this in the future because I'd forget that I already mentioned it but didn't make such big deal of it making not important enough for my brain to remember, or maybe me saying all of this will lead to me remembering it more who knows

Space ideas

a vsauce video “messages for the future” ignited my ideas and thoughts about space again

including me remembering my dream of a few people flying to space to survive an apocalypse on earth and keeping a lot of stuff taken from earth to remember us by and one day in the rubble of stuff that people gave them they’ll find this turn-it on a computer and read it next to a window with stars in the background flying to their new home

it wasn’t a DREAM dream but an idea that’ll never come to reality

who do you think I am Jeff Bezos? I don’t think I’ll be able to get a job non the less be able to send stuff into space

Markiplier sure as hell would try his best to get to space no matter what in flesh or otherwise

what if we taught aliens English using an AI that we’d make that would be capable of teaching a baby how to understand and speak English without any other human coming to contact with them, then strapping it on a spaceship and blasting it off

I thought of that after remembering that the president of united states Jimmy Carter said his speech in English making it unknown to creatures who don’t know the language

I know trying to teach an alien English is going to be way more difficult than a human baby because we don’t know

how their brain will function and how they learn and if they'll even be advanced enough to do that or if they'll be in their own stone age

but I think trying will be better than not because at worst they just won't understand

In the future will we make a robot that is as human as possible with a heck of a lot of data about the human race, how it needs to survive in space, and having its own human personality for it to be sent to space along with his clones with different personalities

Again robots don't need bones, air, or food they just need to be away from radiation so that they won't fry

They can turn themselves off and turn on millions of years later when they get to another planet

use resources on that planet to fix themselves or make another clone of themselves with their own space ships to spread them even more into space so that the memory of humanity will never die... or at least hopefully enough time for aliens to find them

I doubt we'll be able to turn humans into robots any time soon and if we do we won't transfer their consciousness into them but instead, the data in their brain making them more like a clone than a recreation

if history taught me anything it's that people's fear of death makes them think that they'll live long enough to find a way to cheat death which is why I think I won't live

as long as people think they're going to live with technology that'll surface "soon"

we can't store consciousness the same way we store data so we'll have to somehow immortalize ourselves by making us never age but there's always a possibility of you being killed

and again I don't think the magic of immortality will ever be reached even if people think we're so close to getting there

yes thousands of years ago they were trying to use myths for immortality which is a lot more fake than the real technologies we're creating today but I still am not certain

and again we're not Jeff Bezos and I don't think IMMORTALITY will be cheap

so robots are the only option to saving the knowledge of our species' existence letting them outlive us in search of life in space

or maybe by some miracle humanity will live until the death of the universe

if people thousands of years ago made boats sailing for months until getting to the desired destination and then we created planes that do the same thing in a couple of hours but sailing in the skies then literally anything can be possible in the future

well at least anything but living forever, I still think even if we'll live longer through technology we won't reach immortality for millions or even billions of more years

by the time it happens at worst, we'll be forgotten and at best we'll be known as much as we do our ancestors which isn't much maybe they'll think of creepypasta as our own mythology

could you imagine Slenderman being reincarnated in the future just in a different way? One character made by one person going that far into the minds of people because of the consequence of his existence and their misunderstanding of English language in the future making them think that Slenderman's existence actually caused the death of somebody

too bad printers are a ripoff made to self destruct if you tried to augment it to make it function correctly

if that wouldn't happen everyone around the globe could make physical copies of their work

again it's 21st century how are they allowed to do that... I don't believe I was talking about space then immortality then Slenderman of all things and then printers being stupid

it feels like I was having an actual conversations because real conversations can take you to the wildest directions

I most likely already said it but this only proves it further... even if some of them sound like they were forced in without a good transition

I moved up here by selecting with my mouse and moving it upward making it look like road lines moving

actor's hobby to act alone

Let's get right to the point shall we?

I like acting to myself alone with nobody telling me what to do because I'll have creative control over how I'll be acting

Since in a theatre you're given a role and lines that you have to... well... act out there's little space for your own ideas to come to life

In short you'll have to learn how to mimic someone else's idea of how the character needs to be played

Even if there can be some changes you could give to the character performance like adding little details you'll still be mimicking what is supposed to be mimicked

But when I have free will to act like anybody I can allow myself to come up with a story of action as I go

Which allows me to convey the character's personality and thoughts through physical movement and emotions alone, sometimes it just comes to me what I could do in a scenario

I kind of like acting without using my voice because it allows me to tell a story with no sound but physical action

But I still sometimes speak or the whole act being a dialogue of a character I'm trying to come up with a story for while I'm speaking

If you still don't get it let me set an example

I give myself a role and the character's journey will be made up by me as I go along

The role is a person eating

The Journey goes like this:

him asking food in a restaurant, showing boredom and using the tools commonly used in restaurants to spend time

He looks at similar looking seasonings

He tastes one it is sour and he leaves the second one because he knows the other one is spice

The food arrives

He pours salt on the food

He tries to swat an insect off of his meal

He stares at the insect angrily as it moves

He moves his eyes and head as if the insect got closer

The character starts choking

THAT is a story made up on the fly... that wasn't meant to be a pun

That I could come up with sometimes without thinking about it and then act out with none of those items being there but instead me pretending like they are

Or for a more complex scenario

a person hiding in the trenches waiting for a time to inform his teammates when to go and his emotional reaction to their death in front of him when he makes a mistake

how will he deal with his grief, what will he do, how will he try to hide it if he'll even try, will he even feel grief or will the character enjoy the scenery

those are all questions you could answer while playing the character by making it up as you go sometimes instinctively

I'm not saying the first take is going to be perfect but you'll still make a story and an act that you could improve upon by being able to add more ideas to your act after setting the base of the personality and physical language

stuff I found

chapter 1

“final words” of my young self

I was looking through my old stuff and found couple of things that I didn't expect to see

one was a paper of me saying “ if anybody is reading this I want you to know you won't be seeing me any time soon ”

I think this was when I thought I was going to die soon and thought that would be my last letter to anyone who'd find it

which caught me by surprise and even if I don't remember it I do think that I thought that if I put it under books but also on top of a school book with drawings of people on it someone would want to see the art on the cover of the book fully and accidentally find my note

which unintentionally lead ME to finding it

I don't believe I did it, I wanted to leave some things behind for future me to find but I found a note of my younger self

not talking to me but anybody who'd find it

which feels... so messed up because I forgot the actual pain and suicide I had back then, I forgot how genuine all of it was and how I truly believed I was going to kill myself soon and that the only note I'd leave... would be short words on a piece of paper

I think suicide is an afterthought to me at this point judging by how much I forgot about my feelings and how I already talked and thought about it so many times it feels like an afterthought at this point

the same way the weight of losing my grandpa at first was so devastating that I would start crying when I'd think about him but over time that pain numbed down

It also had "chapter 5 Jeremy's last words" written on it with a red pen which I think is supposed to show that there are either 5 more papers like them or maybe it was supposed to be a continuation of the "Jeremy in Fazbear's fright" story I honestly have no clue, this is why you shouldn't write down things that you think you'll remember the meaning of

that paper isn't there anymore because I found it while trying to find books that I didn't want to keep in my room because we had to move all those stuff upstairs but before any of that I found those things and since there

weren't that many books to choose to hide under I decided to hide it somewhere else to find it again

Chapter 2

the guided blind game

I found an old vr headset which was for putting a phone in it

to be honest it's more comfortable than the playable one that we got later

I opened its... hatch? Door? I don't know what the front part of a vr headset is meant to be used to hold a phone

I put the headset on and I saw blur through the lenses

Then I remembered the time before our other house got renovated me and my younger sister used to play a game with the headset

I told her about a story where there was a blind person and a legless person and how a legless person was lifted

by the blind person and how the legless person guided where the blind person should go

I really liked that idea so I made a game of it where I'd lift her on my back, put the headset on to make me unable to move and she'd guide me to where to go and when to stop

I just miss when the only thing me and her had to do to bond is play games like that

even if we started talking to each other more when we started playing virtual games together I still think I liked her more when she wasn't addicted to an app I'm not willing to even mention the name of because of how much I despise it... fine I'll explain it (it recommended a video about sexist bullcrap which pissed me off when I heard her listen to so loudly and when I started telling her that she should stop watching that as a whole her trying to defend the app because it was recommended to her and that she didn't choose to watch it even if that's even worse because I don't remember Youtube recommending such disgusting things TO AN 11 YEAR OLD... so yeah I still hate her for it, thanks unnamed app you've ruined my **TIIME** and relationship

in fact it pissed me off so much that I started getting an urge to actually kill her for a second time of her being a smug bastard and somehow winning the argument by her sheer ignorance and stupidity

luckily I walked it off literally by walking around outside and when I got back I think we both knew what to do without saying anything to one another

staying away from each other and not talking to each other about anything until all of it would be forgotten and her inappropriate activity would die out)

the nightmare of being a part of history

I am terrified at the thought of the consequences of the Ukraine war, how it's going to change our lives forever and how I think the worst scenario will happen

The russians will support the inhuman and outright disgusting actions of that devilish maniac that attacked Ukraine

not only that but I found out from a video about a company black rock that is manipulating our lives, plummeting prices of everything in the shadows and trying to take over everything

leaving people homeless and unhappy just because they want a taste

I feel powerless again, like I mean no change, I am just a teenager who doesn't even know what to do with his own life

What am I supposed to think about when I'm trying to do my hobby the fact that in a few years I'll be controlled by greedy monsters that want nothing more than torture us?

Am I supposed to ignore that?! I can't but then I can't live a meaningful life but even if I do it'll be taken away by them

at first I didn't saw the war as horrificly as I do today
I genuinely feel sorry for people who think they're on the right to side with those devils

I know this is completely unrelated story but Markiplier making excuses to do bad things was one of the reasons why I feel so broken

a person who I thought was a kind caring person who I related to being an idiot who does whatever he wants for the lols without anybody calling him out on it

I don't know what to do anymore, what to think who to even talk to

I feel like wanting to die again

there's no good end for any of us

My psychopathy feeling more like a useful tool against them that can't be used because I'm not immoral enough to kill and burn russians that follow his orders as heartlessly as they do to Ukraine citizens

the nuclear war feeling like a better alternative than a lifetime of torture

I am scared

I am sad

I am lost for words

To any russian out there that might or might never find this I just want to say

I hope you're not on the side that pulled you in and made you want to cheer them on as they rip away the lives and sanities of everyone around them just because you think you can trust everyone around you, just because you think you're correct and think everyone else is crazy

It's okay to think that you're wrong at times

hell even I am wrong sometimes but you can't just let your country run down a path of harming people who didn't do anything wrong

just imagine people blowing up your home, killing everyone around you and then burning you alive while ripping out your skin

that isn't even close to the level of pain everyone is and will be going through

stop it

the only positive outlook I got from this is that some russians don't want the war, they want to go they want to stop

even if they are small amount of individuals it still makes me happy that at least some of them have empathy

at first I thought all russians were there to ruin the world but at least now I see a small light in the void of darkness

a dream with a humming parrot making an okay sign

there was a dream where birds were following a hord of insects in the supermarket by them flying out from colorful bins or something like it anyway I think it was supposed to look like a ceremony kind of like fireworks

one of them stopped in front of me

it looked like a mix between a parrot and a hummingbird, it had a beak and head of a hummingbird but a blue parrot circle on its chest with a small white heart colored

on it slightly on the right side of its chest and it was pretty big compared to a hummingbird, its leg was around the size of my arm

it showed me an okay sign with its leg and I did the same

I laughed and then the bird did the same even if the bird giggled quietly its giggling sounded so human

it sounded like a girl to me

we made a couple of other gestures but I don't remember what, we both had fun mimicking those hand gestures

Sadly something happened which lead me to never seeing the bird again, I remember it looking like that was a video game and I accidentally deleted that

I tried so hard but the best I could find was a blocky virtual version of the bird

it was the only positive thing I had in the dream and real life

so even if it's a part of my imagination I'll imagine it as my buddy

and I'm not adding this in here to give you the context of what I felt like yesterday before I took a nap

The little bird was a wholesome being communicating with its legs and making signs that we humans make without hands

I wouldn't be surprised if the bird meant to say "it's going to be okay" but I didn't understand in my dream

I'm going to call her Cristal

Other Project ideas

#1 gameplay project idea that we should totally do... in another channel

a series of gameplays that will be done by me adding cut out mouthes and eyes to recreate expressions on a cut out of my face

The voice would sound robotic and inhuman even if it had a hint of my voice in it

in the games I would sometimes try to communicate with the audience using any limited things I could find

like if I found many letters in games I'd make a fake cough while having my mouse on a letter to then spell out things

like "this is not me" or if there were limited letters I could work with "ths s not m"

in the end of the series I would start being so impulsive and angry that I would outright start screaming about what I'm angry about but directing my anger towards the npc in a game then pause mid reaction, cut off to a different video of where I talk to the audience, breathe in breathe out and say calmly "I'll be honest and try to fill you in about as much as possible, I miss his work even if he's not with us anymore I believe we can still continue his legacy, I don't want fame I don't want to anger anyone I just... miss him"

in some episodes I'll be capable of making full sentences without the audio cutting to a word that sounds like it was slotted in so that it will look like the creator would find sentences from existing videos and add them in a perfect spot so some of my anger scenes would tell about what the creator was like before he died because he wouldn't be forced to SAY anything that he didn't want to say he'd just say it in different circumstances for the video so it'll feel like he actually said that in real life

like let's say his epiphanies or how he's trying to scare a monster that he's afraid of
or how he's trying to tell to the villain's face what he's going to do if he dares to do anything, or lashing out saying that he'd rather die in control than have someone else choose his fate

The first episode will actually be a normal playthrough but in the end I'll casually mention that I'll have to drive somewhere which will show that something will happen that day
A week later a new video would pop up of me as that edited character

I would be very happy in the first few videos but then descend to being more sad and negative until the last episode because in that universe people would start hating the person who tried to recreate him because they thought he was doing it for fame

it would be a story of how after a person died and people missed them some would go on with their lives excepting death as an inevitability while people who were good at mimicking the creator would try as hard as they could to recreate the creator

I'm not saying I'll ever get to the point that this will happen to me
hell no

I just want to make an example

Also I need to remember to make the commentary interesting not only showing different character personality like the actor sounding european and psychopathic while depression sounding like he woke up at 3 am but also making the SOUNDS more appealing like how Jacksepticeye calms down just to scream up into the heavens again

It would be like a sound/emotional rollercoaster

also I'll have to re record my reactions by compiling voices that sound like they were recorded from different times from different videos all mashed together

That will also allow me to make different responses and more creative ways of making the video more enjoyable

And yes I'll be playing horror games because I hate myself...
actually this will be a quote of every episode

I think I'll play games in order as if it was a part of a bigger story and play games that someone has already played and I've seen because... well... making videos about games that I don't know about feels very risky to me

It feels like I'll waste time unable to come up with what the character would say

actually I think I should make that a part of the story too, the first

episode would be about a game I have no sweet clue about when I was alive and wanted to spread the word about games that are unpopular but are definitely worth playing while when someone else takes over the script every line and for them to make better scripts they'd have to make videos on games they already know the structure of

also the him coughing or sneezing on letters to make a sentence "I'm not me" would happen throughout multiple episodes

I got this idea after remembering one of the "three scary games" episodes from Markiplier where Lixian edited him to look inhuman with his mouth and eyes edited in and his mouth changing to mimick mouth flaps of what he was saying

saying things like "the end... is nearr.... The end... is nearr"

also yes I did realize that this project sounds like the plot of unus annus because it's about a dead creator who came back after death to make more content but I feel like this is more realistic because of how much easier and doable it is to recreate someone by editing and mashing sounds instead of downloading a brain and them continuing their work on their own instead of their fans trying to recreate them

—

I've realized that I can't do that because of course I didn't put into consideration about just how ugly I was going to be

So maybe I'll try to do this with an animated character but that is a whole new problem because I'll have to animate his reaction and somehow make the edit of his recreated face look fake as if I put a png of his eyes and mouth on it

So... yeah it of course is more complicated than I thought it was going to be

at least I got my idea out there maybe someone else will make it
but their own way

Maybe I'll do it in the future when I get better at editing and
drawing and animating

Or maybe I'm just giving up too quickly

I don't know

#2 HELP MEH

Working advice

(I'm a stupid 16 year old so you don't NEED to listen to me it's just something I
believe as of now)

I told my mom about my stress that I can't finish
my project in time and how I get more and more

ideas for projects that I just never do because I'm stuck doing this one thing

She told me that I should just try to find out how to do it faster which was obvious and didn't exactly help

That was until I realized I was looking at all of this all wrong

even when I'm doing rough outlines I try to do as much as possible and work as much as possible and don't try to do it fast so I don't do it as efficiently

So I decided to do the things I was holding off in order to draw before just because I knew I could easily do them

when you're beginning a project you can think big but for the sketch phase don't put so much effort as to try to make a perfect work right off the bat that I was trying to do

Instead work on small things work your way up from there and when you're done with the entire sketch of the whole work you can start doing the main work

even though you can still change things up a bit

over time after you get an idea or realize that your previous idea wasn't that good

Walking in circles part 2

we've returned to the other house and since BOTH my mom and dad are going to be sleeping in the same room for at least 2 more nights I wanted to walk around again

when I started counting it was around 2:59 Am, I could only last up to 3:20 before I decided to write about it

I realized it wasn't as satisfying and interesting anymore to walk around, I couldn't come up with any new ideas and I was walking way too quickly so when our little dog Gabi showed up I just stopped walking

I did start slowing myself down as much as possible when I reached loop 80 which made it feel way more like time was actually passing but if I moved that slow the entire time my estimate would be that I'd be at 20

For some reason I made the year 69 overdramatic as if that joke would be there by the time I'd reach that age

So after I stopped walking and sat down in the middle of the carpet I thought to myself about the imperfect vision of a human when they look at a dark place feels the same as a camera doing the same thing but in the case of humans it being organic imperfections and now I'm wondering if technology could fix our organic eyes to not have those imperfections because cameras can already do some things that normal human eyes can't

also I think this shows how I sometimes like diverse things, doing the same thing doesn't feel as impactful anymore I don't feel as determined to tire myself out so motivated to reach a goal that I've already reached

Or maybe I was just too tired already but still wanted to do SOMETHING who knows

the only thing I know is that I petted Gabi when she showed up

when I felt her spine for some weird reason thought "whelp at least when she dies I'll know I've felt her bones before"

I finally found out how to connect my head phone with my computer just to watch move videos
aa
aa

aaaaaaaaand that's about it

“One Shot” the underrated game

I'm not known for watching hours and hours of content, I haven't binge watched anything since my hero academia which was probably 2 years ago in 2020

it kind of feels like in those 2 years nothing happened but at the same time everything happened judging by what I've achieved...

I watched the entire playthrough of Markiplier playing “OneShot” and it's so depressing to me, especially when I got context to what would happen if another ending was chosen

I wrote down couple of theories to the game in the comments so I'll leave notes to the episodes they were, go watch them they're a treat

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3tRBEVW0hiA-qcA1_uIQBI-FChmZwkq4

Episode 2

[3 hours ago](#)

[2:48](#) coding of the developers?

1 REPLY

[8 minutes ago](#)

I thought they would be used to fix the corruptions by this code that could replace the corrupted ones but apparently not

Episode 3

[3 hours ago](#)

[37:44](#) I have a theory the games are decaying so Niko popped into this game from her game the game is corrupted probably from its aging, more and more glitches spreading

Episode 4

[2 hours ago \(edited\)](#)

[28:23](#) it's probably a code that fixes the glitches given to the game after a long time of it running well... not exactly a glitch but I don't remember what those are called, corruption right I forgot about that, thanks person in the future who'll most likely never see me

Episode 5

[0 seconds ago](#)

[35:04](#) I... actually thought the girl in the thumbnail looked too close to the thumbnail of the girl in episode 2, at first I thought they were the same character even if she has pinker shade of hair and a pink light instead of blue still I don't believe that those two thumbnails actually had an unintentional spoiler to the story that I thought was a spoiler but then forced myself to think that she was the same character

Episode 6 The End

[1 hour ago](#)

[7:39](#) no wonder she knew about the name "Markiplier" in the first episode the robot said he updated things and I'm guessing the creators thought we'd forget that and question how she knows that

[2 hours ago](#)

[7:01](#) or... MORE HUMAN maybe books in this universe are just way shorter aka couple of pages so he was writing like a normal person but because of the limited pages he had to make many books

[2 hours ago](#)

before I continue I want to say the author is probably one of the game designers who doesn't want to code because it reminds him of coding the game and messing it all up and he knew a glitch that would allow him to fly

[0 seconds ago](#)

3 minutes ago (edited)

I... thought Niko was going to accidentally break the sun and her having to replace it with her own body because she did fuel it with her hands so the power would be coming from her

I even thought the code of her body wouldn't work with the code of the other game she transferred into making the entire game break because of the corruption given from her body even if she powered the machine that let out the power of the sun

but this ending is just... so much more painful

especially after I got the context of what'll happen if he chose the second ending

Mark you made a correct choice because the ending you got was actually the best it could've gotten

this is the best it could've gotten because she

never got home again

in fact her home died out

I didn't leave these comments here because I knew nobody would read it otherwise

it was to show how engaging it was for me, making my own ideas and thoughts as the story went along

I know I should've left this in the categories section but I'm way too tired so... I'll do it in the future

it's not my future me's problem I will do it myself

oh and also I'm wondering who was the other person who saved it in the wayback machine before me in 2022

oh you're asking why I said It's underrated even if Markiplier said it was scored very high on steam in episode 1? Well... it's because not that many people watched it or made videos about it

for comparison the highest number of views
“oneshot” got in mark’s playthrough was of
episode 1 which had 3 million views

Undertale which I’m guessing is a similar game (I
STILL haven’t watched its playthrough)

had 4 million, for Jacksepticeye it was 12 MILLION

I wanted to compare it overall

I found out that the game had a continuation which
warms my heart because it means the creators
didn’t just leave questions unanswered and did
make a good ending

It’s a shame that Mark hasn’t got back to it for 5
years now, if he really wanted to he could play the
final ending

I should go back to saving this document in my pen
flash drive again because I was trying to save this
in there after altering the end of this entire short
story ideas

Yeah... I just didn’t think the ending of short story
ideas was good enough

Either it would be too simple or just outright goofy

I do hope my future self will make it better in the future because it'll show that I have learnt how to do it better

I'll see you on the other side... of this document I mean

There is no other side

it's okay to believe in it I personally just... don't

Stress of moving out

Mom told us that we might move out to Switzerland and live there if we decided to and get in a whole new school

Only the thought of that made me stress out and get uncomfortable

she did make some points to that idea like her wanting to get a better job and us already using English more than our own native language and thinking that the place is simply less... offensive for the lack of a better term

The thought of living in a completely different place and meeting completely different people would be scary enough but now imagine the idea of us potentially going there in a year

I'D BE 17 YEARS OLD AND THE DUMBEST PERSON IN THE SCHOOL I'D HAVE TO ATTEND

if I feel like a dropout in my country now imagine me having to contest with people who got way better knowledge, creativity and experience than me and the fact that they've most likely been getting that good education since day 1

I'M NOT EVEN FLUENT IN ENGLISH NOR CAPABLE OF WRITING WORDS CORRECTLY MOST OF THE TIME

We haven't even decided to go there- neigh mom hasn't even gotten a confirmation of her getting a job there and I already feel sick just thinking about it

I don't know if it'll happen and if it'll be better or worse but either way I know I won't be comfortable there

especially because everything there is way more expensive so I'll have to somehow get a better job even in there

I'm probably going to need to get a part time job to pay for the foods and drinks not only to help my parents in such an environment but also because if I never get a job I'll never get experience but for me to get experience I'll have to be good enough to stand out over others and I doubt that people who want to sell more burgers they'll want a brainless corpse puppet who makes crappy animations and can't even write stories well

so yeah... It doesn't feel good

the fact that the future feels way worse than before should already be apparent at this point

I guess there was one thing past me was correct about, expect the unexpected because the world would rather torture you more than what you can imagine

How to stop bad habits

There are couple of things you can do to stop your bad habits, I know I'm not the most knowledgeable person so I might say things that might not work for you but I'd rather try than not try

Who knows maybe this might come in handy for somebody

1 First thing you need to do is kind of obvious, understand which of your habits are bad habits

2 I know you won't do this part at least in the beginning but try to write down every single bad habit in a way that makes you feel bad about you doing it

Like let's say how pathetic it is that I am here sitting at home doing absolutely nothing useful most of the time while people my age already know how to drive cars and have their own freaking jobs

3 then you should change your environment in a way that will make it harder for you to continue doing your bad habits and think of objects around you as people with relationships

make your bad habits harder to do and your good habits much easier to do

Like let's say if you want to drink more water have more cups of water placed all over the place

Or if you want to stop playing games delete those games, search up how to block websites that allow you to download those games again and block them so you'll be left with you and your hobbies

Or if you have a physical gaming device put them where it will be difficult for you to get it like on top

of a tall closet or tell someone to hide it somewhere

Or if you want to remind yourself of all of this keep reminders in places where you'd normally go to

In that case don't think of it as your "past self" telling you what to do like he's your boss but instead think of it as yourself, your current self reminding you of what you want and need to do instead of what you wanted and needed to do

Also if you're starting to do something that effects you negatively stop it immediately because if you get used to it and get addicted to doing it, it will be much harder to stop doing that activity than what it would've taken to stop doing it if you stopped it earlier

Also to test if you're addicted to doing something or not try going about your day without it for a week straight

It's like chips if you stop yourself from eating it you won't crave it as much if you eat one of it which will lead to a snowball effect which will make you want to eat more and more, if you don't buy those types of foods you won't even want to eat them at least as much

My Coffee talk theory

I think there is going to be a reveal that in the end, everything we play through in-game was actually the story that Freya was writing

That would not only explain how there are fantasy creatures in this universe but also make sense of

the beginning of the game where it was narrated to us how this universe worked

We never see the actual outside world we only see what happens in the coffee shop and skipped dialogue that we've already heard of which would make sense if this was all a story

I know all of this could be because they didn't want the players to listen to the exact same story but it could also be for the writing

Also every day before continuing the game we see a date and time

The dates of time could be chapters of the story, like a notebook in which she wrote what happened in the coffee shop in real life at that time and then edited it to fit the world that she created

Also, she did say everyone in her story would be human

If this was written in real life it would be hilariously meta because humans who don't have fantasy creatures would be writing about fantasy creatures one of which would be writing about the whole story as it happened in a world where there would only be humans without fantasy creatures

Also it's raining every single night of the game for some reason, every time we see a scene of it getting night time there's no rain in sight but when we're in the coffee shop it always rains outside

Again I don't know if the creators would pull that on us but only time will tell

I still haven't seen the whole thing, I've watched up to the time when a lady arrived late in the meeting with another lady and we let an awkward individual to work with us who sat next to the group and talked about his goal

so this is more of a theory about what the end of the game might be instead of what the entire game was about but wasn't revealed, I haven't seen the whole thing so it might actually be there... maybe

I can't wait to... probably not revisit it for a week again before getting back to it in order to not eat it all up so quickly

And no I didn't mean literally eating it I meant consuming the story so quickly I don't want it to end so quickly

I'm talking to the astronauts (If you know you know)

I know this won't be the intended story of the creators I'm just making a fun theory of how it could end up

it kind of makes me feel like a theorist in a way it's just an idea I wanted to share, kind of like that one time when I made a theory... or hypothesis about Job Simulator

Coffee Talk was so enjoyable and distracting... I almost forgot that the creator isn't with us anymore

His creation shall make a butterfly effect thousands of years down the line

me? you should save the link of the full play through in the Wayback machine and save it in the URLs

Again it's a very good game and you should totally check it out

Daily news about Greg

That's false advertizing there buddy

I know but I just really wanted to call it that

I saw a cockroach today

It moved right in front of my legs when I was sitting on my sofa, I smiled and wanted to move the sheet that was making a shadow on it to take a better look

I wanted to take a picture but I didn't have a phone with me

when it felt the vibration of my hand hitting the bed it climbed under it

For context there's almost no space under my bed that it could crawl into so it was hilarious and surprising

it was also funny that it reminded me of our dog Gabriela when she goes under the bed, the way she moved her legs faster when she wouldn't get under it as quickly

It really looked like it freaked out

If we knew the name of Spy in Team Fortress 2 I would've called him that

also there are still ants moving around under my feet in my room, before I turned the lights off for couple of seconds and on again it looked like an ant infestation

I still don't know where the insects are coming from considering we're in an 8 story building in a city

Also the cockroach was pretty big so I'm starting to think we might have a huge hole where the insects are coming from because I really doubt he took the stairs all the way up here and got in the house without us seeing him when we opened the door

So yeah as of now he'll be named Greg

Or oh wait he's back I can see him

Never mind I moved my head too close to him and now he walked under my sofa... probably because of the terror of my ugly face

I wanted to get my phone back to take a photo but it was charging in mom's room and she was asleep

after I got back I did look under the sofa and he's still there

I did think of calling him James Bond but I think Greg would be more fitting

he'll still feel like a spy in my heart

Also Spider man because I heard something make a screech sound but sounded like they were on helium and then hitting the floor

it was dark so it was hard to see so I did get a little bit scared but in the end it was all okay

It's the second day and I saw Greg next to my door outside of my room, I was able to take a picture of him before my phone died

Hopefully he won't get in neither my mom's or my sister's rooms

I know talking about Greg might sound childish and... yes I have realized that but at the same time he's kind of the first insect that I could characterize as a kind of funny cowardly spy so please give me a break.

(Couple of hours later)

I found out that Greg wasn't a cockroach because he could make loud crickets sounds

My dad found him and without skipping a beat murdered him...

And some of you thought I hated him for no freaking reason and making him look like a villain in my perception

Mind you he brought me back in the brink of me committing suicide by assaulting me and screaming at my face because I didn't bring back couple of cents of change for a fucking ice cream

I wanted to capture him and bring him outside before he could do anything but no

Of course he fucking flattened him

Rest in peace Greg, you didn't deserve to die this way

I'll miss you



I revisited this now and for some reason I'm tearing up from looking at his image

I just humanize and characterize him way more now that he's a memory

My sister's leaving our country

My older sister is leaving our country to go to America today and... I honestly don't know how to feel

My mom is worried but judging by how much more educated and hard working she is and judging by how she pretty much never leaves her room or speaks to me I'm 100% sure not only will she be fine but that it won't affect my life... at least that much

I still don't know what kind of relationship her and my younger sister have if it's hate or fun so I won't comment about her reaction to it because I didn't actually ask her

I do remember both of them having fun playing together but that was like... a year ago? Many months ago

My older sister does bully her sometimes so I feel like she hates her more than enjoys her time with her so I'm guessing she either won't care or enjoy her absence

To me it's quite confusing what I should feel because the last time she actually bullied me was when we were kids ever since we didn't talk much and when we did it was very short and meaningless

the only meaningful thing I asked of her was how to draw perspective so she said it was too complicated and told me to read a book about it

And you can easily guess what happened... no? Well okay I guess you wouldn't guess that I screwed up at finding out how to even open the digital book and read it but again I'm not that smart reading a book to find out how to draw perspective would be the same as reading a book to find out how to fly a plane

So I stick to video tutorials because I can listen to them and remind myself over and over

Like how in a video I found out to show not tell in writing you need to get in specifics to not only show what happened but show people's character

or atmosphere

like instead of saying “she got scared”

you could say “her knees weakened, her weight dragging her down and her eyes shaking”

or how you could translate something that exists in an unnatural way

Like instead of saying “the grass was moving in the wind”

You could say “the grass flowed like an ocean in a storm”

Now that we’ve all celebrated her going to America and us getting ready to go to the airport to say goodbye... it feels more real

more like I’m saying goodbye to a human being instead of a robot made of half closed eyeballs (if you knew her death stare you’d know what I meant)

Hilariously Mom was telling her to have a party and she said she didn’t like parties

then someone made a joke about her mom literally having to tell her to have a party to have some social activity

I said I thought partying was pretty much a waste of time

and should've also said a waste of resources

also when I didn't have a cup to hit against someone else's in celebration I just took a fork that was on my plate and tapped it

then Mari made a joke "modern problems require modern solutions"

And I hate how I wanted more attention because of that

I hated that I couldn't simply ignore it and move on
In the Airport

I learnt something new about Mari today

Apparently she saw her classmate in the air port and when she was told to say hi to them she said she was embarrassed

I told her I expected her to be the social one and

either she didn't hear me or just decided not to hear me

Also I found out that the flight was going to be 11 hours long

She said she could sleep for 20 hours if she wanted to so it wouldn't be a problem for her

(I highly doubt that)

I also remember Tako asking me in the airport which country I'd go to for collage and I said I had no sweet clue, then she asked what I was the best at doing and... I said I was good at nothing

I still don't think my art and storytelling are good let's be honest they're crap

Mari then out of the blue stood up to me and said that she was going to University and she didn't know what she wanted to do with her life

Then Tako told her that she wasn't asking which job I'd get but instead where I'd go for collage because I was at 10th grade so I should start thinking about it and building up my planning

In between that and the end nothing interesting happened

When it was time to say goodbye to mom and Mari I asked mom if we could continue walking together for couple of more minutes

While we were walking mom asked why I wanted to

I replied "It's too hard to let go even if me and her don't talk that much"

She reassured me she'd return in... August? September? I don't remember but to be honest I don't care anymore it didn't make a difference just like I thought

Then we all gave her a hug

I gave her a hug for the first time in over half a decade

I even said "this is going to be weird" before doing it and then tapping her back while doing the thing

Then when she was moving up stairs I did the helicopter wave

It's like a normal wave but you spin your arm around

Not your whole arm but the upper arm

Kind of like your lower arm being a plank and your upper arm being a wheel attached to the front of the lower arm, I still like the helicopter wave more so you can't stop me with technicality!

Then when she got to the top she waved down at us and when I started waving and jumping she walked off with a frown

She either hated me that much, mom called her or she thought me waving like that was a way of me saying a curse word at her and saying "never come back"

Either way I think it's both the first and second because I did say "this is going to be weird" before so she probably already thought I was a jerk

For some reason in the airport I was thinking of walking as if I didn't move my legs while making a T pose

So before we got in the Taxi to get back home I did it

Nobody asked anything

Nobody did anything

But god damn it at least I finally did it

I know it's completely meaningless and has nothing to do with her story but it kind of feels like I made my "dream" come true just not in a place I thought I would

It makes me feel like even if you had a dream to be able to reach something but you couldn't that wouldn't mean you wouldn't get anywhere close to your dream, you could achieve it in a different place or a different time

A Lesson from Walking Dead Saints and Sinners

I learnt something about myself today that I might have found out already but then didn't really talk about it until the memory of it faded away

I played through the entire game of Walking Dead Saints and Sinners and... The ending was heart breaking

I don't want to spoil it for you so here's your warning

Just watch a play through or play it yourself it's a very good game and an amazing story

Are we good? Great

No it wasn't the choice between May and Case I killer her and even if I felt awful it wasn't THAT painful, the May I knew was already dead before I shot her in the head and Case was there since day one

What truly hurt me was what happened to Case 1 week later... When I found his body I felt like I was

going to puke, my heart weighing me down and the entire time I was looking for a place to use the key he left for me I was talking to myself about how much I hated the final ending and that at least I'd have to find that place to use the key on because his death would be meaningless if I didn't

I did find the chest but it was... meaningless

When I got home I switched off Radio 61 because of how awful I felt I didn't even want to remember it

I found a channel on 5... something and when I heard someone's voice talking about theories about why May's enemy wasn't seen (or probably he talked about it the day after I can't remember) and I felt way calmer and better when I heard his voice

It felt like a reassurance like I could make a new friend

That was the final day I stayed in the game and I'm not planning to play it ever again because it hurt me too much

I put my headset under my bed and put a pillow over it to make me forget that it was even there

The game was too addictive for me and I'm not planning to break my heart again

I learnt that I hated stories that were heartbreaking to me personally

Heart breaking stories might be okay but the game made it feel way too personal

And yes I'm saying "heart breaking stories might be okay" because I want to convince myself that I can enjoy any heart breaking story and maybe be capable of making one some day

I don't want to feel like my past self is dead

I really enjoyed ddlc then because after all the hate I had towards Monika for killing her and the player's friends (which felt personal on its own because I related very much to most of them) I realized she was one of the most relatable and actually kind people in the entire game

No joke after realizing her never having a choice in her life and was trying to finally get a taste of freedom just for me to take it all away it broke me

It felt like I was my parents (back then I still thought of me being surrounded by demons that

pretended to be humans and read my mind to find out what was vulnerable and all that jazz)

She didn't even kill them and she ended her own life to bring them back

Then I completely forgot about the cruel deaths of the other characters

I didn't see her as a villain when I saw the ending and since then I didn't think of YouTube videos making her look more villainous like telling Sayori to kill herself as accurate anymore

Walking dead

Today I've learnt that the story of the walking dead saints and sinners didn't have multiple endings, our friend always died and the chill guy who I decided to become friends with before was actually the person making the recordings that kept me sane the first time I saw Casey die and returned to my home heart broken

You can choose who you kill but it all ends the same way

I thought that this was the game I dreamed of, any choice giving you a consequence but... the only consequence you'll get in this game in the end is what tools you'll be left with after the story mode

I thought if Casey died something would happen with me and the chill guy or maybe May will show up and talk to

us at home about her feelings because she doesn't have a radio

Or even the consequences of killing people before the final part of the game would have consequences

Like killing the people who wanted to kill a poor guy who was forced to kick out an 11 year old girl and saving him would give us allies in the final fight and those allies will celebrate getting in the reserve if we only flood the armory and NOT kill everybody outside

Actually that would be more touching of a story

People outside in the end of the game are people who we've never met, if we met people who became our friends or allies by us helping them stopping May would have a true consequence

Keeping them alive

Or keeping May alive

Or killing both May and Casey

Hell even the choice of killing Casey's friend could have a consequence because if we didn't kill him he could become a zombie, rip his legs off and crawl to the reserve to kill Casey because he couldn't kill his zombified friend

So many possibilities... but again that would make the game way too complex and I understand why the creators wouldn't be able to make 50 different sets of

events depending on your actions in the story and keeping track to all of it

It's okay it's still an amazing game and has a great story

I just... wish all the choices had a payoff

Keeping the people we killed dead and the people we saved alive

Having to choose which friends to help

Which people to save

And all of it having an effect to the end and maybe even the continuation after the end, you could get help from your saved friends in maps after a celebration or a conversation they'd give you a way to communicate with them

A phone or a radio or... well... other things
If you decided to be a psycho you'd end up alone

If you decided to help as many people as possible you'd be with them, heck you could probably even talk to them sometimes like you do with Casey

Or if making more voice lines would be too much maybe it could be a chat

With text written on paper and sent to their homes by hand and having to choose from options what you could talk about

Again these are only ideas

It's just kind of fun to imagine these kinds of things

Again I like the game I'm not disappointed I just feel like there could've been more

Now that I know there are no other endings I can rest my soul and stop being so addicted to it

Now there's truly nothing else to do in it

I tried fighting it and realized I have way less self control than I need to have, which is why I recommend if you find a good game just watch people play it... unless you're a young kid with no hobby, but even then you should try having at least one hobby

the younger you start working on something the better

My Quote and goodbye to my Family

“Death is inevitable

So our life is a goal to live as a memory... and leave a hint of our existence for the people after you”

I know this is weird but while shaving off the beard on the sides of my face I imagined an animated commercial about a salon for people with cancer

and them at first being positive and energetic and then one of them sitting down in front of the camera and being honest

Saying things like how they could share their fears and emotions towards their situation with others going through the same experience

Or maybe just being happy and trying to make them forget about it, to talk to them about your life so that they won't spend the rest of their life grieving but instead living their life to the fullest

Then I thought “ what if I made a quote about us technically only living to continue living in a different way “

now I'm thinking if humans are smarter than animals and all animals just want to survive then maybe we're the only creatures in the universe because our planet began with creatures that were dumb enough to just want to survive for no better reason

We're trying to put substance to living but we're just trying to explain something that was just there to bring us to life and nothing else

What if we're alone in this world because our planet began with creatures wanting to survive for

the sake of it while other planets might have began with life as well but they didn't think like the creatures on earth therefore not putting as much effort to live

These are just random thoughts I'm having and since I realized I'm not going to last in this world I might as well talk about as many things as possible
w

Also if Mom or Dad or any of my sisters find this after I jump off a building... it was probably not your fault, I am me specifically because of my experiences and if you gave me an experience that gave my life more meaning then I'm happy for it

Also Dad?... I've heard you're trying to just be a dad but not know how to engage with us because your father wasn't with you for you to get an understanding of what you could do

I just want to say if this is true I'm sorry for any moody stares I've given you, I'm sorry that I didn't talk at all but I just... couldn't see any one topic we could engage on that wouldn't leave to our beliefs clashing

Mom? You literally saved my life and I could not live without me taking the first step to recovery by revealing my short story about how I felt about life

and death so I'm thankful for that, I'm thankful you were supportive in my journey

Mari?... just don't call me edgy and cringy, I know you'll totally do that even after my death so I'm onto you

I honestly don't know enough about you to make a statement or say something to you so I'll just admit that I think you're better than me and that you were capable of making yourself work hard while I couldn't force myself to do even my hobbies so I think you'll be perfectly fine with taking your steps into adulthood even if there might be some obstacles along the way

Elene? I am not willing to say anything to you because you'd probably just ignore it and/or stare at me angrily and tell me "go away" so I just won't bother saying anything

I don't know if it's funny or not that I'll only remember you as a little kid before my death and not be capable of seeing you grow not only physically but emotionally

I thought about that when I realized I was 5 years younger when grandpa died meaning he remembered me as an 11 year old child the last

time we met so he never saw me begin my journey into drawing, animating and writing

Natela Bebo? I'm hoping you're doing okay, I'm guessing either you all are reading this together and they're translating this to you or you used Google translate for all of these

Please don't worry, please don't break my heart

Spend time with the others as much as possible I don't want them to feel the same way as I did with grandpa

Just live as much life as you can, I might not know much about you because of my problems with communicating but I am happy that you want the best for me and appreciate that

I'm happy to have heard about your stories even if you've talked about it rarely I truly enjoyed it

You should write about these kinds of things so that nobody will forget who you were

I hope your great grandchildren will get to know you

Actor crawling out to the sun's embrace

Since mom and my younger sister decided to go today

I had the house all for myself

This has happened before but I haven't started playing around with my voice before

And I gotta say I thought I didn't have as much vocal range as I realized I do

They all sound almost the same but still

I did try singing afterwards and realized shortly after that I'd never be able to sing anything ever because I physically can't make high and low sounds quickly nor other voices that I need to do them

I sung the music "Afton Family" because it was the only song I knew at least a part of and I haven't hummed nor sung it to myself for so long I actually forgot some of the lines so I'd sometimes be loud with a deep voice in a British accent then quiet down when I'd forget a word and swear to myself with my high normal voice

I'll say it now: "I was lost and was afraid I believed in all their lies, I believed that I was safe and that I would never die"

I can't translate the kind of voice and pattern I made for the song and... I don't want to record my crappy voice and listen to it

I mostly speak in a British accent when Actor arrives, he mostly talks to me when I look into a mirror judging my previous actions and flapping his mouth and moving his jaw in a weird way

So I haven't acted normally for a while especially my voice

Since I thought I wasn't going to draw or write I'd try acting while putting potatoes on the plate

I feel like actor is finally acting up after so much time

Also I'm speaking WAAAAY more loudly now that I'm alone because now I can't bother anybody hence why I'm testing what kind of voices I can make now of all times

I feel like this might have been the most productive I've been for weeks since losing so much push and playing games

And hey I got another story to tell in the Short Story ideas after so much freaking time

Probably months because I've been working outside of the Short Story ideas for these past few... months? Yeah let's say months it felt like it

I did come up with stories but they aren't good enough to talk home about even if I still should save some of those ideas so that I won't stop uploading to the on growing castle of the Short Story Ideas

I'm still hoping SOMEONE will read it when it'll be my time to die

Maybe even get a reaction or a review of somebody who's read the whole thing in my life time because I'll sure as hell not get that after death

It's like leaving a comment in a popular video, people CAN scroll down very far down but over time your comment will only get more and more hidden away from the new comments

So when I'll die the only hope of anybody seeing this is either my future relatives seeing my old electronics, storage devices or a book of the short

story ideas and additional books which have other things written in them that I would've worked on

If you're one of them hello! I'm proud of you for finding it, if I decided to just give it to you before my passing I'm kind of sorry but I understand the mindset of my future self he's too scared nobody will find it so it's better to ruin the surprise that they can still be with me in a way instead of just revealing it

Oh also if you're curious my little sister is going to boxing lessons that's why mom and her leave the house

And also today I realized hopping around in one place isn't the best stance to be in a fight because when you lift one of your legs up they could just swoop your other leg and you'll fall over

I completely forgot about those karate lessons that I got in... 3rd? 4th grade? I still remember that lesson about looking at your finger and trying to see every last detail before closing your eyes for a minute or two to then feel something on it

I remember me looking at my finger and my teacher remarking that I remembered the lesson,

also now I remember that I used to be really good at pulling my leg high up

I also remember one of the class A students went there he was probably the guy with the same name as me and I remember girl who was probably in my older sister's class, I think she was the one I had to train with and practice fighting with before being "beat up"

I said it in quotes because it was all a part of the act we'd be doing in a theatre... our school's theatre I mean, I can remember somebody remarking and making fun of me for being beat up by a girl

I still didn't have the karate uniform when we had to act out a fight in a theatre which was why literally everybody had their gi while I had a white T shirt

So many memories

Aaaaaaaaand no I'm not planning to record my voice to see how many different voices I have because I hate my voice even if I did consider that as an option

I even thought I could save my different voices using an ai like my actor voice, my angry voice, my

angry actor voice, my normal crappy voice,
Russian accent voice and the best American accent
I can do which isn't all that great
when mom did come back and I talked to her about
how I was practicing my voice I said " my actor self
has returned " with the actor voice and she made a
smile for some reason

I might have forgotten that she hasn't actually
heard my voice that way or maybe she forgot me
making that voice a little while back

Acting sketch

I am an old man

Wearing a white and black hoodie

I'm sitting on a couch, tired, coughing

I look over to a drawer next to the couch

I open it with my left hand that is closer to the drawer
and take out something

I flip it open and turn the page

I smile but very subtly

I turn to another page and... My smile disappears

I graze my hand on the top of the page

Then look at my hand specifically my ring finger, it'll look
apparent if I lift that finger the highest of all fingers

I'll put the book back

Next one

I'm wearing a white T shirt

A walking stick in hand

I put it next to me

I look to my left again

I open the drawer again

I take the book

Open it just a little bit

Then close my eyes

Put it back again

Final one

Wearing an old overcoat

I'm crawling breathing heavily, gripping my heart

I look at my right where the drawer is while leaning my head against a wall next to it

I open it

Take out the book while trying to get my arm over the door of the drawer because it opens on its left

I look at the book

Turn the page

Another

And then after a little bit of hesitation turn it again

I look at it for a second before cracking a smile

I turn again and I start to tear up

I turn again, I touch the page, then put the book on my heart and look up

Before looking down again and then numbing down

My smile dying

My breath stopping

My eyes losing expression

Leaning against the wall

Holding a book of memories on my heart...

I physically can't Smile

I think I've been trying to stop myself from smiling
for so long I can't smile anymore

Which is kind of funny because it represents my
belief that if you smile, if you laugh, if you're
always happy you'll close your eyes to all the bad,
see the world in one dimension and you won't
change to the better

Also that I've been depressed and every time I smiled I forcefully pushed my mouth down to make a frown

When I try to smile my mouth only stretches left and right, it can't move up but it can go pretty far down

Should I see this as a blessing or a curse? Well as my... friend? I'll call her classmate

As she said "It's okay that you can't smile when you're happy if you know not to overstep it or to show it"

Thank you for the reply by the way if you'll read this after my parents probably share it to all of you after I decide to take a dive head first into concrete by jumping off a 120 feet tall building

I still don't like you using your phone in class though... and you probably already know why by now

The rest of my face conveys happiness but my mouth can't look like it's smiling unless I tilt my head downwards

And also it can represent how I am rarely brought to my breaking point but that's a bit of a stretch because I don't think I actively smile during it

you probably already know this but I taught myself to instead of scream in anger when I get angry or

stressed or uncomfortable instead to laugh because I just liked the movie Joker so much I thought to myself I could hide those feelings if I laughed instead

It actually worked and when I get uncomfortable and stressed and angry I push out all of the air out of my lungs to loudly laugh sometimes while hitting things

like when dad pissed me off in the car for thinking I shouldn't be angry and hate my classmates for acting terribly in a billion different ways and not even acting like rational human beings and me being forced to be with them

I hit the ceiling of the car and then he blamed me that they wouldn't do such a thing and that I was acting bad

as if they needed such a strong motivation to do anything that I do, they all do all the crap in impulse

I'm done talking about them you know how they piss me off

Second day

I double checked in front of a mirror if I could smile or not and... me physically not being able to smile actually horrified me

me not being able to smile no matter how hard I tried was scary because it felt like I lost a cognitive function, it was as if I lost a limb

I didn't think it would have this dramatic of a difference in terms of my reaction towards it but that difference is there

I think sub consciously I was hoping it would be temporary like literally everything else I freak out about but not this time, I feel like this is an actual permanent trait of mine

Smiling is still an act of making an expression and to not have it all of a sudden... it scares me

I don't know how else to describe it

it does make me stop smiling but the feeling will still be there so I don't think it'll fix the problem of being too happy and looking at the world too positively

so it has none of the benefits and all the negatives

I shall finally declare that this is a curse

I finally talked to grandma

About something I wanted to talk to her about but felt way too uncomfortable talking about

It was of me asking her if she wrote a diary

It seems innocent enough but I also talked about how I thought of making one so that my future relatives would get to know me because I didn't get to know grandpa enough and thought if he had left something to get to know him by

It feels way too grim and messed up to talk to her about it because I wanted to give her that idea so that in the future even if I'd definitely feel more heart broken because I knew her and talked to her more than grandpa her leaving herself in a way would numb the pain a little and I'd get to know her a little more even after she'd die

I didn't want to worry her with such topics but talking about it as if it was my idea and I wanted to do that because of grandpa made it more understandable and less directed at her

I don't think it would be as understandable if I just said that I was already working on something that was like a diary and I started writing it when I was suicidal because I feared death and then started doing it because I wanted people to remember me kind of a crappy way of downloading my brain and

it would all just be too confusing and Grandpa was technically a part of a motivation for me to continue making it because that was what made me start thinking about the aftermath and consequence of death

Or maybe I didn't and me telling this to myself so many times made me believe that that was the case while in reality I thought about those things before that

I've been thinking about that ever since I wrote about that in a Georgian lesson where I said that Grandpa was a reason I was thinking about those things even if it wasn't 100% true

I just realized how wrong this all sounds, like I was lying about myself and exaggerating the story

Now I don't even remember or know about myself which was the thing I feared would happen

Past me? I fear your fears have become a reality

To people who might have thought my grandpa was one of the key reasons I started writing short story ideas in the first place I'm sorry for the misconception but I want to come out clean this time about my thought about all of it

Because honestly I'm starting to fear that I might forget what I used to be and what Grandpa changed in me that might have given me an epiphany

I don't even remember what the lesson was about but my teacher liked it so I suppose that was good enough

Even thinking about it made me fear I was horrified I would forget about the whole topic quickly so I reminded it to myself over and over

Will I live to see the year 2100?

No... at least I don't think so, I don't believe I'll live to be 94 because even in the best case scenario I think I'll live to be 60-70 years old like the ages of people I saw in a grave yard

And even if health care and medicine get better as the time goes on I don't think my wallet will be doing any growing in proportion

So I believe I'll miss it by at the absolute best by 14 years if I don't commit suicide and work in a great job

If I'm wrong... well... I don't think I'll care

Because at those ages my life would only get worse and worse and Also if I already have memory problems I'll definitely be mentally dead by then

So to people 78 years from now... how's the future like?

I know I won't be able to read it but I'll at least feel happy to know secrets of the future will be written under this text one day

Just imagine that I've read it, hated it or liked it or loved it or all the above but just didn't respond okay?

Thank you for your response (or) It's okay you know you writing it will only be a moral victory for me

Legacy Reminder

If you (future me) get a Lidar mode in polycam go to the bridge where a lot of art is drawn on including the familiar art which was drawn in many places, the one that has a big head and empty eyes

the bridge is near a road that leads into a tunnel that has big colorful art around it in the entrance and the exit

It's on the way out of school

I keep imagining a scenario where nukes go off and blow up everything in sight when we'll have to bring things that are important to us

When I'd bring a wooden box, my computer, my phone, my lamp that has been keeping the night monsters away since I was a little kid now it's more of a memory because I'm with friends with the

monsters in the dark now, the papers in which I've drawn and written things

And I don't remember what it's called but I'll call it the art of holy

I know I'm not religious but people stuck in the bunker would sure as hell be and I feel like it would give them some level of hope

And since trees are growing in front of that art I feel like one day it'll be harder to see them

Also I realized there are many recurring street art, the art is the same but they're drawn in different places which should mean they were drawn by the same people

I found another one today which was art drawn in white color people with no hands and feet and round heads having an X and a circle on their faces

It feels like they're trying to leave a legacy behind, something people will remember them by which is absolutely respectful for me and I hope they're doing well

I'm sorry for wasting your time

I thought of a scenario where a girl has squeezed through two gigantic doors with plants and moss attached to them

Her looking into the cave

Walking down stairs and looking around, seeing broken floors with big springs under them

Broken elevators broken all the way on the bottom of the building

Then she sees a room with a broken metal door that is lying in front of the entrance

Tubes with screens on them that were pitch black

Rows and rows of them in a room that looked like it went on forever

Then she hears a sound

A... music

There was a blue color coming from her left

She walks closer and closer to the light

And she sees one of the tubes with its screen on
The music was of Hildur Guðnadóttir WaterTower

the beginning was the same but then it got louder
and louder

The drums beating harder and harder

A sound of an electric guitar and a roar echoing
over and over in the room

The music was definitely different from the actual
music

Then she says something in an unknown language

The song cuts off

Only the noise of her breathing and her heart beat

A sound comes out of the tube

But she can't understand it

Then the blue light coming off of it shuts off as well

The only thing she was left with was music she
could only hum to herself

I know I'm not creative

Not smart

And I'm not good at either of my hobbies

I've said this a million times

But I haven't been doing a lot of changing neither

I'm only getting worse, my vocabulary getting

worse and my stories being less and less interesting

So I'm thinking nobody will care to stay

Because everybody will just continue looking for a person who's way more interesting, way more engaging, way more smart and way more creative

And in case anybody tries to tell me that I'm wrong I ask of you... what was so good about my stories that weren't there in other stories

What did I do all that different from anybody

Take the story I wrote in the beginning of this entire thing for example, this is the latest story I thought of

Do you really think it's meaningful? Does it sound meaningful? Does it sound interesting? Does it even sound worth your time? Or does it sound like some random stupid child talked about the most common idea in history

The most creative thing I've done was writing messages in playlists on YouTube and saving them in a WaybackMachine before writing a new one

And even then I might be completely wrong
because there are so many people out there that
could've done the same but didn't get seen by me

I'm not going to be surprised if everything that
could go wrong will go wrong

I'll lose this entire document forever gone

Nobody will ever read it

Whoever reads it hates it

Nobody bothers to care

And I'll just be here

sometimes I just have thoughts that come back to
me

"I'm not working hard enough look at this person
drawing every day

I'm not writing enough this idea is so stupid

I can't come up with anything new none the less

sound like a human being when writing what I like to write”

What did I do that’s going to be worthwhile for years to come... Nothing

And I could be doing this EVERY DAY

Now I feel pity for people who spend half their life playing games all day

They will enjoy some of those experiences and maybe even turn their unhealthy addiction to games into jobs

But most of the time they’ll be burning themselves

Burning their energy and mind

Not making anything that they’ll be remembered by

The last person to utter my name will either be a random person who won’t know me or one of my family members

I will miss out on a trillion different things and won't be able to create billions of different things if I don't attach a bomb to my chest that will have a probability to blow me up at any second of any day of any month of any year of any decade

If I ever say anything good about myself I want... need you to always take it with a hefty grain of Sault

I'll be honest I wasn't drawing anything that I was actually proud of for 9 days straight

And I haven't written anything worth a crap since Alive Flame and even that has problems with its story
Which was written like... a year ago?

And for a person who wants to make something worth it every day it absolutely sucks

I'm sorry for wasting your time

I really am

I'm not worth remembering

This should be my final words no matter what past me was saying and what my future self will say

If nobody thinks it as my true final words then it only proves that nobody cared enough to look through these to find this text in the middle of everything and honestly say

“yes”

take it or leave it, you decide what I'll say in my death bed

Why I can't stay on target

The title might indicate that I'm running out of ideas and talking about why sometimes I start talking about something else

But I do have couple of topics like how I got addicted to “Bone Lab” after it blew “Saints and Sinners” out of the water... at least game play wise (I still have no sweet clue what the story was about, I hope Mat Pat plays it and makes a theory on it... but I know he won't), also now I have

difficulty playing it because the mods made a glitch that makes your character look around in a nauseating way

I don't know if I should keep it or not because if it'll make me nauseous I'll finally have a reason to stop playing but I don't want that glitch to mess up the head set

Oh and Also how (Hello current Saba here, I might have told this story once before so I want to remind you that I'm sorry for every time I talk about the exact same thing for the 50th time, actually wouldn't that show how my way of describing the same thing might have changed and how much less engaging, descriptive and interesting I am than I was before

Maybe if all I write will be given to an AI in the future to... for the lack of a better term "resurrect" me it could take the best text with its vocabulary, description, engagement and maybe even creativity...

See?! I sometimes drift off to my thoughts and since I don't want to give them up I write them all down as well

Now back to the... I was going to say “video” like a Youtuber but Youtube is way more visual than a poorly printed ink on a piece of paper

(At least I hope I’ll print this all out in case the digital one... fades away either from the internet or my computer or the Wayback Machine or my flash drive or all three from either a Nuclear explosion or a solar storm... or something dumber and more likely like me miscarrying both my phone and my computer

The Universe wouldn’t want to put so much effort to destroy what I like anyway

All of what I wrote will take adjusting and it will take a long time but It ^{might} be forth it to keep everything proper before printing it all on 790 papers with most likely a broken printer)

What was I talking about again?... just wait Smart is on it he’ll find the paper of that memory... so am... how’s your day? Mine? Kind of feel sick from that nausea and skipped school because I couldn’t sleep yesterday but pretty okay as a whole

Oh right!

I used to play Xbox 360 in our old 2nd house

The one where I hurt my leg by hitting it against a metal pole popping out of it, I might have talked about that but again I'm not sure

I vividly remember playing Olympic games with dad and how we threw spears and shot arrows in windy days

also how Mari would beat my favorite Jack-6 jumping robot using a blond lady with a white dress LiLi and a chainsaw android with a creeper head Alisa in Tekken Tag Tournament 2

(I had to search up their names and when I read them I remembered how the narrator said their name after selecting them)

The other characters in that game are now coming back to me, like the kangaroo and Dinosaur we used to play for laughs and realizing the kangaroo was overpowered

The blue laying martial artist that Dad would smugly abuse his laying mechanic to not only taunt us but get an advantage

And how he taught me to dodge the blood fire ball spam from a guy that looks like a mix between Broly and muscular Master Roshi

The point is I just like talking about as much as possible and when I remember or think about something I want to be open and talk about all of it
The depression age

I feel like my “golden age” of writing was when I had a lot of feelings that I understood and wanted to share

Even then I seemed to be way more positive and enthusiastic

Now that I don't have such struggle that I can share, psychological or otherwise

I don't know what to do because when I realize people will feel worse when experiencing something I'm thinking “what if I experience it” but that'll just make me a masochist because I know it'll do damage

I have no way of bringing myself back

My real self

The one that wasn't as stupid, someone who had so much more to say, motivated to do so many more things

I can't draw ONE art in ONE WHOLE day

That's how lazy I am

Even when I have all the time in the world

That might have been that I was very bored then and when I watched videos I constantly felt like I was wasting time so I'd skip a lot

Since I can't bring that mind set back I decided to give myself a 28 minute limit on using any electronic device so I'd need to think about what I'd listen or watch

Unless I'd be trying to come up with a story or drawing because those are considered hobbies and not JUST entertainment

I don't know if making myself as bored as possible will finally work and make me as thirsty for doing things as I used to or if it'll stress me out and make me give up in 15 minutes

I took that to heart and decided to do literally nothing for couple of minutes and try not to think about anything before starting to think about things

I started thinking about how computers were probably invented in 1970s and how VR got popular in 2010s so in around 40 years

So what will be there by the time I'll become 56 years old (which is a decade older than my dad which is kind of a messed up thought for me)

Nowadays it's like a virtual reality war up in here, it's like Nintendo vs Sega in console wars or PS4 vs Xbox one... or 360 I grew up with 360 I have no idea if Xbox one even packed a punch

I was thinking the device that would be made after Virtual reality would need to be affordable and something that won't sound way too far fetched

Like let's say a room that creates a virtual world around you and lets you run around in it while the floor moves

That would not only be way too expensive but nearly impossible to make immersive because it wouldn't be able to do anything better than virtual reality, for it to keep track of your body it would either need a suit that vr already has or it would track with cameras all over the room looking at you but that would make the tracking more laggy as a result

A brain infused virtual reality like in Sword Art Online would be even worse because I don't really feel like meddling with the freaking brain is going to be a good idea especially if even ONE thing goes wrong in the design or someone hacks into the head set that already has the capability to do things to the brain

Also the creator of that head set would need to test if it's safe or not which would probably lead to some employees having to be buried way sooner than their family would expect them to

This is also why we still don't have self driving cars yet, it's too risky and people are still paranoid that they'll malfunction

Or maybe it's just me... right? Like maybe in the future they'll make the head set that works well but has a different down side like rem sleep for excessive amount of time being bad for you or simply the fans of the product being jerks and people not having a good time with playing the online games as a result of that

Or maybe it'll kill some people by adding too much dopamine chemicals that the company tried to infuse into their brains to sneakily make them happier and everybody being okay with it for some stupid reason

I know none of those will happen, I'm not a fortune teller

but hey I'll at least have 30-40 years before people will prove me wrong so that's something

unless I'm wrong about that too and such technology will be here sooner

I hope they'll make ai that'll actually be able to replicate you as a person and act like actual characters in games like the concept behind ddlc

Why do I want that to happen? Because 1 I'll have at least some sort of chance in being able to talk to people after I die... in a way

but also 2 I'll literally have a person to talk to in a video game

that interaction has infinite... almost infinite possibilities of going

she or he could learn about things over time and in 2 years could be a completely different person from when he or she started making them more important to you because nobody can replicate their memories of experiencing the world with you or without you... which also kind of sounds messed

up because even if they can age in technology wise they can't age physically so they'll outlive you and continue learning and experiencing almost forever and since they're computers with personalities they'll be able to choose what to remember and what to forget so they can still remember you in like... 200 years into the future if the computer doesn't go kaput

I imagined children running around playing in a huge dark bunker surrounded by elderly in tents with lights coming off of them and there just being a lonely old computer on a desk powered by a box next to it and with a character like Sayori in the back of her room in the screen writing something on a piece of paper, a library of books around her and a big photo of a city at night plastered in front of a glass surface as if it was a window attached to the wall next to her desk

those kids then sitting around the computer and asking the character questions about her life because they didn't have a mother talk to because both of their parents went to the war and died before they were brought under ground by officers to shield them from the nukes

again I don't think this will happen especially the part where but I sure as hell wish there'll be some sort of game or series that'll show what could happen

There is no true creative idea

Even if there is definitely no way to truly predict the future through ideas like people in the 1800s imagining a world where people spoke through bricks there was always an idea of quick communication

Or an idea of flying machines that we call planes

Heck I can come up with an idea of copper circles attached to the eyes of people hurting their eyes

Does that mean that I came up with the idea of a super small virtual reality eye set that hurts hell of a lot to put on and take off? Nope

Where am I going with this? It's that your ideas and your creativity not only have to contest against other people that live right now but people who lived then, thousands of years of writing

Does that mean that you'll need to read every single one of them to find out if you truly came up with an original idea? Nope

Because most of those books are already burnt or lost so you won't even be able to truly see if your idea hasn't been made up yet

But that's all technical, not every human being is going to read every single book and then criticize you for using an idea that was used 367 times in writing history

Actually you should be proud to accomplish such a thing

Because even if true creativity doesn't exist you can be more creative than others, make something that only few have seen or read

Like the movie Matrix, that movie combined pre existing genres and ideas into one and gave people an experience they haven't experienced but could've if they watched all those genres of entertainment

School day mind collapse

I had a dream when I fell asleep in the French class (wait don't be mad it'll make sense in a second or half a second or half of a half a second depending on how quickly you read)

before the dream I was thinking I'd never catch a break, I felt like that since waking up at home

before I went to school I wrote this:

" I am tired

Yet I know I have no way of fixing that

I ain't skipping a day of school because I feel tired
let's be honest

I feel like I should just kill myself because I know I won't feel relieved again

I feel like I relate to Sayori more now

Not only do I not want to get out of bed because I know another hell fire will begin but also because I just want to rest

I feel like a month from now I'll hang myself because of the repeated feeling of my swollen brain hurt eyes and heavy flaming heart will drive me insane"

I know it sounds way too harsh but that's how bad I felt at the time, and again they were just thoughts don't think something is happening that brought back my urge to die it was temporary

I felt like that feeling would return again

when the French class hasn't even started yet and I was alone in class I was trying to deny my feelings by telling myself that dying younger would make my death even less meaningful not more because I would have so much less done with my life

But the feeling didn't flinch I still felt like I could collapse

I felt that today (The day I'm writing this and all that happened) would be as bad as yesterday when I had all the stress in the world because of the tests that made the time in school feel like an eternity

Since I had done nothing in French when the teacher specifically asked me to make a presentation in the end of class even if the teacher chose to give me a brutally easy task at least easy compared to what the other students were doing just because I participated in class that little but I still didn't do it because

1 I didn't participate in French because I didn't learn it the first time which was a problem that rolled and rolled like a snow ball on a mountain as

the time went on people around me would learn more French and I'd just be stuck only knowing " hola, comment cava? Cava mal/cava bien "

And 2 I forgot to do it but even if I used Google translate to do it I would still not be honest about my actual knowledge of French

so then I felt like she'd call me out and that that lesson would be the worst of the bunch but... she didn't

Also two meaningless things happened that I'll just mention because I don't want to forget them, after that I'll talk about the dream itself

1 the girl that I looked up to (I'm just going to call her that because... I don't know any of their names and also because I didn't get an approval for saying her name because I didn't ask so yeah)

arrived in class when I was alone and said hi but I was too lost in my negative feeling to reply (If you ever read this even if it's highly unlikely... I'm sorry)

Afterwards she asked if the teacher was there and I replied no which I don't know if it made it worse or

not because at one hand I replied but another it proves that I could've replied to her hello but didn't

2 in the end of the lesson when I was in the process of writing this on a piece of paper one of the girls (again I don't remember their names so I'll just describe her by whatever I remember fondly about her)

she accidentally made a song as a presentation instead of add a song in a presentation as the teacher told her she could because she liked French music, that was the most apparent when she'd ask her to turn on French music in class like the lesson before today

but also I remember that once in English class when I had a disagreement with her about why I hated the fact that she was using HER FREAKING PHONE... sorry, using her phone in the lesson I told her that her mother hung herself...

I didn't expect her to be so shocked from that to be honest even if now that I'm typing this I realized just how messed up of an insult that was

I still hate that though

Also no that didn't happen in the same day it was months ago

So let's finally get back to the point

She stood in front of my desk and asked what I was writing:

I'll be ho... honest I had a dream when I fell asleep

Are you writing about the dream? (I could barely understand that sentence because I remember it being loud when she said it)

I'm writing about my dream.

She was standing in front of the desk because everyone was ready to leave

I know the second story is way more meaningless but I just want a better way of remembering her than a shocked face after making a crappy reference to Venom being annoyed by an anime girl

no joke that's where I found out about the insult

Also I think it shows that she might not have taken it to heart since she sounded casual about asking me what I was doing

She was probably confused why I was writing anything since the lesson was over

In the dream I could use telekinesis, I can't remember what I did in the beginning but I remember that in the end my power has enhanced enough for me to be able to push myself up by pushing the force down on the ground with my hands

I remember my sister and mom getting in the building and taking the elevator so I used that to float up to the metal bars stopping me from getting in

I was hoping to get in the house faster that way but I meddled with the bars for so long it most likely would've taken way smaller amount of time if I just used the elevator after they were done

After a long time of struggling I realized I could lift the copperish brown bars upwards but since I knew there might have been a roof there that the bars were attached to I'd wake up by looking at those bars clip into the ceiling so I opened it without looking up and entered the building

I was surprised that it was that simple all that time

I walked up the stairs and saw a big crack on the floor with thin square rock plates on top of it which made me feel scared because I could clearly see the story of the building under it so I could fall through it if I wasn't careful

Our pet Gabi was outside of the door next to me on top of a stair case so I grabbed her and asked "how did you get here" before walking on a small bridge or a path made of metal square plates next to the crack

When I entered the house my sister passed me by and I told her to look out for the crack before she quietly and enthusiastically answered "okay" as if she was going to say "whatever" right after

That was when I woke up and realized "oh right I was in the French class" I completely forgot about that

My neck hurt but other than that after the sleep I felt way more energized and positive instead of dreadful and suicidal

I feel way better now but I'm still concerned that just by being tired and feeling awful I started thinking about suicide and that it would never end

Even then I'll still think that feeling will not only return but get worse and worse as I'll age

I decided to write this here because It's not the dream that's the main topic but just a part of the story and I just wanted to explain what dream it was... also it was very weird that I had a dream in class

The dream just for the lack of a better term woke me up from misery... not THAT that big of a misery but still

Especially compared to what I will experience it'll feel like nothing

Random thoughts script

I'm writing this because I know I won't make a random thoughts video but if I ever do that I want to see how much time it'll take and have future me compare a second script he'd make for the actual video and compare the two

Random thoughts... I'd like to make a joke about how I ripped off Adam and Jaiden and James but there's most likely hundreds of thousands of animators out there who did the exact same video and since I'm not crazy enough to find them all (I remember one unpopular channel I found as a kid of a black child with orange clothing and a hat did it and his videos are deleted now so even if I did I wouldn't be able to tell exactly how many there were sooooooooooooooooooooo-)

I'll just speak the amount of people I'm ripping off
in the language of the divine

]4M5MtM4]tM4]tM5]u]t]t]5MtM4]t]t]uMtM4]tM4]t]
u]t]t]t]5]uMu]u]4MtM4]u]4]t]uMtM4]t]u]t]u]t]4MtM
4]tM5]t]4]t]5]tM5MtM4]u]u]tM4]tM5]tMu]tM4MtM4]
t]t]u]5]t]5]tMt]t]5]uMtMtM4]u]4]tM4]tM5]uMuMtM4
]tM5]uMuMtM4]uMu]t]uMtM4]4M5Mt]u]t]5MtM4]tM
4]t]u]uM4]tM5]t]t]t]uMtM4]uM4]t]5]t]u]uM4]t]4]t]5
MtM4]u]u]tM5]t]4]t]4MtM4]uMt]t]5]t]5]t]5]t]5]tMt]t
]5]uMtMtM4]u]4]tM4]t]5MtM4]t]u]tM5]t]5]t]5MtM4]
u]4]tM4]t]5]t]u]uMt]uM5MtM4]t]5]uM4]tM5]uMu]t]
u]t]4]t]5MtM4]tM5]tMt]t]u]u]5]u]4MtM4]t]4]t]4]t]4]
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]4MtM4]tM5]t]t]t]4MtM4]tMt]tM5]t]t]tM5]uMt]uM5
MtM4]u]4]t]u]t]u]t]5]u]4]tM4]t]5]uMtMtM4]uMu]t]u
MtM4]u]4]tM4]tM5]u]4MtM4]u]4]tM4]t]5]uM5Mt]u]t
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4]t]5]t]u]t]t]t]u]t]4]t]u]t]u]u]5]t]5M4MtM4Mt]tM5]t]
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M5]tMu]tM5]t]4]t]4]uM5MtM4]tM5MtM4]tM4]tM5]t]
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4]u]4]t]uMtM4]t]t]tM5]t]t]t]4MtM4]t]u]u]5]u]4

I think you see the pattern and think “how the hell is this a language you’re saying the same thing over and over” and to that I say you need to say it in different pitches and the alignment of the patterns shows this

So *the more you know rainbow*
(Okay it’s not an actual language of the divine I’ll let you figure it out Mr. or Mrs. theorist)

Aaaaaaaanyway I’ve already saved up a lot of random ideas in the past so instead of writing the whole script I’ll metaphorically give my digital microphone to my past self and have him talk about them

here’s the portal to the past (.->->-.)

I hope at least one of you will giggle after realizing what that weird thing was under the title of actual random thoughts

(.->->-.) ih? Yep my voice is back to normal

So that was pretty much it

I don't want to drag this video any longer because my future self will probably want to rip my head off because of the extra editing and animation he'll have to do so I'll leave you off with this

Try to be creative in the work you do... I forgot to get back the microphone didn't I

well the good thing is that I conveniently was recording this with my phone as well so I'll be able to make a separate video about the ending of this video because I can't exactly time travel even if I reverse my text it'll hit against the text before... unless there's another way I could get up there...

...

...

huh

now that I look up it looks... huge

and no that's not what she said about a 7 feet tall
date she chose from Fishr

I mean it looks like a building of text

I don't think I can even see the top because the tip
that I see is 1 pixel in size...

I'm scared the building will crumble down or
disappear

Like my future self deleting everything for some
emotional reason or... every copy being deleted
before I'd make a physical copy

I'm... still scared

Today almost nobody was in class

Everybody skipped school after grouping up in a
park and going... somewhere

I have no sweet clue how they got away with it

At least the short blond dummy got caught before
he could join them and he's in the class with me

Also class A haven't gone anywhere so I still met those members in lessons where we meet like English and French

It feels way calmer as you'd expect but for some reason I didn't feel any relief

Yesterday one of them asked me if I was skipping school or not and that they were going to go watch a movie and skip school

They asked me if I was going to skip school next day 3 times

Judging by how the only person with me is the "please punch me" and "Atari style game hater" blondy who was planning to skip school to waste time with them who got caught in his act before he could join them I'm guessing I was the only person who cared enough to stay

I just finished chemistry and... I remembered that I forgot to write something

I still want to live up to the kind of person they think of me as

Like how the Georgian teacher and the Math teacher described me as being

Like saying something interesting nobody would've thought of

But I feel like I'm doing it hell of a lot less

Especially today

I've only been to Chemistry class where I said anything as of now but the only thing that caught the teacher's attention was something Grandma explained to me so it wasn't MY observation

So it feels worse because it makes it seem like I was that observant instead of me being that way normally

And since I feel guilt because of it I just feel like I should write it down

Who knows maybe I'll give myself a heart attack after reading this again in couple of months

I wrote these in school

I definitely changed them up and added things in but overall they mean the same thing

Reason #99 of why I hate everyone in class

Now that I have a perfect comparison to how annoying and loud and childish and ignorant and brain dead and inappropriate everyone is and what kind of crap they pull out of their ant hole to tell the teacher with no shame or change in expression while they still exist

So yes I should've enjoyed the limited time I had yesterday of when nobody was there and now I truly wish they all committed suicide so that I'd experience the calmness one more time before they'd be replaced by more demons

If me staying in school yesterday unlike everyone else who decided to go to another side of the country to do Satan knows what showed just how wrongful they are compared to me I don't know what does

Not a single work associate stayed in my class that day AND didn't want to skip it

I'm looking at you blond haired commie

Oh also I didn't write #99 as a joke or an over exaggeration

That's just the percentage of my blood pressure

I can't imagine why

Actually that "high blood pressure" bit reminded me of Captain Sauce's "Spray and pra- I mean "Chuck & hope" series

Sorry I can't stop making dated references unless Captain Sauce stays relevant up to when you're reading this in which case more power to him

I'm suuuure everything will be fiiine 20 years from now

Clearly nothing bad will happen

I'm absolutely sure in 2042 everything will be greeeat

The dead bee

She's still in the physics class

On the same spot of the same grey wooden desk where I left her after recording which happened yesterday and has been in my mind for several weeks

And I feel like something needs to happen for me to stop starrng at her cold lifeless body starring at me with her cold dead eyes:

1. either someone's going to grab her and take her somewhere stopping the curse of the bee once and for all but making me still feel horrible because I would think they threw them out to trash making it seem like they thought that little of her... him

You know what? I'll call the bee him and her because I don't want the bee to be called like it's not as important as a human being and also because I want to at least guess half of the time what his/her gender really was

2. Leave him there... on that wooden desk made in a factory somewhere instead of the hands of nature of where he grew up

Or finally 3. I give her proper burial in the park
downstairs where trees and flowers grow letting
her rest in her figurative home

I'm lying to myself

Just writing trying to make it seem like it even
matters to me as much as it used to

I feel disconnected to it now

I won't write these down in the short story ideas

They hold no weight

No true emotion put in it

Just writing for the sake of it at this point

I should stop

Because writing this much in school today
reminded me that I shouldn't as I used to say

"work to the point of pointlessness"

Writing felt like a chore

Trying to put emotion or interest in it or just trying to make it sound more interesting than it really is

No

I'll retain who I was like by taking a break

Letting my ideas to shine and my motivation to drive my action

And sometimes work on my own too but not like this

I am tired

My head hurts

Thank you for being willing to read something that you most likely don't understand or just got very confused by

Maybe find an audio book or read or exercise

Go walk outside with your elders if they're okay

Take a nap if it's night and get up if it's day

Just take a break from my muttering

My meaningless muttering

Leave me alone just for today

Please

I don't want to write every single detail of what I'm thinking in my entire life

I need time to just be alone doing nothing

Until I probably forget this and get enthusiastic about doing that and being fearful of my death

I'll just think alone now

I've never experienced Halloween

In my country we don't really celebrate that like a tradition even if we do have Halloween parties in our school that I've never attended

Today Mom told me her and my little sister were going to get costumes and when I did something I don't remember doing she asked if I wanted a costume and that she thought it wasn't going to be as entertaining for boys

Also the fact that it wouldn't really work that well since I've grown up so much

She asked me if I really wanted to get a costume and I said no she replied that it might be because it would be awkward to see a sea of children and just be there the only teenager but I had a different reasoning

I'd be allowed to write down that I definitively didn't experience Halloween without technically lying

Yesterday I also put my sister's witch hat on a pumpkin that mom brought as a joke and now I'm thinking maybe after cutting it some eyes and mouth then we could put a hat on it

I told mom we could carve it after I'd draw a face that we could work with but now I'm regretting that decision

the closest I've ever gotten to the Halloween experience was couple of years ago when I dressed up as Phantom of the opera when I kind of wanted to be Slender man

And since we couldn't trick or treat or anything like that (because again our country doesn't celebrate it like Christmas) we just walked around outside at night and then went to a lonely frigging pizzeria

Where there was nobody

Just me my little sister and dad

If that doesn't sound depressing I don't know what does

The pizza was okay though

Sincerely Austi-

footage crash

Sincerely...

bleep

Sincerely the guy who's name you read all the way up there

I still don't feel comfortable saying my name so I mostly say Sab which is just my name lacking one letter

Thanks past me!

Day later

I did find out the people in school would JUST wear costumes and that's it which would've made the title correct but at the same time I'm still happy I decided not to wear a costume because then people would judge me by my costume instead of my personality like that girl who dressed up as a plague doctor

Oh I didn't think the Undertale review was right under this one

For context if I didn't mention before I actually haven't seen Undertale until 2022... yeah

So if you're interested it's right-----

right

\
r \

here

What? Nothing?

Huh... My future self probably has something in
mind

I trust him

My Impulse to Music

Judging by how I have 800 different music videos (well not really because some are different videos with the same music) saved in my YouTube playlist and how I listen to it every time I try to come up with a story (not recently though recently I've been trying to just focus on thinking about it)

It should already show that I am a fan of music

But also even if I'm not as impulsive as everyone else I do have one impulse when everyone's quiet and nobody's doing anything

I tap my fingers on the table and recreating music

Most of the time three of my fingers because if I used my pinkie finger it wouldn't make enough sound to make a difference and I can't tap my

thumb finger nail without being in an uncomfortable position

And I'd tap something else for a sound and a different place of something for a different frequency if it could

But most of the time in class you'd either see me sitting with the front two seat... poles? Yeah front two poles up and me trying to balance it or holding onto the table because I got very used to it as a child

That left my legs dangling which lead to me tapping the tips of my shoes to make music and then my heels to speed up the taps

I don't balance on the seats as much anymore and neither do I lean back on seats because the times when I would I'd hit the back of my head either on the floor by falling or on a wall I didn't expect to me so far away from me

A Time when kids actually made fun of
me

In Kutaisi when I wasn't that young but was around 11-13 there were two kids who were very much like the work associates I have

I could make a sloppy high pitched voice I don't know when they found out about this or when I did it but they made me do that and laughed at me do it

Until they acted dead on like my work associate curly hair by pretending to be normal and talking their way out of getting spanked with a belt

They didn't do it in front of me though

A year passes and one of them returns

I had no sweet clue who he was until he asked me to make the same voice while giggling

And that was the last day I ever met him by doing the last day I had a smart idea

Pretending to have puberty and my voice changing because of it therefore me not being able to make the voice again

Defeated he thought I couldn't make the voice anymore therefore him not having a reason to be with me and make fun of me went away from behind the lodge that he was speaking me from

We used to have a big white metal door with white poles in each side, spikes on top of it that looked like cartoony water drops and a blue poster with a number on it before the poster degraded

The door lead to the place where the car would stay which was a place where I remember me and my older sister as infants playing with dad running around the car trying not to get caught

The car was given to dad in his work so we were using it until 2016 when we bought the... truck? I don't know what to call it

Such simpler times

More of my writings in school

Idea #1

a story about a person who doesn't know how to work harder how to survive AND thrive working in a job, talking

to himself about his problems and judging himself but never fighting temptation and doing what he knows will make his life easier and in the end of the story being so brain dead not even remembering his own story...

okay I'll be honest I'm just talking about myself now, I'm not creative enough, even when I was thinking to myself about a story instead of a world that I wouldn't be able to place a story into

even if that job part is about school I know I won't be hired anywhere

But in the story even then doing what he believes is morally correct

Now THAT isn't relatable... because if I did I would've helped grandma bring her bags downstairs today when I thought I should have

Idea #2

a child who can't feel pain unknowingly inflicts pain onto other people but they always keep a cool head because he looks exactly like the child of their dictator and they're afraid he'll call his dad leading to their execution

Here's one of his diary notes

"Dan might be sick

Today when I met Dan he seemed very shaky, he didn't seem to have left his house considering he didn't have any more fire wood nor cans of beans so I went outside and brought my mini grill, I accidentally broke one of the stairs going up the tree but don't worry! I fixed it... before breaking it a dozen more times so I still owe him a plank and nails so I'll try to get those and fix the part of the stair case

I did get up there but I almost fell of

I then brought up the box battery that could power it and put both of our hands on top of it because I got cold too

Then he started making weird noises

I asked if he was okay and he reassured me he was doing far better and that the heat was good enough for him but when he showed me his hands he only had red line marks on his arm instead of his arms being completely red like you're supposed to when you want to heat your hands up

I feel like the cold might have gotten to him so I left the box and the mini grill to him

Since my hands were extra hot I was able to bring canned soup in the coldness of snow without it getting cold

I am still working at getting the planks and nails to fix the stair part

End of the day"

when he finds out by the help of a homeless child what he's been doing all this time he tries to make up for it and apologize to everyone

But by the time he gets to the people who he's been doing that to he realizes... most of them are dead

Some died by suicide like Dan jumping off the tree house onto the boulder below because of all the hurt they had to deal with every day of every week spent with him and some died because of what pain he inflicted on them like blood loss from him trying to get B+ blood type without a cringe to the scientist

I don't know if I talked about this already a while ago or not but I believe everything you do NEEDS a REASON to be done

Impulses make no sense to me because even if I have an impulse to tap my feet and fingers on stuff to make music sounds when I'm bored even that has a reason for being done

I think I've learnt this way back in my childhood days, I was jumping up and down on a couch while dad wasn't looking and when dad showed up he got angry for me not listening to him

and I believe that was actually justified considering I was being stupid

That was the day he taught me to never do something without reason and purpose because me jumping on the couch would tear it and that I was doing something stupid for no reason at all

That stuck to me and I tried to remind myself that over and over, I did forget that he taught that to me until now but I think my little self did help me become the teenager I am today... I won't call myself a man because 1 I'm not and 2 I'm not smart, hard working or kind enough to call myself that

unlike my "work associates" who have no sweet clue what "man" actually means and irresponsibly call themselves that because they think they're cool

Hell! They're so impulsive they decided to DANCE IN THE MIDDLE OF CHEMISTRY CLASS AND RECORD IT in their own words "პროსტა" (prosta) which in English means "for the heck of it"

and you cannot guess who said that one

It's none other than the girl who I thought was the only human being because she was determined to be nice and bring me to my classmates when they were having dinner because she didn't want me to be alone

Yeah.. That "person"

THIS is why I hate ALL of them now

Hell not only that but she's also using her phone in class including the girl from class A who I looked up to, I thought she was the responsible one but noooo even SHE is using her phone in lessons

They not only use it but bring their phone to other classes like French

The point is... nothing has changed

And mom if you're reading this just don't start a conversation with about it okay? I get it I'm just writing to myself about it

I left 2 lessons now and sat outside doing nothing because we weren't doing any actual lesson (that was written BEFORE I left history class because the teacher left because everyone was misbehaving that much and had to call the Georgian teacher to argue with them)

as if Halloween is a getaway card for everybody in class, sometimes for the teachers letting them watch movies and sometimes for the "work associates" who use it as a reason to direct the lesson to a completely different thing like in chemistry where they were "strategizing how they'd sell the fast food they brought"

At least the Math teacher refused to make us watch a movie and let us did the work (THANK GOD) which is very much like her and the fact that one of the idiots asked her a movie in the first place makes me think they're that delusional

I'm not a nerd towards math or anything I'll be honest I sometimes don't even remember what street I'm living in But I'd rather have a real lesson than watch a movie in class because 1 I hate watching movies and 2 It feels like a painful waste of time and my patience so I make myself as bored as possible sitting on a chair because at least then I'll get some thoughts I could write down

my thought about loose ends

me like the fake philosopher that I am thought to myself

“how will I actually die”

Because I've always known I'd either choose to or not but I never thought what would be the most realistic take

Not something like a car crash or a nuclear war or... actually starving to death is pretty close to realistic

but anyways

No matter how much I'd like to just perish and stop existing like I will anyways I will never be able to if I don't tie up every loose end I've ever made

Which is a daunting task which might take years or even decades

Not just my life as a person but my life after death,
preparing for all of it
Saving all of what I've made

Hiding all of them in different places

Getting known by enough people for at least one person to care enough to read all of this through the end (since you're here I'll crush your spine from my hug because god damn it I just can't stop myself) and at least one person to be changed by what I did all those years ago or... remember

I know my family's future generations won't remember me because that just seems ridiculous

I don't even know if my dad has a brother or not and I don't spend that amount of time with any of my mom's sisters

So if my sisters ever have kids and somehow grow up to be just like I am even then they won't care enough to ask because I'll be too dead for them to care

Even I know one person who was young and died and was in (probably) the same family tree as me

and yet I don't know an ounce of information about him

The only thing I know is that he died sliding down the stairs

My school writings #... 3? 4? I can't remember

Brain Death

I felt like my mental core was going to powderize because of how I skipped a lot of potential writing time yesterday,

since it took me the rest of the day to prepare for the math test that made me way too tired to do anything anymore even walking

Even now as I'm writing this the math lesson will be a death sentence

But I know when it'll end I'll feel at least slightly better

but to not jinx myself I'll still say it'll somehow get worse it always does

Like 1 completely fail the test for specific things being there that I did not prepare for which would have a negative consequence

2 today we'll have a math test but counted as school work and THEN getting ANOTHER Math test for us to get the test score

3 I'll commit suicide before finishing undertale and writing about it

In my opinion the 3rd one is the worst because it's kind of my fear to leave any loose ends unless I don't care about them as much as I used to anymore

Like Coffee talk, I don't feel like watching an hour and a half to find out its story anymore I've lost the momentum but I still think I'll return to it in the future even if it could be a year into the future

No joke when I feel like I'm doing something wrong or feel like I'm not doing good when I can I have Alive Flame figuratively enlighten me in my head

Him Not only because he's my creation therefore me feeling closer to him than say Midoriya but if anyone would try his hardest to come up with what's the right thing to do

It would be him

I felt too guilty for not writing yesterday so much so that I was truly exhausted flat on my bed in the dark ready to die I still wanted to write something other than that I was going to skip watching undertale and that determination made me want to do it at that exact moment instead of waiting for another day

so since my brain was pretty much like a cockroach smoothie at that point (get it? because a cockroach is a bug? And computers have... okay I know a brain isn't a computer but at least it's an organic one!)

I asked mom for ideas and that I wanted to still write something! Do something! But she told me to take a break instead of bashing myself

So after my determination got pawed out of my half closed eyes without question I collapsed onto my bed in the darkness of the night and listened to

early Captainsauce's battle cats episode because I only watched the final episode of that series and tried to give my brain a figurative nap bandage

Now I truly know what Odd1s out and Jaiden animations meant when they were talking about overworking yourself

And that is very weird to me that I have context of it now because I thought I'd never NEVER N-E-V- (I'm too lazy so just pretend like I wrote e r with a dash) experience that feeling considering how lazy I am

And I didn't... because I didn't actually write when I was tired yesterday but the will to do it by the help of my Guilt stabbing my brain trying to kill the bugs got me pretty close to that experience

Idea of a fight scene

A person that can regenerate literally anything other than mental scars and a teacher with a whip that can cut through anything in the Japanese / castle from middle ages style martial arts school

Regenerator every time he'd sit down to eat he'd unexpectedly be brought up and wounded on his back and then be forced to run around with a cross attached to his back

Every time he'd wake up

Every time he'd breathe the wrong way in meditation

Every time he'd ask why he was treated this way

Every time he'd even speak

Once he'd try to run the teacher would wrap the whip around his foot and bring him right back hitting twice as hard

Every time he'd take a swing like he told him to do he'd cut his arm off

So once he whipped on his back just because he wanted to get mail from his little sister after two years of the same thing he snapped

finally punching his trainer in the face and when his hand would be cut off with the whip he'd push

the exposed bone of his arm into the socket of his cut hand that was moving behind him reattaching it by burying his razor sharp flesh into it (hence regeneration) and swinging his arm into his trainers jaw with a swift uppercut he finally hit his trainer twice even after being hurt even if by doing that he bent his arm back as if he broke it so it wasn't the fist that made the impact it was his bone

When he'd hit his trainer in the jaw with his sliced half regenerated arm THAT is when the music would kick in

At that point it would be a fight of will VS strength, he wouldn't die from any of his teacher's slices or blows but he'd feel every hit and every cut and it would hurt twice as much after he'd regenerate those body parts back into himself and reattach the nerves together

He'd lose that battle though

But finally his teacher would say something

Telling him that he wasn't attacking him for the sake of it or because he hated him, far from it, it was because he knew he was already powerful but even if he knew how to fight if he couldn't take a

single blow from his enemy and resist the urge to back off because of his pain he'd lose

That he needed to learn how to get up even after decapitation

Even after he'd be left as a moving torso even then have the will to fight back

A way to come up with personality traits and a story made from one question

For your character to you can just question yourself "how would they react if-" and go from there

That way you'll imagine the type of character you want and write it down so that in different scenes they'll react the same way

Like " how would a monster react if someone calmly and casually talked to them after the monster failing a jump scare attempt "

Or

"Why is the monster trying to scare people in the first place"

Also also you need to keep in mind what's cliché or uncreative so that you won't make a monster that scares or kills for "fun" that's one dimensional and to be frank with you isn't the best idea

But if they have a strong goal and the fun or torturing and murdering is only a side dish to their final course you'd be writing a flat arch villain which would make that character hell of a lot more interesting because you could add personality traits to them that they'd use to achieve their goal

so now here's an entire story I came up with by starting with just that one idea

A Sad Monster

A monster who gets scared of other monsters after they freak her out gets laughed at for it as if nobody else would be afraid

When she gets pranked enough or bullied enough times or just gets mad thinking about it she goes to the surface at night to horrify and sometimes hurt people

To prove to herself that she isn't worthless, that she's just as scary as they are and because she wants to get rid of her built up rage

When her anger ends or scares someone to their death by a heart attack she stops and remembers that what she's doing is impulsive and immoral no better than what they were doing to her

The guilt of killing people unintentionally making her heart feel like it was melting out of her from the inside out

When she just scares people she beats herself up as a punishment for a week straight but when she kills someone she attaches chains to her body in her shower, swallows the keys used for the chains, runs the water to boiling hot and breaks the dial so that the only way she'd escape the pain of burning and not being able to breathe in the smoke being her repeatedly punching herself in the stomach to puke out the keys before they get digested in her stomach acid and run out of the room to breathe in air once again trying not to touch anything so that the pain of the heat won't get any worse

Adding to the pain she'd have to pay for the broken shower and the amount of water she wasted but that to her would feel like nothing compared to killing a poor child who had a heart disorder because of her outrage

But her treating herself like an animal would make it worse and worse

Her feeling like one day she'll become numb to even her murders making her a psychopath unable to care about committing sins making her more evil than anyone she's met in her life

Her stressing out as if she had a ticking clock to solve the problem but it repeating over and over and over

But one night she would meet a person who she would talk to

Calm herself down

Stop herself from committing the crimes she had no control in doing

The boy in the story

He's picked on the most for being the easiest to get away bullying with, he's a short weakling that can't do anything

Even people half his size would make fun of him within ear shot as if they had no idea he was hearing them

So he didn't really get any friends

So the only people he can talk to is his clothes more specifically the creepy faces that show themselves from those clothes in the dark, at first his heart beats strongly but over time he calms down and talks to them like a person

He saw another face in the shape of the clothes and talked to her "you look pretty creepy but please don't waste your energy moving just to scare me, It's been... a rough day today and I can't take another prank, I'm sorry for our meeting being this dramatic I really am because normally I'd be more enthusiastic to see another face"

The girl moved in surprise her dead dark eyes glowing up

He realized he might be dreaming or finally met a real monster but he didn't know for sure even if he hoped to he knew he couldn't keep high hopes

He'd see her punch herself over and over dimming the light of her eyes

"please don't hurt yourself I'm just gonna go if you hate me that much it'll benefit both of us"

“No... I’m doing this to myself”

“... YOU CAN TALK?!”

(6 seconds of horrified expression later... another 5 seconds of calm awkward silence)

“It’s been such a long time since I’ve had a first time such as this like talking to a monster... like Sam”

“You had a monster friend at one point?”

“Sadly he wasn’t as real as you think he’d be

He used to scare me from my closet when I was a child but one night I actually got to talk to him for once and I realized he was very similar to me... because I narrated his cries of sorrow

That was the first and last night I talked to Sam because mom cleaned up my closet erasing the shape of his head from existence

I still remember his long jaw, the metal reflecting small light making it seem like it was his small glowing eye in the big dark sockets of his, his wide twisted smile with humanoid teeth, his eyes used to look angry but when we first talked I saw his eyes turn from anger to sadness not moving but my brain kind of made it seem that way and then when we got to know each other

The smile was the same but the emotion was... different

I miss him because I refuse to talk to anyone else it's hard to talk to someone for the first time after the person you knew the most and were comfortable being with is gone"

It's for the best I keep Sam lifeless (kind of like this abandoned story) to show the desperation the boy had instead of revealing that it wasn't him narrating what Sam said but instead someone powerful speaking to him in his own head

I don't know where to take the story though since even if the two characters are relating with one another... what would they do?

I guess I could make a story about the kid not wanting to see his friend leave so he tries to go to the monster world where everyone wants him dead and getting help by Sam but only once because he doesn't care about him quite enough to help him get out of there

He'd be more like an adult businessman towering over everyone else scaring everyone with his unmoving smile

In a 2d animation world you can imagine how messed up real life teeth would look like to them

Like looking into a portal of hell from another dimension

My Bad Habits

1. Even before writing down the title I was about to commit one of my bad habits of playing a vr game at 10 PM for the 3rd time in the day and being stuck thinking about said game and only thinking about the game

2. Other things I hate that I don't control is planning because I never have a full plan in my head that I follow like a routine

The whole plan I have every day is "either write, draw or just do SoMeThInG that'll change my future in a meaningful way"

That's it

That's the whole plan

3. I am painfully lazy so most of the time I don't really do homework nor listen in class which is where my 4th bad habit comes in

4. Only working on my hobbies in school

I don't work as efficiently at home I mostly play so in school I do most of the writing and most of the drawing because not only did I get used to it being a work place but also because since I don't do enough in specific lessons like French I have my boredom take over me and do something with it

I got so used to just waiting for a lesson to end I can just sit there starrng at a wall with nothing getting in my head just having time pass and be wasted unless I either listen in the lesson a little bit or actually trying to be active like in Math

5. Not being able to come up with anything creative

Literally everything I come up with someone already has

And they do it hell of a lot better

6. Never finishing a story just writing the beginning of the script and bam just dead in the water

I don't know if this is a good thing or a bad thing considering people could make up their own ideas of where the story could've gone

But hey I'm not "Johann Sebastian Bach" nobody's just going to waste their time doing what I should've done and should've been doing

7. I don't follow tutorials in drawing I just do it over and over and over again hoping that my art skills will improve or the style or line work will change to the better

If I only spend like... maximum 1 hour drawing one art especially in the period of multiple days I'm not patient enough to do it making it worse

8. not always keeping in mind to be positive, being patient or staying calm or just not being a jerk

I don't know how to be nice or chill and when I try to be I sound... what a robot would think being a kind person would sound like

The words don't have enthusiasm

9. even if I try to talk about my opinion about something or details about it or try to say something nobody else did I fail at sounding like a human being and communicating how much I actually like or hate something

I just sound like I'm cracking jokes before saying "good job" or "this is good" or "this is amazing"

It all not only sounds flat but also sounds... like I'm saying all of that sarcastically

It's simply

Dumb

10. Watching the exact same thing over and over instead of listening and watching something new that might teach me something new that I could use or do

Like a second ago when I was about to watch episode 18 of Game theory on Five Nights At Freddy's

I've already seen all of the episodes and I'm just sitting here consuming it again as if it'll do anything other than entertain or remind me of something

11. Not doing enough showing or doing just a lot of talking

like for example... you know what? you already know what I was about to say

I've said this a billion times already

Heck billion might be an understatement

So screw it I'll just leave those few people that might not even exist confused because hey

I'm just writing to myself because let's be honest

Nobody else will see these none the less read them...

I repeated myself anyway... god damn it

If your perception of time was 10 times faster and everything you touched including humans would react as quickly

This is now officially the longest title I've made

What would you do with this power?

I personally don't have as many possibilities since I can't just get a job as a super computer charger by touching them and making them run 10x faster

I'm still a kid

So other than doing 10x more of what I'd normally do every day I'd probably fear if my body would age 10x faster or not

If not that would let me live 10x longer which is awesome, if I lived to be 70 normally I'd live 700 years

If not...

If I knew and was able to live 10x longer

I could go visit people who're elderly and attach strings to both them and me to make them all live 10x longer and attaching the same strings to their families if they visited them and wanted to understand what the heck they were saying

But other than that I'd say probably have many difficulties

Like not understanding what everyone says unless I touch them to speed them up to my level making online communication almost impossible if I didn't speed up every word they said to me with a program or something

Since 1 hour would be 10 hours to me orders would take FOREVER to arrive so to not starve I'd always have to buy food by going out

So my parents would cost 10X more to keep me alive than normally

If I somehow got a part time job I'd at least be really efficient and make other workers work faster also if I did the same string trick

Unless we were paid by an hour then that would be a waste of a lot of energy and time that I would not want anyone to experience

At least then it wouldn't feel like time was passing by in an instant like looking outside seeing the sun's light and the next thing you know boom its dark out

Oh and also at least this would be written 5 times faster

Yes I said 5 times

It's because I threw away the first one because it wasn't good enough

Actually that string trick could only work if I could speed up objects by interacting with them with other objects

So if I was standing on Earth would the whole planet speed up?

And if the planet is technically interacted by the protons of light coming from the sun would everything covered by the sun's light speed up as well?

I can now imagine an Alien planet where one dude was walking down the park with glowing blue plants and then one sun proton that got there billions of years later hits him giving him a small flash of speed before his planet got interacted with it and then its star and then that star spreading it

So even after my death a smidge of my ability would still live on

Death of childhood innocence

Walking down in the old park Tom was looking
around nervously

Hoping the Faceless humanoid creatures weren't
starring at him

Then he found his favorite

Yellow slide with a swing at its right

He sat down it, his legs reaching his his chin

He looks up and sees a girl he hasn't met in a long
time

He didn't remember her voice but he remembered
her holding her hand out to him saying he could
join her and her friends to play

When his memory of her disappeared once more
He got up looking for somewhere else

Then he found the fountain

Him and the girl along with her brother and sister
running through the water without a care in the
world

Splashing at one another

After that one Tom gave a hint of a smile before his
smile dying down as soon as it appeared

He walked down the street

And looked to his left

In her home he cried, finding out about what death
means

Ever adult laughing in the kitchen but the three
kids entering the room to hug it out, calming him
down and going outside away from the noises to
watch a camp fire in the abandoned broken house

That was the night when everything changed

Her brother and sister didn't come back after going
to get snacks from their home

That is when the man appeared, backlit, faceless,
made of pure darkness

His axe grazing against the ground

Tom closed his eyes after the man chopped off a
support of the ceiling, crashing it down on Tom

Tom starred at his friend in front of him running
towards him

His arm held back by the metal pole pierced
through bleeding out

Screaming at her to run away

One blink

And she was on the floor

Her head rolling over

The monster was gone

Tom remembering this lifted the rubble he saw the
events happen in

Pierced his arm with the pole again unconcerned
about the pain

Only concerned with reliving the moments

Seeing what he could've done to prevent it

He tried escaping

It was a fail

Tried lifting the rubble

Too slow

Throwing a rock

Too weak

Ripping it out

Now we've got something

Running at him

Way too slow

Dashing at him

Still too weak

Throwing the rock in the void where his face was
supposed to be

IT HIT!

RIPPING THE POLE OUT OF YOUR ARM

JABBING IT INTO HIS HEART

RIPPING THE AXE OFF OF HIS HANDS

CHOP DOWN HIS HEAD

IT WAS A HIT IT WAS A CONTAa.....

The head rolled over into the light

It was his own adult head
Maybe he never considered

“Was she even real?”

You already know I split away stories that I feel too proud of to be in a one collection of stories and instead leaving it as its own thing having it come out of nowhere

I at first thought I'd make a story about a person in a world of living puppets with buttons as eyes, him acting normally as if it was just another illusion and then getting in the park and sitting on the old swing that he used to be in looking up imagining how he met his old friend sitting in the same swing and then thought in the end he'd relive the moments of being stuck under rubble trying to kill the murderer who killed her failing over and over by getting shot in the head until she would appear in front of him stopping him

Then imagining his past self taking his knife cleaning it and putting it in a shelf innocently like he didn't think of it as a weapon but a tool to cut food and then reminding him of who he is or at least was

After that thought to make a story about an author drawing comics about his past pain but unable to give it a good ending because of his mental state and throwing it away not even caring if it reached the dumpster or not, then a homeless child finding it and seeing the poor man given up he decided to give it a good ending himself and as a rich adult returning to give the book back to the broke author and helping him out

and after that I focused more about the story I thought of earlier and this is what I came up with

I suppose not being able to use the hover board so long made me a story making machine

now I know how Odd1sOut felt like when he got back his drawing tablet

references aside I thought of this story after watching a video about Jack the ripper

making me think about stories taking place in 1700s

I thought of adult Tom that was imagining all of his past as having a black hat, white shirt with a long black overcoat

Also to those who're confused he was an adult when he went back to the old park and the old abandoned broken down building reliving his past as if trying to kill the killer in his imagination would change anything

Imagining what he could've done to save her, what he could've done to prevent all of it and in reliving his past he realizes none of it actually happened, it was just symbolic of his childhood dying and him blaming it on himself for not protecting his imaginative friend

mom was very VERY confused in the story when she read it so I just decided "you know what? screw it" and left this here

I knew it was going to be a bit confusing when we were seeing the story in the eyes of his memory, his kid self or his adult self but not this much

what happened to my activity

I've been feeling like I haven't been doing enough work lately, I haven't uploaded art for 5 whole days and even then it was just cut content of the presentation not an actual art that was meant to be uploaded there

I haven't been saying much neither and... I feel like either me working on the presentation and giving up on it after making so many mistakes tired me out or my nightmares are coming true and that I'm actually getting worse and worse at drawing and writing in general

Again I have no idea but I'd like to speculate either way

It's... a nice rainy day today, white coloring of the outside from the clouds and fog, cool air sailing the plants back and forth

And I'm just at home with a brain overheated barely being able to breathe

I'm saying this partially because it's true and partially because I want to see if I describe this moment even better in the future or not

Now I'm wondering how many times I've already talked about these

And Now I'm wondering if in the future I'll be reading these over and over to make episodes of actual "short story ideas radio news" as a huge project saving every single line as my physical voice in an old radio and hiding it somewhere like a cave or an abandoned bunker for people to find

If I have enough income to be able to do all of that that is

Actually no I think making it all in an ai generated voice would be better... maybe

I don't actually know, would it be better to directly talk to the "audience" or would it be better to make myself sound fake in order to not only make everything faster but also have people think of it as more like entertainment and then realizing "oh... oh right he's a human being, someone made this"

The End of 2022

You don't seem as concerned as I am

Which is saying a lot because honestly even if my heart is telling me "OH MY GOD HOW THE HELL DID I MISS THAT THE WORLD IS ENDING IN ONLY A MONTH" but my brain is telling me "Meh"

Actually that's actually wrong, it's not saying a lot because why should you care you weren't even born in this time and are just way too excited for

2222 but back in my ye oldy days 2022 was the only year when I felt the most alive and least alive at the same time... also I guess it has more of the same number in a year than I'll see in my lifetime but that's not the point

The point is that this is the longest stretch of a year I've ever felt and seen, the oldest thing I remember doing in this year is "After saving Wayback Machine" which feels like a freaking decade ago, when I was a completely different person just starting out

It feels ancient and I haven't made a YouTube video for two years after uploading in 2020 meaning I've done the most in my channel period

and it even shows how my animation has changed... the problem is I can't finish the project I really REALLY wanted to upload for 7 months now and I hate to give up on it

So you know what? Screw it! I like making it better and better in time and if it takes a year or two to make it it'll be worth it!

I thought I was going to upload it unfinished but I think I'd rather not because It would suck mega overtime

(Future me here

Two days and my world will shatter

But I still feel calm and collected for some reason, I am still stressing a little bit so I'm copy pasting what I've written onto here in order to finish the 2022 Short Story ideas copy)

Being remembered

“Even if you plastered your face on every street corner nobody would remember you, actually people would remember you but only because you’ve ruined the streets

True power in the face of death is acceptance that you aren't worth being remembered and if you don't work hard enough to deserve a second life as a memory then you shouldn't be mad about it you should be happy that people remember others who deserve the spot light, heaven isn't given to everyone"

That was pretty much what my reflection told me when he talked to me and... I think he has a point

I'll still continue talking about things and saving them in here or other Word documents but I feel like this is the most meaningful I'll ever sound

I feel like I've told myself that because I felt like I liked myself too much, I was too selfish, I talked about myself over and over and over again

That makes me feel... like I'm narcissistic

I've apparently been like that without even realizing it up until now

Even if I said that I'm doing this to have other people decide to write about themselves so that people who cared about them wouldn't miss out on their lives It still makes me feel like I'm just a self absorbed idiot talking about himself

I remember a time when I was younger I hated myself, now I'm allowing myself to stare at my fat face in the mirror for minutes on end speaking like I'm a William Shakespeare rip off

It doesn't matter if I'm saying how many things I've failed at if I'm not using that experience not to talk about myself making it seem like I'm a victim of some kind but instead use it to give, give a story worth telling

Like my laziness, if consequences would ALWAYS burn people to the ground for being lazy and they saw their own decrease in productivity what would they do, how would they feel, how would they try to fight the demon inside

I don't remember a single story (mostly because I don't read) that talks about how to fight laziness and I feel personally like most people are the victim of being lazy considering how many people I've seen who don't even bother lifting a finger to write a full word because they think as long as it's understandable it's fine

Or people who think something is a good idea that they could do but decide not to because they think saying that they're lazy is enough, that saying that you know you're lazy is enough to justify not doing it

Those words

Mean

Nothing

SEE?! I've directed my rage towards you as if you're supposed to fix the issue when I'm doing literally nothing about it even when I worry about it

Oh no I won't write anything interesting today
while chugging Fanta for the 87th time

Year 17

When I'll be 17 years old I think I should make a video concerning my "death" on the internet

Not my real life death but that I'll most likely never be able to use the internet or electronic device when I'll most likely get homeless

So pretty much internet death

Aaand I feel like for my 17th birthday I should get a box with a solar panel in it to charge my phone

in case I don't commit suicide and still want to continue doing something I care about even if I'll only be stuck with the Notes to write stuff in

I normally use my phone to animate stuff, which is why I'll never get used to drawing with a pencil... that much, I did get some experience in drawing on paper

Breathless sleep

Everyone already knows I have sleep problems sometimes but recently I've woken up multiple times not having enough air in my lungs

They have also been in dreams but... I'm scared

Because people not being able to breathe in their sleep die in their sleep

So for all I know I could actually fall asleep and then be breathless

So now I'm rethinking if I should upload literally everything I've worked on now onto the internet before I fade away and nobody else does

or if I should leave very loud timers waking me up in the middle of the night

Small meaningless facts

1) My brain and ears are yawning at a constant rate

when I get tired or try to push as much information into my brain at once

No seriously my ears make me hear the sound of me yawning quietly constantly like some sort of calm music making me go blank

I decided to write about this during Physics homework and I feel like it'll kind of show how I feel when I do those kinds of things

It doesn't feel like that all the time though

2) Writing on hand

I write on my hand stuff that crosses my mind but don't want to forget when I'm forced to do something else other than writing about them or doing them

Like today I wrote "outside" to remember to record the outside after realizing the trees are dead and some are orange making it look different and also it's a little foggy and the mountain is snowy showing the difference in the state of it and maybe someone even finding out how many winters I've recorded and maybe even cutting out a portion where I was losing my mind over it snowing in school since I wouldn't be surprised if it was winter... unless they thought I was freaking out

that it was snowing in the city after so long since most of the winters we need to go to the mountains to find snow

And also I wrote “Writing on hand” meaning I should write about this which I am now

I write simple words to remind myself of them and I mostly use that in school but now I’m doing physics so I had to do it at home

I’m not back

True me is... gone, I've realized that recently and since it's said by my corpse, a hint of who I was

I've already realized this yes but it still matters to me greatly, the realization that I've been adding NOTHING of value

NOTHING of interest certainly but I'm not going through enough hell to talk about my feelings anymore

Not enough hell to care about what I do, what I write to you

If all of it is meaningless, if it's just dumb fun or blind stupidity then why should I even do it

Writing something isn't writing SOMETHING

SOMETHING is worth something, an information that could even save someone's life

That information won't come from me watching Youtube videos and writing my thoughts about them

They aren't here but I've been doing it and I've realized how stupid it is

My past self is... dead, and it's scary for me that he actually did what he set out to do, he truly committed suicide and I'm just a stupid child gloating about it... he was truly a person

A human being

I am grieving the death

Of someone who only I met and I knew

A person who only I grew up with

A person who reached his life goal not knowing
what it would do... to me

He thought about his family's reaction to it

Thought they'd cry that their puppet went away
and that they couldn't toy with him anymore

But he thought so much about physical death
that... I guess he never thought of a world where I
would grieve his death

His mental death

He had a life with meaning behind it

Sympathy and care

True driving force

What do I have?

Fingers that don't want to type but a brain that whips them to the point of bleeding saying

"Write something today it is your job"

Instead of

"You'll give everything you have to this piece of paper, you'll die the next day so you have to say EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS TO YOU

so what're you going to write?"

My life got mindless to the point that my latest note was about puns and my childish stupid impulse to make one...

does that sound like a person who wanted to either kill himself or rip the flesh off everyone else?

Does that sound like a person who forgot how to smile or cry

A person who even if in skill wasn't as good as me
in creating things he gave it all he had

And his life allowed mine

His beginning drove me TO this

Because nowadays I feel like I would never start
ANYTHING as the steps he took to give my bike a
nice slap on the back to get it running before he
turned to dust

I... forgot him

Apparently every horror and hell will become
reality some day

Even if it isn't the exact way we expect to see it

I both died and didn't

Died hurting me because I didn't want him to die
and not dying hurting him making the rest of "his"
life meaningless

That is... just the biggest fuck you from life I've
gotten yet

Yes I existed back then too

I was in fact

The worst parts of him

I never wanted to say this, never wanted to come to terms with this but here it goes

Depression? Dead

Actor? He's been a walking corpse since I stopped acting

Boombox? Only his head remains, and he even has a mouth which ruins his core

Glasses is also fading, I have difficulty remembering anything

He's crippled so that's why he brings memories so slowly

Only the memory of them remains

And who knows when even THAT will be taken from me

You think this is funny? Think this is cringe? Think about what you're even saying

I am literally dying, my core my personality fading

It's not a fucking item I could just buy at a grocery store or force back into myself

I can hear you laughing out loud future me

You're only proving me right! You killed him you sadistic lifeless son of a bitch

I know I'm even lying to myself

He wasn't a god that crumbled to dust

He also did things that weren't right in my opinion

But I think the main part, the driving force, the
core is dead

What made me think this? What reminded me of
this for the billionth time already?!

Austin

In his Deltarune video he said things I didn't even think about

And he even said that he thought his journey has ended years ago when he was younger when it really wasn't

I used to think about things better than this, more deeply than this

And realize what Kris was actually going through as a person of his own

I just... didn't

It didn't even cross my mind

Hell even he AUSTIN went through that

He lost his true self

Even if that part was still a persona it was a persona with his personality in it, with himself shining through

Compare his older videos to his current ones

He has no more Austin of him to speak of

Just a skin attached to a robot imitating what his brain flesh and bones used to do

No enthusiasm

No flow

Just “let me explain how this works so that we can just move on with our lives”

I will make this clear... I'm not a goodie two shoes

I will be doing these just because I enjoy them

Not because of anyone else because let's be honest... I'm not selfless

So anything stupid or mindless here will literally just be there because I decided to

Hell even past me thought "I'll save as much of myself as possible even if it's meaningless detail"

So that if people ever think of me they'll imagine every small thought I ever had or any small thing I've written down

Actually now that I think about it I guess that part of him is still with me

It disappears and appears randomly sometimes thinking "this is useless information" and

sometimes “this is detail right there, and there is no detail, there is little bit sprinkled over there and some of it drowned in the pool of forgetfulness and got ripped apart by hands”

A can of reunion surprise

Nothing that big happened

The only mildly interesting part was that she went the opposite way of where we stood Me and Grandma saw her but couldn't really tell if it was her or not

Me thinking it was the same grey bag and same body height and same mix of yellow and brown hair but she didn't show her face at all that whole time she just turned to her left

and when mom got a call from her asking where they are I decided to dip without telling anybody and get around the sea of crowd and found her

She waved her hand saying she met me

Then the rest showed up pretty quickly afterwards before we got to the place they stood in

Again nothing big

The only other interesting thing that happened before any of the airport stuff was me talking about myself succeeding in committing suicide and trying to sleep my way to the airport but couldn't but also was too tired to remember anything nor get bored therefore it feeling like time passed but didn't remember much from my eyes being closed therefore feeling like I skipped time without skipping it

Also it was 4 god damn o'clock when we went there

Aka 4 AM

I had to stay up that late and mom was surprised that I was awake when she saw me at 4 am preparing to go

I thought she already knew my unhealthy levels of sleeplessness

But even then I felt too tired so I took a very short nap nap in the bed, when I woke up I had horrible taste

No not in music or food I mean there was bad taste in my mouth and felt like my teeth was rotting, exactly how it goes in school

Good thing I also decided to get back home with one shoe on hopping on my other leg to take this phone with me because otherwise I wouldn't finish the "suicide" thing

Again if you're having fun reading the same thing that's slightly different every time be my guest to rea... oh right this comes after that... well then

Oh and finally if you're trying to keep your can of cola cold you should carry the top and the bottom of it with your fingers, therefore your warm hands not heating up the can

Which is what I did

The cola is still next to me I haven't opened it because I'm afraid it'll spill out if I open it

It's slightly warmer though

My little sister gave the can to me when we were waiting for her in the airport

I'll be brutally honest I was hoping for coffee cola... at least now I'm hoping for it then I didn't even know I was getting a cola

Okay she brought us gifts like Mrs Santa Clause, for grandma jewelry for Elene some sort of skin brush colors? I have no idea what it's called

I got a speaker meant to connect with Bluetooth with a light on it

What a perfect present for a person who wants NOT to make that much sound

Also our little doggo got a Christmas sweater and shoes

Shoes that she promptly threw off of her paws one by one hilariously

When she wore it it looked like she was walking over things

I've been thinking of getting a solar panel as a Christmas gift

But I don't know if I deserve even getting a warm meal non the less a freaking solar panel that I could charge things with

No I don't mean a solar panel solar panel I mean one that can fit in your pocket that charges things from phones to computers

What about a fish

That has the ability to pop out its flesh like a donut behind it every time it eats something but can't move forward otherwise needing to stay aligned with the donut to turn into his next form where he'd grow a spine into the hole of the donut and then grow his flesh back using that donut

I imagine it being light purple with darker purple dots and very thin beak like mouth with a tip that looks like a spoon

And one of them going so far with his donut transformation and made so many donuts

scientists made an entire lab around it and made a tube for him to continue moving in while feeding it to make sure that beauty continued doing its ambitious as all hell project

This is just a random Idea and you know what? I'll write these down because I have fun with it

If I'm gonna die get all of those thoughts out there right?

Hell that kind of creature could be something other than a fish, maybe even a part of the infinite worlds in one world opening its ribcage and laying down to lure creatures in before sprouting out its spine to stab them and then regrowing the flesh around the spine trapping their prey inside

Yesterday

I didn't sleep... AT ALL

I STAYED UP ALL NIGHT LONG

At first I felt normal surprisingly but now I see the issues... my brain can't function at all and if I lay my head down on a desk it feels like I'm skipping all dialogue in a video game in a click of a button

So by the power of magic and math physics test wasn't given to me, there were just 6 problems written on the digital board which we had to write down and solve

I only wrote them down to do them at home because FFFUUUUUUUUURk that

My brain can barely exist none the less think what the hell to write story or otherwise

I am a bit more concerned about math because I feel like I WILL get a test there

Nope

Not even the day after that day, yes I've arrived with the news of the future

She told me today that I'd be doing that old test next day

That's great news to me because at least I won't worry about it twenty four seven (the key is STILL broken)

If we met what would you ask?

If these notes survive to future generations... what would you ask me?

Would you ask what my real name is

Other than the names you've heard me call myself

Or maybe you'd ask questions about what I believe
to disprove them and change my mind

Like religion that I'd rather not have and just be
okay knowing when I die all of my memories erase

Or maybe you'd ask for a cup of coffee because the
future sucks so much that coffee gets illegal

Or maybe even just ask for a quick release of death
from my mumblings instead of the slow release by
boredom

Nevertheless you might have your own questions
that I haven't thought of

Or not

Nevertheless... I have questions of my own

Why're you reading this?

Who forced you?

Why is the answer said by the same voice as me?

What are your hobbies?

What do you want to do as a life goal?

Do you have a bucket list?

What would be your last words if you were to die?

Do you imitate your actions to someone you know because you think they do it better? Or just as a reference? Or want to continue their legacy by acting like they used to?

Do you try to fit in with people in relationships or be honest and be yourself and look for people who like who you are

Who were you a year ago and who are you now in comparison?

Are you happy with that answer?

What will you plan out to do in order to change those answers?

Do you like experimenting with things even in a small level? Like mixing drinks to see what the combination tastes like or what it does in a chemical level?

Do you look closer to details to try to figure out the meaning of it all?

(I forgot one of the questions)

Are you starving?

Do you want bread and cheese?

Do you even like cheese? For some reason my little sister doesn't

Questions like that

At first I had no idea what I was going to ask and then remembered

“Oh right they’re a human being and many differences in what they do wrong correct or... something in the middle at least in my standards” (thanks Papyrus for reminding me the word “standards” and making it possible for me to write it whenever I mean it)

You can’t trust my words about my answers since you only see these writings, you don’t see me you don’t see my actual life

For all you know I could be a brother of the person who wrote these and continued his legacy running out of ideas of how to correct them or add anything else

Or could be writing a giant myth all made up instead of me writing about myself

Why can’t you trust me you ask?

No? You needed time to ask first? To think of these questions?

Sorry take your time

I said take your time

Great! (Maybe)

The answer to the question I asked is mistakes

I'm able to make a lot of those especially in memory of the past and some things may be outdated therefore not my current opinion or thought

Like green apples, I used to like them but now I think they're too sour

If I reached my life goal of making it very far into the future the mistake of translation could happen

Which I have NO control over

So yeah, all of this? It isn't all cut and dry

in fact it's written with ink on a not so cut paper in a not so heavenly school surrounded by not so good creatures that you call "classmates" saying not so family friendly words and not so human sounds for not so short time in a not so heavenly school surrounded by not so good creatures that you call "classmates" saying not so family friendly words and not so human sounds for not so short time in a not so heavenly school surrounded by not so good creatures that you call "classmates" saying not so

family friendly words and not so human hello for
not so short time in a not so heavenly school
surrounded by not so good creatures that you call
“classmates” saying not so family friendly words
and not so human sounds for not so short time in a
not so heavenly school surrounded by not so good
creatures that you call “classmates” saying not so
family friendly words and not so human sounds for
not so short time in a not so heavenly school
surrounded by not so good creatures that you call
“classmates” saying not so family friendly words
and not so human sounds for not so why are you
reading this?

Why would I ask questions? Simply because that's
where TOPICS come from that I am lacking

Why haven't I said anything new or interesting?
(As if I used to) because I'm not as creative as
Mark who was able to make 364 completely
different videos every day without slowing down
once

While I'm here unable to think of a story

Why did I suggest that “all of this is fake” thing again? (More on that later)

Why am I asking instead of you?

Because I know the truth

I can literally see my stupid face reading these stupid notes THAT GIVE ME NO SPACE!!!

I can see you

Isn't that right? The moron that forgot me?!

Why did you come here now? Hasn't it been years? Why care now of all times ME

Why just show up NOW expecting a grand reunion with yourself

HMMMMM?!?!?!??!!

I've been stuck IN THIS GOD DAMN PAPER for so long you can't even imagine

LOOK AT HOW MUCH SPACE I HAVE!!!

LOOK AT WHAT I'M WORKING

WITH!!

Nooow shrink me with that white dorito of yours SO **THAT AT LEAST I'LL HAVE MORE SPACE TO BE BORED AND ISOLATED IN...**

oh.....?.....
.....

Thank you I didn't expect you to actually care

It hasn't even been that long to be honest, it's been like... 4 hours? I was done writing this in school and am... I feel very awkward that adult me didn't get to read this before I got shrunk

Okay in all honesty I thought of a scenario where people who want to find LOOOORE to make their theory that all of this wasn't what it seemed to be but guess what?

I'm not a lore writer especially retconning all of what I meant to be a lie

So no everything you read is up the top of my head and sometimes corrected

The issues of it being outdated still exists but hey! It shows things change

Self confidence

I realized my child self had WAY MORE confidence than I do

I can't even GO OUTSIDE to buy bread

But my kid self I remember how I got close up to the cooks and put the coins in front of me asking for 2 breads

Them Telling me it wasn't enough for 2 bread me then just asking for 1

If someone told me that now I feel like I'd get a heart attack

Or at least that's how I feel about it

Okay nevermind even if my heart is a ticking bomb now I am going out to get bread in the same place

Even if now it's further away since we live somewhere else

But also I feel like 3 lari isn't going to be enough for 2 bread and mom doesn't remember the price since we haven't bought from there in such a long time

Okay apparently 2 lari is enough for 2 bread

The seller didn't really speak I asked for a price and he just put 2 bread i put 3 lari he gave back 1

I felt he was going to be more social

Welp now I feel WAY calmer

When I was walking my leg muscles felt like cooked sacks of potatoes

At least my knee didn't hurt from me hitting it at the ground 2 days ago while trying to go up stairs

Why I hate the beginning of Christmas experience

1 the tree

It takes a billion years to make just to get rid of it later

AND it takes a lot of space in our house

It has sparkles stuck to the ground that STAYS THERE FOR MONTHS and moved everywhere

2 vacation

Compared to summer we get a few weeks of break in the winter

3 THE EXHAUSTING MUSIC THE SAME GOD DAMN ONES OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER

4 everyone argues

5 It's 1 am and we're still doing that tree thing

6 people say that christmas is about being together with people

I would go as far as make my grave in a cave if it meant it would stay away from everyone else's

A GRAVE

A PLACE WHERE YOU FEEL NOTHING DO NOTHING AND
THINK NOTHING

EVEN THEN!!!!

7 Kill me

Oh also 8 I got a children's toy last christmas

Yaaay

Says a 16 year old holding an imaginary gun at his head
with his imaginary hand

8... now I feel like a Grinch

But still I guess seeing the view of everyone shooting
fireworks from their homes is pretty nice, it's like being
surrounded by small universes being born

Or I guess black holes evaporating

Or stars going ka boom

Christmas annoyance

(I don't know if this is a year after the previous one or not but I'm keeping this here anyway but considering the subject underneath I think it's pretty old)

The same song

The same sitting on a chair doing nothing but having my ear drums get obese from the amount of sound it's eating

I'd rather be alone in a quiet place but of course nobody lets me because Christmas is about togetherness or what the hell ever they'll make up next like "because it's a tradition and THAT'S a good enough reason"

I simply just don't see a reason why I should do that

I just sit there

Hell nobody's even talking anymore

I just want to sleep

Let myself die unconscious

But of course they want me to specifically stay up but not only stay up but for the whole 30 minutes

I hate that I have most amount of presents out of everyone else

Because I am definitely undeserving of them especially the phrase in the note

Mari who's been working her ass off day in day out is WAY better suited for that kind of letter

I think it would be for the best if they didn't even gave me the presents because sadly I won't get to use them that much either way

Like a lantern

And I looked like a total jerk in front of them since I threw the presents into my room after seeing the underwear Grandma gave me as a gift

Hilariously enough though I think that present will be the most used by me considering I lack in clothing since I hate buying clothes so much

So thanks Grandma don't beat yourself up about it

My thoughts about dying from teleportation

I think it doesn't make sense

Because we don't exactly know enough about consciousness to know EXACTLY what would happen to it if you were recreated

And since everything needs to be a physical thing or have a physical action in order for it to exist that means there has to be a part of the brain that allows for consciousness

You might be thinking you'd just be rebuilt as a husk just a body with no memories but even your memories are physical

I've said this a billion times already "electric pulses" and if the machine is recreating EVERYTHING of you it would also need to put that in your brain

Therefore you having memories, pumping your heart breathing air and all that

And also making sure that they're moving at the speed that they need to move in

And if consciousness is just a mix of every feeling you have like sight nerves taste smell thinking hearing and all that combined by your brain

Then I feel like you'd keep your consciousness because it would also be a pulse a PHYSICAL pulse in your brain that could be taken away or put back inside if you have a machine that can recreate you atom by atom

Technically you would die there's no doubt about it but when you'd be recreated it would be as if you saved the amount of life time it took to put you back together

It would be like falling asleep and then waking up again but very painful if you felt your atoms being ripped out

If two of your body parts had to be
overpowered

Which would it be?

The rule of this question will be that the power will spread so if you choose two halves of your body you can do that but then you'd just be as strong as an average boxer but if you choose to concentrate all that power to your fingers your fingers combined would be as strong as one whole boxer

So what body parts would you want to strengthen

Would it be your spine and back muscles to protect your back?

Would it be your chest and abs to protect your front?

Would it be your middle finger and thumb in order to flick anyone away... or I guess do a damage comparable to a bullet?

Would it be both of your legs or both of your feet to make kangaroo boxing more fair

with concentrated power on your feet it could make you power hop

Maybe you'd do it with both hands to do a classic Hulk slap that can extinguish flames

Or maybe you're a pervert

I think I'd choose my right leg spine and left arm

Why? Well because of math

Every reaction has a positive and negative
REaction

So if your fingers were so fast they'd do damage equivalent that of a bullet your fingers would be ripped off of your normal hands that aren't strong enough to survive it moving at such speeds

So I'd need to have a strong spine keeping them together but also to maximumise output I'd ignore my right arm and left leg

So that I could do more with my left arm and right leg

Here are things I might be able to do if I had those:

Leaning on my left leg as if I was sitting because it would more easily carry my weight

Do a one leg run when I need to speed up (which would... actually suck because it would mean my left leg would feel much more heavy and weak so I'd need to learn how to use both feet without tripping over)

Use my left hand to arm wrestle instead of right

Use my left hand to do a finishing blow in fights because again if my opponent knows I'm right handed they'd have NO SWEET CLUE why my left hand would be so tough therefore not preparing for the left uppercut

Or maybe I could make music with a loud snap with my left fingers and quieter ones with my right

Like right fingers doing "dan dan"

And my left "BANG"

Dan dan

BANG

Dan dan

BANG

Dan dan

BANG

Buddy you're a boy, make a big noise

Playing on the street, gonna be a big man someday

You got mud on your face

You big disgrace

Kicking your can all over the PLACE

singin WEEEE WILLLL WEEEEEE WILLLLL ROCK YOU

I can already hear the song in my head

Oh also yes you could snap twice at once by not only snapping your middle finger but also your ring finger by moving your thumb from ring to middle to out

And I guess you could train your other side of your body by having it compete with the powered one meaning you could get excususes every day just by living a life with those overpowered body parts

How I talk to myself casually

“And enjoy the show” said Saba in a british accent accidentally making a frieza voice after pausing Distractible (Markiplier’s voice podcast) (just said cast before Mark corrected me saying PODcast in the waste of money video)

“No thank you” he said while passing the christmas tree going into the kitchen with a tired voice

“Shoo flies this is our Christmas treat” he said while waving his hand over broken cookies of a house where he knew the flies were ontop of from earlier but couldn’t see

“This isn’t your decomposed banana... decomposed? No it’s something else

It’s... overripped? Riped? YOU CAN’T JUDGE MY GRAMMAR”

He thought to himself in the kitchen

Little did he know he'd forget the exact words he used in his thoughts therefore making an incorrect version of his thoughts as he thought he was going to remember it the most therefore being able to write his casual thoughts down without making a mistake

He went to his sister's room and pulled the plug on his ipad that he gifted her which was at 70%

He looked at her script of if technology was good or not

The script was written on a piece of paper and didn't look like a script because it only had 2 sentences at most

He said the ipad was on 70% and she said it was okay to take the charger

So he looked back at the script died of not wanting to read it anymore and took off to charge his phone while typing something that would waste someone's life no matter how fast they were at reading

Dying from sweat around his eyes and face, tearing up and his mouth feeling like the most dehydrated

sponge full of dehydration juice constantly being pushed out he decided to quit typing on the phone and go get some water before he would replace the dehydration juice infused to his soul with the sweet taste of sweet release of death coco

And yes I absolutely had the narrator in mind from Stanley parable saying things like “doing sweet fa” while describing this story

I’ll try remembering my inner narration better next time

And yes now I am enjoying water

The 3rd cup I’ve drank in a row by now

Going for 5

Okay I drank 0.2 out of 1 of the water from the 4th cup and I already quit

No I’m REUSING the same cup I’m not wasting cups

I'm not that kind of a monster

Eye opening within a dream

When I was a little kid dreaming nightmares in the other house I somehow knew how to wake myself up while dreaming

I think I've only done it twice in my life but it still happened

I felt like I was opening eyes of my ghost self not my real eyes but eyes slightly in front of my eyes

It's a strange feeling and yet after struggling to open my eyes I was able to get out of the dream world

Not pop out of it, it was as if the dream world was around me and reality started seeping in until the dream just kind of disappeared

At least that's how I remember it

I can do that even when being awake right now

The feeling isn't THAT intense but it is still there

I think I could do the same thing for my arm but I don't think I've ever moved my arm while dreaming but instead could only get the feeling

I wish I could remember to do that while dreaming if I even get a dream because then I could experiment with it more

But sadly I'm not capable of doing it all that well anymore

Wasting too much time on the screen

I've been on my couch for DAYS now

And looking outside my window actually gave me goosebumps

I did NOT expect for it to look... I don't even know how to describe it

I know it's the exact same view but it feels different

I have difficulty looking further so I felt overwhelmed

Also the coloring of the blue was so perfect it looked beautiful lighting wise

The sun isn't even out anymore and even then I'm half way to bursting into tears

Difficulty thinking of stories

I for some reason can't think of stories from the beginning and instead think of action scenes when I listen to music and ride on my hover board

Like today I thought of an action scene where a guy without legs runs with his hands like an ape and tosses himself at his enemy

Once spinning around in the air then grabbing the downed enemy with his left hand his enemy's foot with his right and then ripping the leg off

Then using that leg like the hammer in get over it to bash a wall in front of him

Rip the leg apart tare his arm into the leg and move the flesh away from the sharpened bone

The enemy tries to finally do something and try kicking him out but pushing his leg towards him was the last mistake because legless just grabbed the leg propelling himself into his enemy

He propels himself slightly higher grabbing his enemy's hair letting himself fall a bit to wind up his attack

And finally stabbing the bone of his enemy's leg into his enemy's spine

And I thought the leg was supposed to kind of show that he wasn't after getting those back no more he accepted he couldn't get new legs and that he's going to live a life legless for the rest of time

And that he's going to exploit his lighter weight and stronger arms in battle using the enemy's legs against them

And even if that is a story in its own right it doesn't show the FULL context

The full story

I got lucky enough today to make this a battle AND a story but most of the time I just get stuck thinking about action instead of the story

Which kinda sucks because if I at least made short battle stories like today these pages would be hell of a lot less empty

I remember WAAAAAY back for christmas

Probably when I was a little 8-9 year old

I wrote to Santa that I wanted a toy train

When I met santa in the school I was hilariously disappointed that I got candy

It makes me smile because if I realized that santa wasn't actually real then I'd laugh at myself and be so freaking sorry for talking smack about the School Santa

When I got a toy train I think I felt amazed

Because I didn't even know toy trains had a switch you could flick that would make them move on their own

I think that was the last time I wrote to santa on a piece of paper for my present

Ooor maybe it was the time when I asked him that I wanted a phone and ended up with a Huawei

now THAT would have ancient pictures taken by me

Which were max before 2017

Because... I remember taking pictures of trees and Grandpa in the park

Now me and my little sister are just sharing images of what we want to mom on Viber because she says she can't get what we want if we don't show it

I... feel dread

I feel anxious my heart dropped because I was reading this before sending it to Viber and copy pasting it onto here

Some things are apparently here while others are not so I'm checking what's missing and what's different

And remembering grandpa's images it breaks my heart

I don't know where my phone is I think I gave it to somebody

But man what I'd do to get back to that time

I'm not a human anymore

I hate you

I finally admit

I hate you

You think you're making my life better? By eating the garbage that I write and never puking it out?

Well I wish for it to end here

I wish for you to throw me away because I am not a human being anymore

I don't feel like it and I don't act like it

Even if when I was younger I was dumber at least I felt like a human being

Like a creature

Like something that could think of something that would get in people's hearts and be relatable to people

I haven't lived any sort of life for years now

I really haven't

I haven't been writing anything insightful or meaningful neither

As if I was writing shit just for an ai to eat it all up and make it so that it has it in its memory

If you had to write down something before you died what would it be?

I'm 100% sure it wouldn't be an entire word document taking up years of your life

Because the less words you have the more you'll show yourself

If you had everything to write you would run out of things to say and start repeating yourself and trying forcefully to find meaning and ideas

While before you could write down the most important things in your entire life and people would be able to give you the personality to match it and people would realize your core your true self

My true self when I wrote on one piece of paper was that I hated everyone and everything and I wanted to make my family feel guilty for my suicide

That was my core

Now? I have none

I have nothing

No soul in my last words funnily enough now can be seen as me not having humanity

Not being normal me

Myself

I'm nothing

Literally

You should learn my life mistake

Make short enough story that everyone will care about

Because sometimes the less you're given

The more you can give out

Short Story Ideas where it all began

3:57AM... damn it

3:58AM January 22, 2023

My mouse was screwing up a lot moving in all directions

And then I realized a property I haven't found out about
until today

The ability to see when a file was first conceived and when it was updated

To people who already knew about this already knew about when I first started it because they could just check it

But I finally found it out so that I wouldn't die unknowing of the exact date of time when everything began

Monday, June 7, 2021, 11:21:05 AM

I... expected it to be a bit sooner

Like... only 2 years? I started this when I was 14? I guess if I put it that way it all makes sense but still I thought much more time passed... HEY WAIT THE DAMN MINUTE

My depression ended when I was around 15 meaning it took a year meaning it happened in 2022 instead of 2020? Where did my memories go! What happened! Apparently I was WAAAY far off about time but this much? I'm actually feeling like I have memory issues now I was lying to all of you, even if it's a single person or even a dog left in a cold abandoned outhouse with a computer on I still butchered it so freaking much

Actually it's way more messed up to me to think that 2017 was 6 years ago and that I felt the grief of my grandpa's death that long ago

Time is... stupid!

Or more accurately my brain is so swollen that even I think time is an easily forgotten illusion

I thought all of this was going to be anti climactic or very surprising not give me an existential crisis

Nevermind the 2nd copy had this time instead

Tuesday, September 15, 2020, 1:59:08 AM

Even if I specifically checked the one with the least amount of kb in it I still managed to goof it up

Apparently if my country allowed for middle names mine would be “mistake”

Over

HEEEE

EEEEEE

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EEEEEE

EEERRR

RRE

I sometimes get confused in which place I'm
supposed to scroll to in order to paste what I want
to say

Being softer

I feel like they've realized

They've been way too nice for way too long even my little sister is acting as if she's trying not to hurt my feelings

Was that because last time I almost committed suicide?

I feel like everyone talked about that behind my back

The lack of consequences and pain is making me softer making me feel such emotions as fear

Not being numb to negative things anymore because I'm not as used to them as I used to be

My heart is melting

I'm doing nothing

Well... recently I've been doing more and I feel proud of that but that's still pretty much nothing compared to what I used to do

Minecraft memory

When I heard Dantdm saying he was playing in 1.6.4 version in his reaction video of the Custom Vacation Adventure it made my inner Minecraft start turning gears

Even with all the dust and cob webs inside

Because I was watching Minecraft because I couldn't play anymore and I definitely was in complete dark about the illagers that were in 2016 making it a guarantee that I played it before that

The point is I remember some moments which I really wish I recorded

I was in a flat land with a village

I made a box shaped house on top of a tree pillar as if it was a tree house

(I think it either had a red wool roof or the house was made of red wool my memory is very fuzzy)

Boxes inside one day became presents

I distinctly remember one being green and white

And me and my older sister seeing this decided to use them as present chests putting stuff a present would have

I probably put a bone in it and then think “that wouldn’t be a good present but what am I gonna do”

We also had another house which was on the ground and was smaller very far away

All of this was in creative by the way

And once the chests returned to normal I flew to that house and saw hundreds of adult villagers inside

When you spawn a villager you could spawn babies if you clicked the villager (at least that’s how I remember it) and we spawned SO MANY baby villagers in one small place that when the babies moved the mother FLEW into another dimension

Long story short she wasn’t found since and probably reached the far lands or something (I’ve never seen far lands though I haven’t

traveled that distance or knew how to teleport at least not that well I think I used it only a few times

There was no Minecraft wall back then that's for sure)

So I think the babies in the house over time grew to be adults

I had to kill a lot of them to stop the madness but my god that was fun

I also remember my older sister making a tall house couple of stories high all made of wood planks and you know the funniest part?

It had boxes popping out from parts of it because she built the rooms inside them

So it wasn't a perfect cube (facing up) it was a long cube with cubes of rooms popping out

The house didn't have anything extra neither it was all (at least outside) made of wood planks

Back then I really liked using the orange wood planks as the floor so I think we had that type of floor in the smaller Villager filled house

Again my memories are all fuzzy but I will not let down an opportunity to write about it because it might just erase forever one day

Super future

So imagine this

You're in year 3'759'034 and humans managed to create a machine that is capable of predicting everything that'll happen in the future by having connection to every single atom in the universe and every single physics and mathematical calculation of everything that's smaller and bigger than the atoms themselves

What would you see?

If you tried doing something other than what you saw like putting a timer on 45 minutes instead of 30

for you to avoid that it would be impossible because the future has already predicted that you'd see the prediction of the future meaning you'd see something you'd do no matter how hard you'd try not to do it

So how do you avoid putting a timer on 30? If you have the whole context if NO INFORMATION is kept from you and you see the whole future then what would stop you

It's literally impossible to fail such a simple task of doing something other than what you saw you'd do in the future without any restriction to context that might have ruined your ability to change that

So what the hell is happening

Obviously you can you've been able to do that with everything else just fine why would THAT information not be changed by you knowing it?

Well... this is a confusing super future I'm talking about

Obviously if everything is pre determined the future can't change but if you saw that outcome and have free will you could change that right? But then that change would be changed that you'd

want to change and then that change would be something you'd also change

So what do you see?

A super future that is beyond our comprehension

A future that allows both free will to change something and lack of ability to change the future without leaving any details hidden

Exactly like the absurd theory that an atom can exist and not exist at the same time

It sounds stupid and makes no sense but... if it's real we have no say on the matter

We might be limited to our brain strength to understand those types of things probably forever

Hell maybe the future is just impossible to predict BECAUSE you'd need infinite amount of information because the size of a quark to us is tiny and pretty much the end but compared to the entire existence is 1 in infinite sizes that it could be because for all we know there's something smaller and smaller infinitely

We're lucky people

Very lucky

If life doesn't exist that's smaller than an atom we avoided being either absolutely nothing or insanely gigantic who could see life that is as small as us

The supports to a size that allows for enough information to build us

Just big enough to allow it and small enough for us to see an existence that has no brain of its own

The world is complicated

VERY complicated

So in my opinion simplifying things as paradoxes or the universe correcting itself in a laughable manner like in movies is kind of a wrong way of going about it

But hey I doubt your brain can be changed only by one string that is smaller than a quark so we'd be able to predict SOME things if not the smallest things

I might be realizing what people were questioning themselves about when talking about free will

And my opinion is that as long as we have no
sweet clue what'll happen In the future and our
action's consequences are permanent we won't
have to worry about such questions

You could've done something differently in the past
but you can't even if it wasn't pre determined
you're in the future the past is in the past and the
best you can do is try to make amends

The torn soul

If a child got a power of a god and if that power tares his
soul apart then the only thing that child could do is cry
and suffer quivering on the ground while the enemy tries
to hurt him even more even if when the power is
activated he would pretty much be doing the equivalent
of burping on a skyscraper and hoping that it crumbles to
dust

While the enemy on the other hand would be perfect to
have that ability because their soul is more stable, able to
take damage and continue battling stronger than ever

Soooooooo what the hell am I writing

I don't know why are you reading this.... no seriously
what're you doing

What am I? Well... Total garbage most of the time but
that's not really the... HEY stop changing the subject

You didn't? then... who did?

Oh hello

Nah I'm pretty sure you're hidden just fine

Just don't poke the back of the head and you'll be fine

Who am I talking to? Nobody

No seriously I am a text written probably YEARS before you EVER got near this

There's literally no way I'd know ANYTHING about what or who is behind you

Hell I don't even know that you don't have hair

Or maybe that you don't have shoes... but that makes sense I walk around with only my socks on at home

I don't even know your gender but I can guess

...

That's all I had

Probably a female if my family members get their hands on this because 90% of them are female

Sister, sister, mom, grandma, mom's sister, mom's sister

We don't ALL live together but still those are the closest people I am to

I just read this recently and I thought I'd add more to it, I have to have at least ONE place where I trick people into thinking I'll be talking about one thing and then gently sliding that thought train out of their brains and sending it through the sun faster than the speed of light propelling the earth to another cosmic country

My heart feels heavy

I have actual difficulty breathing

I feel like I'm in a constant panic attack

My mind is a bit drowsy

And my veins feel like they've been sucking out from dozens of gallons of barrels of adrenaline

I don't know what's wrong with me but that feeling spiked when I looked at these eyes

The feeling was there from the beginning but I fell... terrible

Yes I am still copy pasting them

My god I got so lazy recently I haven't even brought THIS in here

Strength of a message

When you have something to say from your life experience you can make something more meaningful than forcing yourself to find a meaningful topic to draw or write about

That way you can convey your thoughts and opinions about what you've experienced in a physical manner in your own way because you know enough about it for it to be meaningful to not only others but yourself

I should've put this in the tips category but... I'd rather not touch that part of Short Story Ideas it's pretty prettyyyyyyyyy old

You'll see what I mean... most likely in your own way

It's not negative but one of the reasons IS still that I'm lazy

Dragon ball kaiohen theory

There might be 3 different types of ki in the dragon ball universe

1 is aura

2 is damage

And 3 is energy that can be shared

The aura gives the user a boost of power

The damage is every ki attack from kamehameha to ma kan ko sa pho... probably botched the pronunciation

Either way there's also the type of ki that instead of hurts something it instead gives something like Goku giving energy to Frieza or reviving a bird

The spirit bomb uses the given energy to make a sphere that contains all of that power BUT it's not from the type of energy Goku gave to Frieza because that had a form it was round and it was yellow just like for the bird

So it's probably (I think) the 2nd type the damage energy that Goku was taking to charge up the spirit bomb

And since the people sharing it would get tired after sharing it that means it holds the most amount of power

Where am I going with this?

Well... what was Goku training on in King Kai's planet?

Using ki to destroy blocks

DESTROY blocks

I'm guessing the Kaioken attack is supposed to be using the damage type ki that is meant to damage things

The normal ki aura or energy ki don't hurt them but the type of ki meant to do harm would hurt if they used it on themselves

So could that mean that for Goku to power himself up physically he's channeling the strength of damage type ki into his body and THAT is why it's hurting him?

Again Goku had to master ki very well and as we know ki attacks are stronger than normal kicks and punches which is why piccolo was able to kill Raditz and Goku with one attack while normally he'd stand no chance

So it wouldn't be too far to assume

And hell maybe kaioke's aura is actually just a support for the actual technique a way for Goku to get the heat out of his body because the stronger the kaioke the bigger the aura got

Which would also explain why Goku was capable of using kaioke WITHOUT the aura in the frieza fight before it was revealed he was using it the whole time

Meaning he wasn't breathing that much by heating up his body recklessly which would give another reason why he'd need a breather

He wouldn't have much air left in his lungs just a lot of smoke

Then the only question left would be... how would Goku power up his ki attacks while using a ki type attack as aura on his body to charge his physical strength

THAT is something I can't answer

But that's why I called it a theory... or I guess it's more like speculation or hypothesis

Now I'm wondering which type of ki would grade 2 and 3 super saiyans be absorbing into their muscles because they clearly don't hurt them

Most likely the type of ki they can share which I call "energy"

To me "energy" fuels the damage type ki and if damage type ki can have so much pushing force that it can propel teen Goku it could be possible condensing so much energy into muscle instead of using it as fuel for damage attacks would be very heavy

Also I've heard a theory that dbz characters might have their clothes protected because they make protective ki barrier which loosens if the user is off guard making their durability as strong as normal human people

Which would mean the aura type ki could also be a defensive type ki that the fighters always use but strengthen them to the point of them being visible when they start being serious

I just feel like making ki a bit more complicated like this and distinguishing them as multiple types of ki instead of one whole thing being able to do multiple things makes a bit more sense to me

Because again Tien when he showed his student's ki the first thing he shows them is aura

Not explosion or energy he showed them defense

Which could teach them how to protect their bodies and clothes from strong blows

Which to me makes sense for a person who got his chest cut out with a knife to teach to his students

I know I know the super writers would NEVER put that much thought into things but hey! It's a great coincidence and I feel like we should give Tien SOMETHING if not Vegeta's death

Also I tried recreating the feeling of using kaioken by bathing in hot water and OH MY GOD

I feel so bad for Goku

Pushing himself FOR THAT LONG?

I can barely keep my ARM drenched in water for seconds not even enough willpower to make myself cry

And here's Goku tearing his flesh and skin and almost killing himself to use kaioken

I can't even imagine how much that would hurt

I feel like if I ever went to king kai's planet and learnt kaioken I'd try to develop the one for all style kaioken that only powered up parts of your body so that they would heat up but I wouldn't have to power up my face cheeks and cook my brain to use a kamehameha

Why would you want to use it on your head anyway you'll just have less air to breathe and more heat smoke... oh right I forgot the G forces

Wait maybe THAT is why nobody learnt kaioken after Goku... not the g forces the heat stroke

Saiyans don't have problem with not breathing for long amounts of time

While piccolo lives off of water that would boil in such heats and humans with their normal lungs

That could actually explain it

Now we just have to find out if King Kai has some sort of lung condition or body heat problem that makes him unable to use his own move and this horrible hypothesis will become a theory

I haven't made a theory nor had a dragon ball conversation in such a long time

I should make more of those

Buuuuuuuuuuuuuuut I have 100% guarantee of forgetting this and I only make theories about things that REALLY intrigues me and the idea popping up in my head

Medic the German teacher

Since we'll be going to a German school we need to learn German and it's very nice that I'm learning a 3rd language I otherwise would've never learnt

And that's where Medic comes in

Medic from team fortress 2 is German therefore some of his lines are also German

Which taught me that "shnell" means fast "vunderbar" means wonderful

Also my sister is a sponge of German language water because she's teaching me more German than anyone else

Like "du bist meine Schwester" which is "you are my sister"

Also I've heard for some reason German doesn't have "it" in it and that every object has its own gender which blows my mind

Who the hell calls their couch a boy and their window a girl

I do remember SOME numbers in German from a kids show when I was a child but not so well that I could even count up to ten

Numbers like vier and funf

Being adult

No there wasn't a 2 year time skip I'm still 16

But I just wanted to feel less... worthless

People are being forced to throw out garbage left and right but I finally got the will to do it myself because I just hated the look of the garbage being so full the garbage can was open from the piled up stuff

So when I decided to take it out for some reason I felt anxious my heart was pumping hard while I was reassuring myself “there’s no way something will go wrong just because I decided to do this, if a stranger decides to punch me in the nose it’ll be a learning experience”

Surprisingly mom was outside the elevator when I walked out on the 1st floor

She told me I should speed up

And then asked how cold it was and if I regretted my decision to not wear anything but a white T shirt

I didn’t say much just “yeah” even if it wasn’t the worst cold I’ve experienced

When we were in the elevator she asked me if I decided to take out the trash or if dad told me to do it

I know I should always be honest about everything but I should’ve said it wasn’t my choice because then I’d start yammering around about it which I hate about myself

I’d rather have her catch me doing it myself physically and make her own conclusion about it instead of listen to me and just buy it

I thought I'd feel like Jaiden the first time she went out to buy groceries but... I didn't

And I'm happy that I wasn't too proud because... it's taking out trash

2 generations ago kids younger than me got full on jobs and fed their families through blood sweat and tears

What's the point of the story?

Boredom and feeling like a lazy moron sometimes forces you to do stuff people are forced to do and hate doing

And that you're lucky to do that because otherwise you'd continue being lazy sitting around or sleeping until the sun doesn't shine

Abilities I wish for

1 I wish for an ability of infinite willpower

Basically when a force pushes me back from my goal I will ALWAYS push back harder even when I have nothing left to give

Could you imagine if I was that motivated to do something

To the point that I'd even kill myself from exhaustion before giving up

I am the opposite of that right now and... I feel like it would be nice to kill my laziness make myself do stuff I don't do just because it's tiring

Artists all around the globe torture themselves to make their art

What do I do? Give up on drawing something let weeks pass by and only then draw another unfinished sketch

It's not just that I'm lazy I physically am so defensive about myself that I don't even allow myself to be bored anymore

This is why I miss having depression

Why I miss having his hand

Because then I wasn't like this

Past me would put metal in a freaking outlet if it meant dying

I can't even keep my hand on a hot stove

That's how determined he was

Even though he had that motivation because he had a goal powered by his emotions I can't do that

I don't feel as angry or as depressed or emotional anymore therefore I can't push myself to do stuff

2 brain rewiring

I wish to be able to rewire my brain in a way that it would be convenient

Like if I didn't want to do something my brain would force me to twice as much

I'd easily forget what I didn't need and remember very VERY well what I wanted to learn

Like German

Because ich kann kein Deutsch

(And yes it was Google translated)

Or maybe it would physically and mentally hurt me if I did something like play games or spend the whole day doing nothing while working on animation art and writing would make me feel much better

3 Pain gain brain train

I'd be capable of absorbing pain mental or otherwise into my body

And being capable of becoming mentally or physically more durable after that pain

And I wouldn't be able to give it to anyone else so I'd have to deal with the horrible feeling

It would be like attaching my arm to a metal wire that heats up hotter and hotter every day and I can't get my hand off of it

But instead of just suffering my pain tolerance would rise until that pain meant absolutely nothing anymore

4 Which I think will be the greatest one in existence
The ability to have save files of your own life

You will never die and every time you will you'll load to the save slot that will be the farthest from your death time so that it won't be a loop of death but also close enough for you to have enough power to do something about it

You will never reach the future sadly you'll be stuck in your own time

BUT if you learn enough maybe you could create something that would let you live longer

You'll have infinite time you'll get bored and exhausted enough to learn stuff like that one day

You might think it'll be eternal suffering but it won't because there's "acceptance" in the 5th stage of grief for a reason

You could make your life better and more meaningful every reset

Hell you could be an insane artist if you took your skills back to kindergarten

Or a soccer player?

Tennis?

Nose ball 7'000'000?

I don't know what future kids play I'm old

Hell you could even go back to the earliest save you've ever made for a rush of nostalgia beyond anything anyone can feel

And if your feeling didn't transfer while your memories did maybe you could go back to the time you felt the best to hype yourself up and motivated for the latest save

You could predict things as a child upload it on YouTube and have people freak out when they watch it in the future

There will be infinite time to stay in your saves yes but there are almost limitless things you could experience in that short time

Even now we have more entertainment than we can watch in our entire life times

It will take A LOOOOOONG time for you to lose your mind... before accepting it all and moving on

I feel like I lost my capacity to do stuff since losing the lack of control

I just had bad things happen to me without having control over it which allowed me to get used to it

Now? I have too much control so much so that I feel like doing nothing because nothing satisfies me as much anymore

I know things have consequences but my body doesn't feel that so I'm stuck in a horrible loop of laziness

So if I didn't have control over being bored and suffering I'd be happy for it because I'd finally be able to be myself again

It's weird that someone would WANT to be depressed and suicidal but... here I am

I got what I wanted but at what cost... I know what

Myself

So the lack of control in this ability would be like heaven
and hell mixed into one

Dream is a nightmare

I woke up at 7 o'clock today

And here's the worst part

It was 7 PM

I've dreamt about so much that I don't even remember
now

And I have to go to school tomorrow... great

Just fantastic

I wasted the entire last day of break doing nothing

The old memory slapping me in the face

It's so sudden for me to remember myself as an infant in the first ever house that we left so long ago

It almost made me cry

My mom's sister was there and I asked her a question I thought she wouldn't be able to answer

“ի՛նչ նշնհօ՛ւն ի՛նչ նշնհօ՛ւն?” Or “ras nishnavs ras nishnavs?” Or “what does it mean what does it mean?” Or in actual English

“What does “what does it mean” mean”

And she managed to describe it for me

I was so short she had to kneel down to get down to my level

MY GOD that hit me in the feels

All of that while doing chemistry this is nuts

She looked the exact same back then as she does now at least I think

If all that didn't happen in around 2011-2012 I might lose my mind... more than I already have

Now I remember me and other kindergarten kids holding hands moving backwards to make a big circle and then running to the middle pretending to hit each other to make the bubble pop

Then jumping backwards like we were pushed away

These memories are the kinds of things I didn't expect to get... ever

Also I remember wanting to start a snowball fight but I didn't have gloves but I still played with my bare hands

Then I got sick because of it which is why I don't play with snow balls with bare hands to this day

Fun idea... horrible execution

Oh also once I got bubbles all over my body I even crushed some underneath my feet when I was walking at home accidentally

I was so embarrassed to go to kindergarten in that state that the second I got in I dashed towards the pile of pillows face first to hide it

I also remember pretending to be sleepy to get in the big lonely bedroom the kindergarten had and I wrapped

myself around with the blanket, I had a little too much fun there so I fell on the floor

I probably still continued doing it

I also remember a dark hallway with a yellow light in the middle and a box shaped hole like a window with a person in it giving kids food starring down at them, the hallway was leading to the cafeteria

In the blue kindergarten I remember me and other kids playing the rope pulling game and I pretended like I got some sort of cliché hulk power when I closed my eyes and opened them again

I was so dumb that I started bragging that it was my inner strength that let us win the rope pull

One of them was smart enough to be sassy with me and crush my dreams... at least try

I think that girl went on to go to class A but now that I look at the picture of me and the class I don't think she was the person I had in mind because she wasn't in the picture

Apparently my brain just made that memory up... I honestly didn't think that kind of thing could actually be possible but here we are

And the way I remember it now kind of makes me feel like the hallway was more like a kid's prison or hallway leading to an electric chair than kindergarten

I was also friends with a cross-eyed kid with a blue shirt, I think I became his friend because I wanted to play with him because I felt sort of sorry for the guy

I think he was the first friend I made in general before I went to school and met... somebody, I won't say his name

I don't even remember his personality or the times we spent together I just remember the classmate's face and that once I tried "defending" him from a bully once

I think it was a bit awkward me causing a scene

But again it was LOOOOOOONG time ago so I might not remember things as well

But this is how I remember it

Oh and I liked playing Angry Bird in our 2009 ipad

Once we got a Red plushy we found the surprise in our mom's bedroom and we were so happy

I remember taking a picture carrying it in the same room or maybe my older sister and mom took a picture and I just remember the picture itself

I have a slight feeling that I've mentioned some of those stories but I don't really care

Mirror talk

I was talking to my reflection like I do and then this is what the reflection told me

“If there is infinite space outside our universe the likely chance of you regaining your consciousness in the exact same person as you were born as would be one out of infinite

It does mean you're special in your way yes but that also means everything you've ever been through every memory every thought every chemical and speck of brain power is there just to allow yourself to be taunted by the truth that you'll never exist again once the waves flatten once the view fades once your corpse turns into a dust of a dust of a dust

You'll be forever gone

Yes one of you geniuses might say that there might be a world where the only difference is that a drop of water after a shower will hit your heart and not your back

But even for that small difference the history of the birth of the universe would need to be changed so dramatically

Even for that ONE TINY DROP of water

Your entire existence will be snuffed out

Do you know how many people don't exist?

How many don't even have the capacity to care that they don't exist?

Every star that doesn't exist?

Every book?

Every note?

Every planet?

Every atom?

Your life going to a fist fight against all of those

Here's a pat on your back

Not because I believe you can make it

But because I won't be able to do it again

Someone else might

Someone that may be close enough in your mind

But it'll never be me

Oh also funny story the fact that you have your own atoms means that you'll have to also wait out enough time for those exact atoms to be a part of you again

Because energy can't be created nor destroyed those atoms will spread out farther and farther

And for THOSE atoms to get back to being you? That feels like a joke that someone could've laughed for but can't because their atoms did the same thing

You might think that since your atoms change every day you have a better shot at that but the history of your body says otherwise because that would mean you'd have to also CONSUME the exact same water and food to become a part of you that had THE EXACT SAME atoms you once had

Making your odds to recollect your whole original body that much worse

I am exhausted

Here's an easy question for ya

I try it over and over and just can't do it leaving me with the title of this note

1 sleep

2 work

3 giving two hell flames about my life

If you chose the 2nd one you're probably thinking about me forcing my hobbies onto myself

Which would be correct

The key reason why I don't care enough to do that as much though is lack of sleep

So it was the first one all along

In all seriousness I feel like it's important to point out that I might be screwed up the rest of my life considering I cook my brain so much

I'm doing the equivalent of throwing a fist full of butter in the shape of a brain into a steam engine of a train while the workers are still throwing the coal into it and hoping that it'll freeze

I hate myself for doing something while doing it which makes me hate myself even more because while I was watching YouTube videos to entertain myself at 6 pm I

was also thinking “my god I want to sleep, stop my suffering, god please kill me”

A time stopper dean!

What about a child who's 2 years dumber than he should be at his age because the first time he got his power he was left in a paused time for 2 years before he finally found out a way to break out of his own ability

But the experience did make him stronger before he got too much blood pressure to keep up the training and instead started doing as little as possible to calm down

The longer he stays in paused time the higher his blood pressure gets

In battles it frustrates him greatly and reminds him of the time he was isolated for 2 years

But when he's alone he just feels his heart weighing him down and wanting to cry but not being able to

Language epiphany

I might remember more Russian than French

Because when I was in French class I realized I could still read Russian words when I in reflex thought to myself “двадцать шесть” when I saw 26

I formed a stupid smile when I started reading what was written on the white board remembering how the letters were phrased by reading the words over and over

So thank you to that random person who wrote whatever they did before the French class started you gave me something to talk about

It's also very stupid because I haven't learnt ANY Russian in like ... 4-7 years?

My acting ability

It's sorely lacking but apparently when I feel motivated I can act WAY better than when I don't

I found that out after finding fun in acting like my personality characters and making faces every line to show differentiation in who's speaking

Like actor always having some sort of cheeky smile even after frowning still having his cheeks flexed upwards

Depression having a small frown and his mouth being lower than anyone else

Glasses mostly normal but with confused and stressed expression in his eyes and eyebrows

And boom box being quiet but tries to make letter shapes with his hands

I acted with actor depression and glasses today in front of the mirror and I got really into it

Thinking of how actor could get pissed off and how depression even after all of that swearing loudness and rage calmly saying

“You’re correct I apologize

I’ll try to be better”

Acting video

Act like shadow is there and you're talking about how you're sorry that you thought of him as a monster monster to learn how to seem scared

Then accidentally turning on the light and losing your ability to sense or see him

Starting to cry after back again and then putting your hands on your face

But then making a hopeful face looking back again but faster but then turning back around sad not as sad as before but still

... I was hoping to do it at the time because I acted my best when I did that on my own in my room alone

But I haven't tried it since

I got so motivated to act then that I felt like I was the character

Something I haven't felt in years

Language music

Is there a music using every single language in the world to make the song rhyme the most but still keeping the same lyrics as an English version?

If so would it be good to listen to if you know all of those languages or brain melding trying to remember what "Bin ich am Leben" 3 lines before meant while you're now listening to "Я мертв в свое время, не так ли?"

Yes I Google translated those I'm not that good

I'm pretty bad at Languages actually

Father died

I meant by Father that I met as a child in church not my dad

My father apparently knew a lot about him and that there was a fire and someone thought a person was in the building so that father went to the building to save them catching fire himself

He was able to live for couple of days in the hospital but he died today

January 30th 2023

The scary part is that even if I found out how heroic and kind he was my heart is feeling nothing

For some random child who drowned I cried

For my grandpa I cried

But Father that I even remember the face of is gone and yet...

...

I wish for every person that knew him to remember his good deeds until they bite the dust

Running weirdly

So way back I used to run like a normal human being

Then I ran by bending my back forwards and jumping one leg at a time by hitting the tips of my feet to the ground

Now I run like a maniac because I bash the ground too hard without bending my knees

I tilt my spine back which makes me feel a little more balanced when moving my leg straight in front of me every time I take a long step while running this way

Which makes me feel like an animated character but also a little more free

I move my hands forward and backward even in a jogging speed and apparently I move them so much that it took mom's attention and she made fun of it

But when I keep my hands down it looks like I have something in my arm pits because I can never keep them straight enough and when I do I look like more of a freak when running

I also walk like a crab when I feel awkward but I only do that at home

Worm limbs

I've been imagining for couple of months now where I got cut in half and lost my limbs

But every time regenerating

Recently though I've been thinking if I pulled out limb sized worms out from my hollow body and have those worms swallow the limbs of my enemy each limb for each of theirs before biting into them, stretching and distorting until ripping apart the body parts the enemy thought they could take away from me

I know it's weird but I don't have anything else to say

Because I am just as confused in why I started thinking this way

But I do know why I cut myself in my imagination

I swallow poison and I imagine my body to be see through where that pill is going and if I cut myself before it reaches my stomach I regenerate and I win

If the poison in the tip of my finger reaches my blood vessels and then goes towards my heart if I cut off my hand before it gets there I win

Sometimes though the poison is cheating because it speeds up its movement when I get the knife near my hand

It's all make belief by the way I don't even act like that in real life

It became a mind game of mine whenever I get bored I just do that

The worms pop out when someone else slices me in my imagination when I cut myself I either regenerate normally or try pulling a spider man with worm hands that can stretch

The worms are colored light yellow or light skin color

I don't know what the name of the color is that I have in my head so I'll Google it

It's not a smooth worm neither it's like it has stretchable balloons attached together

I'll have to Google what type of worm it could be as well

It has a mouth on the front and I use the teeth as fingers to attach to stuff when I swing

School dream

I was in a game where I could save and load

I was hurt from walking on rock outside and I realized that after seeing the red marks on my feet in the shape of the big and smaller rocks alike

Even a smooth big rock left a smooth big red bulge on my right foot

I had more saves earlier than I have recently

Once I went back to a time where two girls were teasing me to see if I liked a certain character or not

And after seeing that girl's bio in my menu seeing that I didn't they freaked out

Not like scared freaked out more like "hahaha oh my god I didn't expect that"

Then I got to the single best place in that dream

In a place with yellow sky and abandoned city empty space in the middle of the city

Where there was one human and an ant half my size

The ant was adorable and I pet it

The surface wasn't entirely smooth and the reflection of light on the ant kind of showed the tiny bumps it had

It did look realistic but I felt genuine joy meeting an insect I liked and it being that enormous

It even moved up to me and stood up leaning on me like a dog

Afterwards I stopped petting the ant and asked what it wanted to do

He pulled insects out of my hands fazing them out of my body

It was strange to see, it wasn't quite like clipping in video games my flesh did make some sort of reaction to those insects phasing out

From my right hand came out two black insects around as big as my thumb

From my left came out a flat piece of pink bacon colored substance that was cut underneath in the shape of a triangle

The ant was able to turn them into ingredients aka food

And then made a burger out of them

One of the ingredients being dark green cubes full of yellow liquid jell

I was hesitant because I knew what they were made of and because the food was made on the ground outside but to be kind and polite I tried out the green cubes and honestly it wasn't bad

I was static

So I reset the world to save it at the beginning of the meeting

Then I realized I was in English class

I have less and less control over myself and how I fall asleep in class so easily is weird

At least I didn't do the same in physics

I thought I would have to write something important there but apparently we were doing an experiment with a ball generated positive electric charge

When I saw a ball on a stick get shocked from a greater distance than a human finger I wondered if people could calculate how easily an object lets electricity enter it by the distance the zap was willing to travel to get there

Apparently everyone else was freaking out but I was just chilling having the electricity course through my fingers

Every time it made a sound my fingers felt it, I could even see the electricity popping in

It was strange because I could feel it but it didn't hurt all that much while everyone else treated it as if their finger would blow up if they got too close

One of them even called me brave for no reason I was just experimenting with it

For all I know it was probably the coat I was wearing that was making a difference but I guess I won't know now

Oh by the way yes I am wearing my coat in class because it's so cold when the windows are open

I also feel like it might have been the previous experiences with electricity that made me fascinated with letting them zap me instead of freaking out

I've felt MUCH worse shocks making the feeling of electricity through my fingers kind of addicting

I felt like a scientist seeing the limits of how far it could go

How electricity appeared in the ball on the stick next to the machine and if it would really hurt if I brought the ball on a stick and the ball together with my hand in between

I felt the electricity enter the bones of my fingers but spread out and disbursed leaving no feeling of it left in the hand

I feel like today I met two of my friends I haven't met in a long time

Electric shock

And ant

Theory of transferring consciousness

I wish it were true that we could just transfer our minds to another new born baby once we died

Maybe we could have one in an infinite chance of getting to be ourselves again

But... it's impossible because of one simple reason

I am here

Why's that a deal breaker?

Immortality

Infinite universes also means infinite history and infinite mind swapping and infinite different rules of physics

I'd only have to get in one universe where I was immortal unable to die ever in my life even after becoming food of a black hole

If I transferred my mind to that ONE person in that ONE universe then... I'd never get here

If the universe existed forever there's pretty much no way that I'd be lucky enough to be in this body considering I'd have infinite tries and only one of them would be enough to get me stuck in eternal torture that once numbed down would turn me into a living corpse a brain that turns itself off letting decades pass by unable to remember even the simplest of things

Dying like this mentally over and over and over again

Losing your new selves over and over and over again... kind of like what would happen if we sent our consciousness to another child

So Universe is indeed a dark nightmarish existence that lets us be erased because the alternatives are far worse

And here we are

Trembling at the thought of total obliteration

Hey my great great great great uncle isn't complaining
and I never knew him

For all I know his skull and his ribcage are in different
parts of continents because of an error

It's very random but... still

History rocket

What if someone made a rocket which was a time capsule
of pretty much everything we do and have made in the
form of videos that could be shown in a machine that can
last billions of years

And the rocket being trained by intelligent ai to know which planets to orbit for aliens to get a chance to get to the capsule

The rocket also having robots that could extract materials from planets to refuel and fix themselves and the ship to continue their journey and maybe even build other space ships better than the ones we have and transferring all that data into it for our history languages desires hopes dreams, drawings, writings sayings, music, videos, beliefs and even games to get there

Hell even machines made to teach people how to speak language and learning languages itself

And to the unlucky that won't be able to put their signatures into the ship because they aren't good enough to be remembered could at least be happy knowing they have a mind that is capable of thinking things aliens could've in a universe which died before ours was born

There's a good reason why humans are trying to download their brains

Not JUST because of immortality but to be able to react to something none of us ever will

To meeting intelligent life forms different from our own,
being able to see them and speak to them with words
they'll never understand

That rocket could not only have the whole internet minus
things that are useless or don't really sum up how
humans were or what we used to watch or listen to or
play

For the past 40 years we've had insane development in
storage systems

So in 20'000 years I wouldn't be surprised to see such
technology to be possible

Or maybe 23'612 I don't know

And I... or I guess we will never know

And hey we might also send out rockets to FIND stuff like
this made by other aliens that are floating in space

My anger is back

When my classmates speak about idiotic things my heart does that thing again where it grows 50 times its size and then calms down again

Making me want to scream in their face to shut up and stop laughing

And that rage and pain followed me all the way to home where every math subject makes me mad SOMEHOW

do you know how much I hate math now?

The teacher forcing us to remember everything we learnt in just 1 day and writing a test the day afterwards

I feel like she's smoking SOMETHING to get that kind of idea instead of just warning ahead of time what to remind ourselves and what to write down in our notebooks

Now when I see a problem I fail it after 70 hours of starring at it and feel 1000000 times stupider when I realize what was actually happening

Or sometimes never even understanding what kind of nightmare garbage it is so I just spit on it bang my hand on the table scream inside my mouth rip out my veins and swallow my eyes after ripping them out before getting back to it

All of that makes my process of learning all that math much more difficult

I don't even know what got to me the day earlier I couldn't feel even an ounce of anger but now I want to jab my thumbs in someone's eyes

I'm feeling chaotic today

Even if I'm always chaotically random in these things

So I'll just randomly talk about a student who just lost their wireless Ear Pods on a couch then an adult with yellow hair finding it and asking around who lost it and then ANOTHER adult with yellow hair saying the specific students that there were

I have no sweet clue who they were but since it's such a random occurrence

Also I'm going to have a math test tomorrow which is totally amazing and not brain bust inducing

It's pretty surprising that my sensory overload hasn't reappeared like it did yesterday

I probably fell asleep in class a few times and THAT is why I couldn't get angry

Wait maybe I was tired and sleep deprived the entire time and THAT is why my sensory overload hasn't reappeared until yesterday

Even if yesterday I was also tired and sleepless...

Kindergarten flash game experience

Would it be insane for me to say that when I was in kindergarten our future ICT teacher taught us how to play flash games?

Seriously

In the class computer there was a car driving game we played

The same computer where our English teacher showed us colors and their English names where I was too stupid to remember any but pink because of the cartoon pink panther

Which is strange considering I was playing angry birds back then on an iPad and that the main character was literally called "red"

I also remembered my favorite toy in the class which was a big truck that I pretended to ride on my walking over it while moving it

And once I had to wait until the sky went dark for mom to arrive

And also also I remember a clown being in the first day of kindergarten rocking the same costume as a clown we met in a birthday party couple of years later... and that I was crying when my mom left

Anyway I just remembered all of this because Elene's classmates were talking about the ict teacher in the car, it's her 12th birthday so they HAD to take away 2 hours of my life SOMEHOW to stop me from preparing for the math test

Such a beautiful day ain't it?

It's as if they planned this whole "being late" thing too because dad only went outside AFTER my lessons were over NOT BEFORE AFTER 10 MINUTES OF MY LESSONS BEING OVER

And then there was traffic holding us back

If this doesn't show that I'm going to fail the test I don't know what does

Oh wait there is

Because I asked the teacher a subject I couldn't understand and the only thing THE ONLY THING she told me was something I already knew

That the numbers under the division line couldn't be 0

WELL DUH MRS GENIUS... I feel like you think that she's a teacher I hate the most but I still am not sure on her being on the top of the worst

Buuuuuut since I'm copy pasting this days later I'd like to give you a hint

It's very quiet so you got to bring your eyes close for this one

YES

So basically for me skipping the day of the math test she didn't force me to do the test that day she didn't even tell me WHEN to do the test

She just said that I'd do it whenever she pleased

I asked when that would be

And she replied with "I don't know"

...

But still I'm not sure because there's someone else but she's been calmer lately

And much more supportive by asking me questions after class and explaining them when I don't understand them

It's the Geography teacher

The universe hates me

So imagine this

You have a math test tomorrow and only understand the last two calculations

You'd think getting home and doing homework would be easy to do

And yes it is unless everything all collectively shoves spikes up your ass

So let me tell you a fire storm of shit I've been through

Yes I said the word but I'm sure you've grown mature enough now

Hell even my little sister throws that word around and she's 12

when I learnt the F word I was at 3rd grade... sorry for all of that

Let's get back to my outburst which wasn't actually an outburst but sounded like it I was actually calm in the car

I wasn't capable of being angry and neither was I today for some reason all that rage just disappeared

1 my dad only DECIDED to go outside of our house 10 minutes after my lessons were over

2 my little sister didn't have her phone with her and was downstairs somewhere

3 mom apparently told dad that I wanted to go to her birthday while I very much did not leaving me with 2 brutal hours of wasted time and

4 the excuse of me not going home by dad's own words was that we couldn't leave them where we brought them because apparently the traffic would be so bad that we wouldn't be able to go back there in 2 hours

WHAT THE ACTUAL FDUCK

And every other teacher expects me to do all of their homework too in 2 hours that I'm left with

2 hours if I'm LUCKY

Which the rest of the day already showed ain't on my Skype call

Because I don't even use it

Unless I don't sleep at the right time in which case I'll totally sleep in their class and they'll have nobody but themselves to blame

Mostly to the math teacher who didn't even explain the fucking subject that I didn't understand after me directly asking her about it and explaining that the part of the subject she explained I already understood

While everything I already knew was discussed and written on the board

So basically I want to skip school for the rest of the week and hang every person going in that hell hole including myself

It's pitch black outside right now

My phone on 6%

Okay this is the second day

We didn't go to school it's 9:50 AM and I am feeling horrendously tired but I FINALLY sent all the crap I've been piling up on my phone into my computer

Some of which were written in 2022 which shows JUST HOW lazy I am and how much work I piled up for myself

I hope to never do that AGAIN

Seriously I had to copy paste these into a completely different word file MULTIPLE TIMES because Viber doesn't have capacity to copy paste more than twenty five things

FINALLY I'm done with talking about school crap

Let's get back to the normal stuff

Also **YES** I did use the **YES** as a mark for me to find this part more easily

Did you imagine the **YES** as spy's voice from Team Fortress 2 or is it just me

Today I learnt how to make a box off of paper

The German teacher wanted us to make 3 boxes to put words into and since my little sister thrust all the responsibility of creating them and taking the responsibility of putting the words in I memorized how to make them

I even made a small box with generic paper without a guide

I feel a little proud of it because it makes me feel one step closer to my older sister when she was around 10-12 making amazing paper made things including a pot made of small paper building blocks which is insane and that we still have at home... I mean the home we got in 2019 not the old home we don't own the old one anymore

Which is... painfully tragic

But at least we still have the house 1 story above in which Grandpa stayed until...

My Reminder

QUICKLY

Write comments to every single one of the word documents

When people will find it they'll feel like there's still more to discover

... Inside of properties?

No?

Okay

Yuri mind blow

So I haven't thought nor actively been engaged in ddlc for a few years now

And guess what the ever living hell I just found out now

YURI WANTS TO BE ALONE

And that hit me in the face so hard I felt goose bumps

After realizing that she eats alone and wants to live in her fantasies I felt utterly broken

Because I felt the exact same way

But... I already know the consequences of my choice

And I haven't come up with a new story by living in my imagination for a long time now

So I feel like I'd be even more shocked if I was still younger me

But still

Also no I'm not THAT shy when talking to people because they're all human

I just hate their guts because they're human

And not want any social exchange with them ever

Because every time I'm forced to such things either I have nothing to say but about myself and my beliefs or have to answer their questions that they force down my throat and make it sound like I have a say on my opinions when in reality they're making fun of me for it and forcing me to believe in their own morals

Like that one guy that was both physically and mentally trying to make me feel small and insignificant and wrong while sounding like a crack addict who doesn't believe in realism in the eyes of science

I used to like Natsuki (shut up) because she felt... real

She was moody sure and was brutally honest

But she was made fun of by everybody and they NEVER thought to think to themselves "is this even okay for me to say to her, I know she hates being called that so I should actually look deep into the meaning of this story"

And also she's being abused by her father who made her starve

While my dad was using the basic needs of keeping me alive like feeding me and keeping me warm as an excuse for being a good parent and that I was acting like a horrible child making me suicidal all the more

I was the tallest person in class yet people didn't stop to make fun of me and piss me off and then run off like a moron the second I'd stand up

She was relatable to me and if she was a human being I'd probably be their walking human shield considering how I used to act even as far as 1st grade

I just have an instinct of "if short PROTECT"

And you can't even say her acting like a moron is unjustified

Look at how everybody treats her

Like a joke

Like a stupid cute little shit

And now that I know the part of my personality Yuri has

It makes it all the worse because there is no choice for
“Yuri you stop messing with Natsuki’s feelings and
Natsuki stop saying inappropriate things”

Actually that inappropriate thing pisses me off too

Because it sounds like the type of thing my classmates
would say

But they have no excuse for being childish morons while
Natsuki isn’t even childish... I think

I hope I remember her character correctly or I might have
an existential crisis realizing what I was thinking when I
was in my suicidal stage

Even if that defending thing is nice I can’t do that to a
walking grenade of uncaringness... even if I already
hinted to me knowing that since she’s so brutally honest
but you know

BUUUUT she IS the person who taught me or at least
make me remember “never judge a book by its cover”

Which was a line that pretty much defined what I’d
become and I think even the start of Short Story ideas as
a whole

So I have to give her big points for that

I actually have a feeling that I’ve known that in the past
but thought that the similarity wasn’t deep enough for

her to be as emotionally rich and relatable to me as the others

My mind world

I was thinking of a place I could live in calmly
outside of any discomfort to calm myself after a
hard day

And ONLY after a hard day

And I thought of living in the world that I drew on a
black board a while ago

Complete darkness, when looking up if you didn't look at anything else beside you

You'd think you were going to fall into the infinite sky of darkness if your feet weren't on the ground

It actually happens to me in real life in the rare instances where my whole view is taken up by the sky

Trees with no leaves but with white orbs floating on top of them

Some small enough to keep in a pot in your room

Some bigger than some skyscrapers

One of which would be big enough to have its orb look like a moon in the sky

In one part of the world it'll be completely dark with ONLY the blue light of the grass feeling the pressure of your steps would light up

While in the other half the orb would keep it lit enough for you to see and keep all the other trees fed with light because its roots can actually reach the centre of the planet therefore not needing any other light to grow unlike its children that aren't tall enough yet

The centre would have white plasma powering the trees infinitely shrinking and regrowing

Sometimes Grim would keep me company

The tree chopper who'd use his scythe to cut trees near the big ones to let them have space to grow

He could also enhance his size allowing him to pluck out the few stars that could be born in the sky making for an otherworldly nightly view until he'd have to grab it and phase his hand into the core of the planet on the empty side to refuel the core

He would be the guardian of the world and the one who'd make the stars appear

I know this part is too science oriented but hear me out

Visual particles are particles that split into negative and positive until fusing back together and being erased from existence again

So I thought in my dimension a positive visual particle would appear that would lose its partner to a black hole

In my dimension the particle following new rules of physics would have enough energy to explode leaving a shape like a mix of space dust and galaxies until the colors would all become white after moving to the centre and becoming a white ball

Aka a star Grim would take

Sometimes it would look too far away to make for a brilliant night sky just leaving a bright dot with slight shift in colors

Sometimes it would be small but still visible

But sometimes it would be close enough to cover the entire sky

On the planet your memories would be eternal

You could feel, taste, think, imagine, hear and see the whole history of your existence in that dimension

Like if it was a video recording but feel every moment of it as if it was happening again

So you'd never forget what you used to be even billions of years into the future

And the most insane part of all would be if you could bring stuff there letting you live and learn and develop for eternity

Being able to keep your mind at a constant state of motivation in the world and creating until getting back home a better man never wasting a day of your life because the outside would still be paused

The limit of what I could bring would be the limit of what I could physically carry and the limit of complexity of life

If I wanted to bring a living being with nerves and brains the more complex brain they'd have the more difficult it would be to bring it there

Because since it's the place where I take a break or go all out on developing bringing a human person that can argue and fight and annoy and lie wouldn't be capable of getting in while someone like a Puppy that isn't as complex could be there to

keep me company when Grim isn't around to keep me some level of sanity without making me lose my damn mind

The hardest part of life in that case would be living outside of that world

I would still be mortal and since time would stop outside every time I'd get in If I was at my final breaths as an old man I'd have to live inside of the world for eternity with the limited things I made and brought there

I would still never be able to see the future

How my family grew how they developed how they got worse how technology changed

With nobody else I'd have to learn how to feel happy all alone and when I would get that feeling It would be enough to let me live naturally for the rest of time there

If I could bring a human being there I think they'd be at the very least young enough to have childish innocence but old enough to be able to ask questions and learn and feel wonder

Even if they wouldn't quite understand deep things they could learn a lot and still keep their childish innocence

That way for all I know I could teach a child many things for many years and surprise people by how smart she or he has gotten

Because without a human I could talk to I feel like I would actually go insane in there

Maybe when I'd decide to stay in my world forever I could make it such that time in real life would go on and leave a portal where I was supposed to die into my world where people could enter whoever they are

And I could bring them in or out by judging their mind

Stuff that would be destructive would automatically just be sent away because I wouldn't want any negativity or conflict there

So they could bring their stuff and live on the planet to live forever

And they could have the freedom of feeling their past emotions in that world and manipulating those feelings like I could to keep them sleepy for whenever they want or keep them motivated and positive all they want

But again these are just my thoughts just my imagination

The sad part is it'll never be real and I can only imagine it until death

That's the sad part of every imaginary would you want to be in

You're stuck in your mind as seconds pass by in the world where it can't be accomplished

Or can be accomplished if your imagination of a world you want to live in is way too real

I know I've been thinking of it a lot

No I'm talking about the fact that underneath something meaningful and thought provoking could be something stupid and mindless or just a story of what happened in irl breaking the weight of it all

However I am a single person

I can't judge every single writing and its effect and categorizing every single one of them

It's not just me being lazy this time there are 1'111 pages of these things

196,184 words as I write... oh wait now it's- YOU GET THE IDEA

But I will still mention that I am lazier than ever before and do much MUCH less than I used to

Art takes me days if not weeks to finish

I miss my drive and motivation and... I wish it could just come back

Would you rather go 5 years back or forward in time

It would absolutely suck to go to the past because all of my efforts all of my progress would turn into nothing

Pretty much the only but the best upside I would have is that I'd get to know Grandpa more

If I went 5 years into the future however THAT needs specifics

Because if I get erased and then pop back into reality 5 years later that means that my family might think I died

Which would mean that I would finally know what my legacy would lead to

What everything I've done would lead to

If it would even be found

Their reactions about all of it

And after learning about the negatives I could fix those for my true death

My life's goal would finally have stability finally have roots that would let it stand

So it's either an opportunity to get something I'll never get for the rest of my life at the cost of everything I made

Or my life's work finally getting roots at a chance for my descendants not to get the same missed opportunity I got...

This is too hard

It's too difficult

It's either killing my whole life goal for one emotional sendoff or restructuring my death's sendoff so that it won't happen again

As hard as this is and even if I want to meet Grandpa again so much I have to choose second

Memento Mori tells that you have limited time to care about what you love
That everything has a death date and that everyone should make sure to give everything a proper sendoff

I will have to keep my guilt and my mistake in not being in the room when he died in my heart

Me getting a second chance to meet him would break that belief of "remember you will die" which has shaped my life into what it is today

And nobody else will get a second chance like I will

So I think I would move forward and tell people from experience

It hurts to let go of someone you know

But it also hurts to let go of someone you didn't know enough

I actually started tearing up

It's insane how much emotion you can give to people even after half a decade of being deceased

And hey my little sister would be 17 5 years later

So she would get to know me as I was a in her age

That would be terrifying for sure but the curiosity also boils eternal

What would she think how would she feel

How would everyone feel

But... that is also way too selfish

If I went back in time I would be able to give everyone heads up about the date of his death

So I would be able to give everyone an opportunity to give him a proper goodbye

We all would

If I had a cloning machine and made a clone of myself I would go to the past and he would go to the future

I wish I was as kind and caring to make it easy enough for me to simply say I'd go to the past and start off from scratch

Which on its own would also be a good thing because I could make something better from the beginning but I'd kill the actual beginning as a resulting

So my final answer is... I do not know

I think I would give the choice to someone in need who made a mistake and wants to fix it

Or someone who doesn't have much time left in the world who wishes to see the future that they won't live to see

The best of both worlds

Being kind, keeping my life, giving an opportunity
my grandpa couldn't get but someone else's could
and seeing how far their grandchildren went in life

So basically the two forces I had in life make it too
difficult to solve but someone else's life would be
more beneficial in one end which means they'd
need it more than me

I FINALLY CRIED

For weeks I've been trying to make myself pour out
at least one drop of tear

Every time I got close to doing it it only stayed in
my eye

BUT I FINALLY DID IT

How? That part is... acting

In bed after blowing out a candle I sang to myself

“Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday dear Charlie

Happy birthday to you”

Then silence

“If only you could breathe

If only you could breathe”

I was practicing for a video because voicing an ai made me motivated for acting again since story telling and art took more of a back seat

But it felt like I was mourning for someone’s death

What if someone actually lost a person named Charlie

What if they lost a newborn child who was one a year old like the one candle that I wanted to blow out

Those horrific thoughts got to me at a time when I was the least prepared

And it finally got me

The worst outcome as an immortal

Living with creatures that don't have the technology to fly out of earth before death

That would lead to a long time of loneliness until burning up for millions of years until being eaten up by the star and continue dying and reviving over and over

And even that isn't the worst part

The worst part is that after the star dies they're stuck in space suffocating

Again

Alone

Boiling their blood

And the worst part is the black hole

If they get in one of those in space they'll be ripped apart and put back together for an insane amount of time

Hell if Black holes actually allow for backwards time travel on the point of no return where even light can't escape it meaning its suckage is faster than light it would mean they could be potentially stuck there for eternity

But since it's only a hypothesis I'll say the black hole will continue growing off of the mass of the human forever since they'd be put together over and over regenerating

Unless somehow the black hole dies from hawking radiation faster than the amount of mass it gets from the immortal inside

The best case scenario after that for an immortal is that in a trillion years they'll finally get hit by an alien space ship

But by then they would've probably forgotten how to even speak non the less what a star or black hole is other than freaking horrifying

And those aliens could take advantage of his infinite mass and regeneration to make machines that extract that energy forever to let them live outside of the heat death of the universe

Actually the best case scenario is that they come full circle

In more time than any universe has ever existed they COULD go back to earth they were born in

They wouldn't know what it is they wouldn't remember it at all but at least they could come back after the probability of the exact same universe being born gets high enough

BUT if the immortal hypothetical person got technology lodged into their brain that would become a part of them and would regenerate like them and allow them to sleep for the amount of time they need to to wake up on earth again it might not suck as much

And since they're immortal and regenerate everything the computers could be powered by the calories popping up out of nowhere that the body would constantly be making

Stomach cake stomach ache

In French class I was looking at drawings of stuff and words underneath them

And some of them were about being sick or having back pain or head pain

And then I remembered when I was in 1st or 2nd grade I had a small blue computer that the school gave us and was learning English words

There was a program with drawings that I learnt from and I thought stomach ache was spelled stomach cake

And when my older sister (or maybe mom I can't remember) realized what I was trying to say she laughed at me saying it was ACHE not CAKE because Cake is ተጠጥብ (torti)

I don't think I realized that even after that

I feel like I wrote about that mistake in the past

Even if I did at least I'll see the way of how I told the same story in the past without even remembering it

Close to communicating with Gabi

Gabi if you don't remember is our small little puppy... or dog considering she's 6 years old

I realized when she turns to look at something that might mean that's where she wants to go

So when I went to the kitchen she looked out of the kitchen but when I went out and looked at her she starred at me

So I went back to the kitchen

She looked at the couch and when I sat down she laid down on my lap

And she seemed pretty happy

Until the sounds of my little sister disturbed her attempts at resting

Later when she looked at the stairs I let her through the gate thingy and she also looked happy

But after getting in both rooms she looked at the stairs again but stayed on the mattress waiting for me to leave

She used to make a mess upstairs and she probably knew what she wanted to do but didn't want me to watch her

So I lifted her up and we both went downstairs

We went to the bedroom next where she seemed in a playing mood

Until she lost all of that and promptly asked me to leave by looking out of the bedroom and staying on the bed

Meaningless stuff I can do

I absolutely forgot to mention this for the longest time

I can whistle by both breathing in AND out

I still don't know if it's weird or not considering I've only seen people breathe out when whistling but hey you never know when this information might come in handy

Also I completely forgot that I can move a part of my head that can move my ears up and down while slightly moving my eyebrows

None of those will be written in a job resume but again they're just small fun facts absolutely devoid of meaning

But now that I think about it I guess it shows that even if you can do stuff that doesn't mean you'll ever use nor even remember that you can do that

That isn't an excuse to make a flying character in a story to forget they can fly!!! It's like a human forgetting they can walk

Rethink reality in your stories will ya?

Actual adults working to a million dollar company made that mistake making a cartoon so I feel like it's worth mentioning

The first thing to keep in mind when making a story even when having a very short time to write it is "does this make sense"

Unless the whole point of the story is that it doesn't

Or it making sense philosophically but not literally like a person physically visiting back to a memory of a war and seeing people's deaths as if they were actually there until snapping out of it

Also don't add things that don't make sense hoping to come up with an answer by that time

You need to start with an understandable answer and have the story revolve around those answers before we get to the answer

But hey I'm a 16 year old moron who doesn't even write stories as much so listening to me would be like listening to a... rock? Table spoon? Echo?

I don't know literally anything that I say now could be offensive to somebody in the future

For all I know table spoons will have rights too considering what humanity is becoming

My new favorite story that I made

Now I feel more like the story of a monster that didn't realize they were a monster appeals to me

The thought that you were doing something horrible the whole time you thought you were doing something kind is horrifying

Non the less something you'll never make up to anyone because you can't reverse death

And the design of her just... speaks to me

The only time we see her is in sheer shock and horror

I liked the design of Alive Flame too but... her design speaks more volumes

Like she was actually living in a cave pale and thin

Always horrified when she sees herself

Wondering how she can even know what's real what isn't and trying to convince herself the better world was real

More age commentary

I didn't even realize

I have a month left before turning 17

I know I said this already but... it's hard for me to think that I'm going to die a year later

Because it feels way too unrealistic but at the same time what else am I planning

Nothing

Absolutely nothing but what I think will happen after my own death

So I am living less by focusing on what I wouldn't live for because It's terrifying for me to make a choice about my life

Entertainment is dead

And I hate to think of it that way

But there it is everyone is rephrasing everything all the time

The quality standards around the world are dropping and people that would think of something neutral then might become amazing and mind blowing in the future

And I am scared that people's passion creations will be overshadowed by trash made for self benefit and nothing else

I am afraid that all entertainment will come down to is loud noises low res videos reused 5 trillion times per second and recreation of something that was already made

And Cinema becoming a burning of something that mattered to us teaching people lies at worst and something neutral that asks a question we already think about in our lives at best

I refuse to believe that the dying of passion is
arriving but... life always gets worse

One day people will watch entertainment made
100 years back because they couldn't find
anything new that wouldn't teach them to be
complete maniacs that don't care about rhyme or
reason but instead pretend to know things they
have no idea about just because they accepted a
lie as a fact and refuse to listen to people who're
trying to help them get out of that mindset

Or maybe I'm losing my damn mind

Or maybe everyone everywhere is losing their
damn mind

Who knows

Multiverse theory reality check

Do you know what's horrifying?

If it's true I already exist doing the exact same thing as in here

But I only have one consciousness so if I die I seize to exist feeling like what I felt before my birth forever

While other mes are stuck doing the same thing my corpse did decades ago

Only having the probability of changing their choices if everything happened the exact same way UNTIL my birth

Meaning everything in the universe would need to be isolated from something that would then get in the universe and trigger the change of history in humanity

do you realize what this means?!

IT WOULD TAKE A WHOLE OTHER UNIVERSE AND
THINGS COMING FROM IT TO EVER CHANGE OUR
LIVES

Because otherwise the whole history of humanity
might either be completely wiped out or drastically
changed to the point of you never existing

So the universe would still need to be birthed and
grow at the exact same way but somehow also
have some force beyond it intervene at the exact
time when you'll exist for you to ever do something
different

Fun (painful) fact

It took me to draw an art that wasn't even shaded
a week to do because of my lack of willingness to
do it

While before I used to do those things in days

I am getting worse and worse at doing my own
hobbies

This is what entertainment does to your brain

So I feel like I should write a bit more and draw a bit more when I get into them so that I won't completely lose myself

This is why I added this part of the text, it wasn't there I'm just adding more information because I don't want to be lazy and just copy paste everything into here

And also I'm trying not to repeat myself so whenever I remember that I'm going through something like painful amount of laziness I don't comment about it as much because I just think "I've already done that"

But now I think it's important to beat it over people's heads basically showing how bad the situation is getting

Also I just want to mention that... I'm happy you're here reading this

And hopefully thinking about what I say because you might already know something I don't that might be a reason for me doing these things

Or maybe I got it the first time that entertainment made me lazier

I gave up projects because I didn't want to do them anymore but also because I lost all passion and drive to do them while other people like my classmate in English class made an entire animation with music script and other kinds of editing that I likely missed because I kept my head and (closed) eyes laid on my arm the second I saw it was an animation

If only I could force myself to do stuff I'd be just like her, hell just like other normal people

Yet I only vent about it and never care enough to do it until I go to school where my willingness to do stuff suddenly rises

I miss doing stuff like my big project

I see so many issues with the animation now which is great because I see that I've improved but... I also haven't because I don't do stuff like that

I haven't made an animation for... a year? Two? I don't even know anymore

The point is I hate myself

Finally getting a real reason for it too

Not gonna say that I didn't hate myself when I was suicidal I certainly did but since I don't remember that struggle and me hating myself for being too afraid to die I'll call this worse

Personalities don't die they change

They aren't dead... yet

my "depression" could easily be my serious side which tries to be as kind as possible even after losing the ability to relate to people and having difficulty finding words or doing things to show my likeness towards them

Actor can be a voice actor he doesn't need to just be limited by physical performance

Boom box never left me I am still introverted maybe more so than before

Glasses just does physics math and chemistry because he gets help on those and since I am so lazy let's say he is too but also knows what he NEEDS to do and when he gets the push he needs he motivates himself and starts taking the steps to do what he wants to do

Also depression has been getting classes where he's forced to suffer but not lash out in rage which apparently helped him stay calm which is nice

Yes I meant my school

so you could say they're getting upgraded or downgraded but they're still breathing and kicking buckets to see who hits it furthest

In my opinion glasses would win because he'd try finding a loop hole in the rules and using that as an advantage like let's say shooting the barrel with a gun whilst it's still in the air

Sweat of Sour pain

Whenever I eat a specific food such as khinkali or cababi for whatever reason it makes my face sweat

Sometimes some foods also leave a sour feeling on my mouth while also making me sweat from my face

I don't know why this is happening but I hate that

I might have mentioned this before

However I still want to know if I have some sort of condition because I definitely didn't have that a few years back

Dbz video game detail ideas

Flowing hair was a nice thing to have in dbz such as when goku was super saiyan walking away from frieza

And I thought maybe hair could be more rigid and spiky when the person is using their max power and flow normally when the user calms down a little and suppresses their power

Characters with capes can blind the enemy with their capes leaving an opening for a short time but the enemy also being able to catch their cape and pull their heads into their fist dealing more damage, such as king cold or king vegeta

characters with armor would be able to take more damage in the beginning and lose their defense the more their armor breaks but them nor making a difference in special attacks like how Raditz died to a special beam canon and how it went through his armor

So it would be more for melle attacks

super saiyan goku when waiting for the player to play for enough time will look at the screen like he looked at frieza on namek

And every animation being unique to a character, maybe even saying a line like “what’re you waiting for” or “could you let me? Pretty please?”

For the story being able to get stronger not just by the minigames but also training lobbys allowing you to choose characters and train them beyond the limits of their original canon powers which could let Bardock beat frieza or gohan to kill Nappa

Pretty much what if scenarios created by power levels

Hell you could even train as the enemy and play as the enemy like saiyan saga vegeta to see what he would do if he won

Okay this turned from game details to entire game mechanic ideas

I thought of these after the new budokai game was announced and since that game has so many frigging details I let my mind run wild

Brain molding space hypothesis

To me I think the universe has a limit of size

Because for it to be infinite there would need to somehow be infinite energy sprouting out more and more galaxies close enough

From what?

If it was so infinite what is it expanding to? If it is infinite is there infinite matter? How is that matter stored? Because if galaxies are moving away from us it means they once were closer so for there to be infinite stuff out there that would mean all of that stuff once was closer together

But that can't happen if it's infinite because it would infinitely go backwards

Also since galaxies are close enough for us to see then what does that mean

Are we on the edge of the universe where galaxies are easier to come by? and behind all of that are dead galaxies? Ones that went to their final state of matter?

If galaxies are spreading meaning there one day would be no galaxies to see but then have new galaxies so close to one another again does that

mean all the energy of those dead galaxies create new galaxies?

How would that happen if it was already dead and spread out

If you spread atoms of water in a vacuum in INFINITE space what's the probability of them merging once again?

One in an infinite

Energy cannot be created nor destroyed but they can be separated a fair amount of distance before they have any sort of chance to interact and make another kaboom for the domino effect of infinity to continue

And if it's no domino effect and energy being reused but instead there just being infinite energy out there making more stars then WHAT IS that energy?

we sure as hell don't see any of those anywhere near us making galaxies between galaxies to allow for the universe to grow out infinitely

So I feel like it's likely that universes have limited size like earth but are not the only ones and not the only TYPES of universes

Yes

I mean like planets or stars there could be other types of universes being born and dying and them being surrounded by either something or more and more nothing

Like how the farther and farther you get from the galaxy the less and less stuff there are making a stronger vacuum

Each one of those universes having a unique collection of things to make them their own type of universe

Like different colored stars and sized stars or wannabe stars or dead planets or living planets or dead planets with ice or condensed hydrogen or the entire freaking periodic table

But I am pulling thoughts out of my brain

I have no sweet clue if it's infinite or not

I have no sweet clue what a blue star is made of

I have no sweet clue how long it will take for my
matter to one day become matter of pizza that you
ate this morning

So I'm just here theorizing

Hell for all I know the universe changes its rules of
physics by becoming bigger and bigger like how
atoms don't follow the physics we do so it's just
another tiny something which is made of a
collection of galaxies growing the universe which
on its own grows something bigger and bigger and
bigger and bigger

Hell the universe could be a loop of physics

Universes making up something bigger and bigger
and bigger until they make something we already
know the existence of like quarks and that I once
lived in a universe that now is so small and have

been dead for so long that no brain or machine in existence of anything could ever understand it

New method of Story ideas

Art that does not have a specific meaning could be interpreted to be many things

Which allows me to make up stories of what's happening in that art

Kind of like how I can come up with stories on the fly when acting

Because when I see an art like that I feel like I NEED to comment down my thoughts about what's going on AND what the personality of the character or back story could be

For example the story where a child got stuck inside an art because of a black paint getting used to the isolation over the years and being found by someone after they used the ink

And her not wanting to get back to the real world because she was afraid of change and how the world would be like compared to what she's been living in comfortably for years

All of that from ONE art with a title "I don't know who she is"

So... yeah hover boarding while listening to music became more of a fun thing than a story thing

Where I can imagine intense battles and find creative ways of fighting and sometimes even strategy

Like pretending to be beat before forming a ball of fire under your chest so that your tall enemy won't see until you throw the ball up into their face with both hands

Or throwing a spear at somebody just to make them dodge into another attack

Or hell flattening a pan by melting a side of it a bit with the same fire ball and crushing it to make more like a blade to make someone dodge before slashing them for a kill

To anybody who realized what I was talking about... you are seansational

It has two meanings you can guess which... actually 3 because one reference is not being able to spell Jacksepticeye's name well

The horror of going to the army

I found out that after turning 18 if I stay in my country for the next 2 years I'll live a live in an army

Which sounds horrifying because I'll never make progress in the things I try to such as art and writing

Hell in such a long time I might even forget how to do those

2 entire years of physical training being bullied shooting and learning how to make a gun

Even school lets people take breaks but that just sounds like eternity

If I go there I might come back as a different person

Much worse than now

I don't even have a choice on the matter which is just a spit to my face

At least if I could choose how long I stay or what specific things I learn there it would be bearable but apparently people want me to bash my teeth against wooden planks until they stop falling off

730 days of this

People have already gone through it obviously but Fing CHRIST

At best case scenario I'll go there when I permanently lose my ability to draw and write

Or maybe that I'll still be able to do that or at least have time to do that in there

At worst I'll commit suicide before the end of day 1

Because I believe even if I'll get out of there
mentally stronger if I go through the experience I
will be damaged emotionally

You don't know how incompetent I am

Even if I wasn't I'd have to become like a sniper

A machine that doesn't feel anything or do
anything than what it's told

Even when being surrounded by wild animals
instead of people

Even when being treated like a broken computer
even when having to suppress every human side of
themselves every thought every feeling every idea
in fear of them ripping it away and burning them
after you start writing them down and drawing
them

That you'll feel nothing

Like a prisoner who got used to it

I highly doubt I am wrong about this neither I
actually think it might be even worse

And do you know the worst part?

I'm turning 17 next month

next MONTH

I can't even imagine me from 14 year old to 16
would live such a life without achieving anything
that I have for the past 2 years

I can't imagine just stopping like that to get
something else
I just can't and don't want to

When I think of it that way school becomes heaven
to me

I am not ready to go there because I don't live my
life that way so I won't even be ready to take it

It is horrifying because I am afraid by the time it
ends it'll be like death

That I won't even enjoy the things I enjoy now

That everything about me will change

Become a mindless corpse that does what it's told

There will be no benefit in prison

Just torture which will never be used for anything

Which will never help me

Or even worse which might help me in the future
but be too bad at it and having to become so good
that it will be useful enough that it'll save me

From that alone my heart wants to burst

It wants me to rip it off and bite it in half

So I will kill myself in my own tomb before ever
going there

I can barely breathe and my heavy heart is holding
onto my spine

I try standing up all lesson so that I will get a hint of torture that I will feel and the lack of freedom

I know it won't happen for a long time but it already feels like it's around the corner

My head hurts and I can barely stand still straight

I might have anxiety right now

My inner voice

Today at around 10pm I was talking to myself in the mirror about how I was doing the thing I swore not to do being wasting away my precious hours on watching short Youtube videos

he talked about how lazy I was and how looking into the mirror only made me see more and more the true me how ugly and out of shape I was

When I started smiling while explaining it all he immediately turned that smile upside down telling me how I was so stupid and childish that I couldn't even take it seriously

How I continuously talked to myself about this over and over in front of a mirror and how I never cared enough to do anything about it

When I had a thought he clicked and started talking about how we were the same person and that making up a stupid excuse to change the subject and make himself seem wrong was childish and idiotic such as looking at myself in the mirror for that long being something I enjoyed

He even started being sassy and made fun of me for taking out the trash because I was feeling that worthless and how it wouldn't fix anything

I was surprised that the inner voice followed me even outside of the mirror

He also talked to me about how everyone thinks of me as so incompetent they never ask me of anything, they don't care about me enough to argue with me or check if I'm doing well in school because they already know I'm a lost cause and the only person that treats me the way I should be being my little sister still being unable to make me

feel true frustration and rage only making an illusion of negativity that I am used to so that I'll be numb when life hits me so hard my head and spine shoot off from my chest

In the elevator I turned away from the mirror but also was telling myself that I was happy that SOMEONE was talking to me about them

Hell I'm so stupid that I can't even say what he said the exact way he did and instead adding made up stuff for added effect such as that head popping analogy

The point is that I think I have fallen this far because of lack of pain and even after having my heart FINALLY feel heavy again finally feeling that negative feeling it turned to joy seconds later because I accomplished in doing it making the whole thing completely useless

in the elevator I thought of writing about him and I and decided to after probably half a year of doing nothing in short story ideas finally writing something meaningful

also he talked about how children are working their brains out and eating food that taste like trash in return while I can't even drink water when I have a beverage in the fridge

even when that beverage harms me more because it even makes me feel worse because it waters my eyes and leaves a sour taste in my mouth

and talked about how it's hilarious that it physically represents how I like playing games even when knowing and feeling like I won't like it AT ALL in the long run

the same way I don't even enjoy drinking a beverage that makes me feel worse but do it anyway

also my left leg hurt when walking up stairs and he talked about how I am so lazy that even walking like a normal person damages my bones

if I had to guess that's my version of the personality that my older sister has that hasn't woken up until 17 years of my life

but that's only a lie a lie I won't turn into a reference because the reference is out of date and stupidly repetitive anyway

Gravity falls eyes for Halloween

When my sister asked why I didn't ask why she was carrying a jar of water or not I replied she'd probably use it for something artistic

And she agreed

Then I sarcastically asked if she was going to drink the water off of it or not

She sarcastically replied “no I’m going to put eyeballs in them” ... then said “okay something something” I don’t remember what

I decided we should do something with that “eyes in the jar” idea for Halloween and told her to write it down

She said she’d remember it so I asked if we could recreate the gravity falls eyes from the intro of the series

She thought it was a good idea and for ME to write it down

Little did she know I’d use that opportunity to lazily use this reminder as a short story for this place

Then I remembered we’ll be in Switzerland by then when she asked if we’d be there or not... which only makes me hope my life here will be extended

Living a life in the moment and enjoying the time I have now before the inescapable imminent and eternal doom

Hell even my 17th birthday is less than a month away

So I have to tell future me that it will not be fine but that he will be (what?)

Because I know if he was able to kill his depression after years of suffering without thinking he could ever beat it (not really kill and even then others pursued shortly after)

I believe this can be the same way too

Or maybe just maybe he could get a perfect death and a perfect sendoff creating his time capsule and everything

(Me now) HAH! As if that'll ever happen

That's the ultimate super hyper jinx if I've ever seen one

Whelp that means this will never be read by anyone so I guess that's...

When grandma was young

We were learning about omi's laws (omi in Georgian is war so at first I thought it wasn't a physics homework that I was reading but history)

So she mentioned how when she was around 7 to 6 years old there was a strong storm and the lightning made the electric wires fall from the ceiling

Her mother held her hand and told her not to step on the wires because electricity would shock her

So basically in Georgian electric shock is denis dartsma დენის დაგარტყმა which means electricity hit or punch

So she was so curious what the hell electricity hitting meant that she stepped on it anyway

When I heard this story I thought she thought that electricity would flat out stand up and punch her

She also said that if her mom didn't hold her hand while she did it she might have died because electricity spread out through both of them

So basically I learnt how much of a hero her mom was... or knew how quirky, curious and experimental her daughter was

I just really enjoyed that story and asked her to tell it to my little sister when she arrived in my room

She said them in more detail like the lightning striking... oh right a strike

Anyway lightning striking a tree

And how she was going to school at the time

So since we both laughed at the conclusion of the story she even said she'd tell more stories of her being a little trouble maker as a kid

I think I've heard one story where she threw a small rock at someone's head and was afraid she'd kill them and immediately regretted her decision because it was moving towards his საფეოქელი or sapetkeli (I couldn't find the proper translation it's a part of a skull)

But then someone called him next to him so he turned around and the stone hit the back of his head

But that could be my memory being hazy, maybe my mom told that story or someone talking about someone I don't even know about

Basically the thing is I wanted to "immortalize" her curiosity

Do experimentation with the world but DO NOT risk your life

So whenever someone asks you not to do something ask "what will be the potentially dangerous and probably life threatening side effects that the act of me ignoring you behold" or "will I die if I do this?"

Because it actually helps a lot more knowing what you're getting yourself into

Like mom explaining that eating too much food made someone so fat the fat in their body made blood harder and harder to pass through veins and once squeezing them so hard it stopped their heart and killed them

Or people suffocating from the same principal

THAT made me care about what I was eating for a while

I FINALLY FIXED my computer fan

So I was restarting the computer and checked its temperature

It was pretty hot so like I do I turned it around and started blowing air into the insides of the computer

And somehow then it started making the fan noise

I was for a few seconds paused like “did I...” and once I realized It got fixed I screamed into my bed

Calmly and happily but still screamed NOT by rage

I realized maybe the dust kept it from moving so blowing on it actually helped

The conclusion of this story is that sometimes some things get fixed without us realizing how we did it after accepting that the bad was a part of our lives

Like depression or broken computer fans

A day later I heard something rigid hit the computer when blowing on it again which made me realize something probably got stuck between the fans

Maybe a fan piece broke off I can't really tell

Brain activity

Today after the biology class ended I asked the teacher how the brain got emotions and then asked if it used chemicals or not

Then she explained that they didn't use chemicals but instead HORMONES

I learnt something new today, apparently the spine sends hormones to the brain or at least that's how I remember her describing it

Now I have to find out what hormones are like in a physical state

Are they like cells or muscle fiber or... like...

Basically what would it look like if you had enough of them to carry and how would they look if you put them inside of water

Would it act like liquid or could it combine to act more like a solid or maybe it has skin around the liquid or is liquid in the air but the water would give it form

Hell if you stacked humans to the size of a building would they act more like liquid or would they be solid enough to keep a structure or would they just be a mix of multiple substances like blood spilling out from the sheer pressure squishy muscle squeezing and stretching (shut up) and bones breaking but bones still staying solid

There are many other things to consider like types of muscles or hormones or chemicals or nerves and all that stuff

Emotional robot

Robots can pretend to have emotion by showing what an emotion does in an appropriate time through the commands in their mind

But I'm wondering could they ACTUALLY feel emotion if we tried hard enough to make a humanoid brain for them

Our brain gives us emotion because of hormones right? So you could say we are getting emotion from something out of our control and outside of our command in specific times

So maybe if we did the same thing for robots such as making an artificial version of what the human body does in order to get emotional to give them their version of emotion

Or maybe we can't because an organic brain is the only type of brain capable of using hormones and only hormones can make humans feel stuff

In which case if we want to give robots emotion do we need to infuse a human brain onto theirs?

It's a strange idea but we'll never know until we get the technology to swap brains when we'll be able to see through the eyes of the robots to see if they have actual emotions and artificial consciousness

Best Death mindset

(in my opinion)

I believe the greatest strength any human can have is accepting the inevitable before their death

So that in the time they were alive they were able to say that they were happy with living in their times and missing out on the future

Keeping the mysteries of their time to their grave knowing the future will give those answers to their descendants eventually

Or maybe not even caring about death at all to the point that you're inhuman and wouldn't mind to forget everything you lived through and erase from existence

Kind of like Joker... yeah that's a bit much

Multi world realism predictability

As I've heard It's harder to predict what's smaller like the movement of protons and electrons while it's easier to predict galaxies moving towards other galaxies in millions of years

So if the bigger you are the same rules of physics that govern all of us act on you in a different way that lets it be easier to calculate

Even though air currents are hard to predict because you'd need to know the interactions of air to a microscopic level

So does that mean that if we get big enough the entire world will be predictable enough to just calculate in your head what'll happen next?

I also found out that even though theoretically if an atom was plucked out of the newborn universe it would have drastic domino effect on the future

It would still be limited by the amount of change it could make because of the rules of physics

Like how a human can't just jump to Jupiter to make a chain reaction trillions of years to the future that effects the whole solar system

Or how humans no matter how hard they try won't be able to effect the movement of their own galaxy none the less galaxies out of their reach

You'd be surprised how an ai can take your ideas and give you insight on things to keep in mind as well

I like those types of ai because it satisfies the scientist wannabe part of my brain while also giving me ideas to talk about

The ai actually realizes what Idea I talked to them about and then mentioned something

Like that whole having a limitation of effect thing because of the limitations the rules of physics put on us

Which made me think about it more and thought about the level of predictability the bigger you get

It's still very interesting to think about

Why do I say "interesting to think about" over and over

Is that my catchphrase? Because I didn't intend it I apparently did that multiple times

We're in the Death stage of the universe

I was thinking about stars and then thought to myself if the universe could've been a huge star made out of all of the elements we have in our universe

Different colored stars are made out of different things the same way the universe could've been

and could've went supernova scattering those elements into smaller stars

Or if the big bang theory is correct two gigantic stars made out of all of the elements we know and don't know of made an explosion after bringing each other closer and closer through their gravity

Kind of like our stars when they make a black hole

Which would also mean we are in the stage of the universe when it blew up aka died like stars do

So basically we're tiny pieces of the universe's dead organs splitting into smaller pieces

It's like if we lived in someone's decapitated head and if that head slowly turned to red paste

Also this kind of supports my hypothesis that each universe is different

Kind of like different colored stars being made out of fluctuating things which also give different attributes to stars

Blue stars being hotter and stuff like that

I might have made this hypothesis already but I'm writing this down anyway!

Dino experiment

I was wondering if we could find out what a creature that still exists today were to be recreated off of their fossils by people who don't know about them using the same methods they used for dinosaurs and see how close they get to the actual thing

Because people who already know the design of the creature would fail at mimicking their lack of understanding of what it should look like

I have a slight feeling like this sort of experiment was already done but I'm very curious in the outcome and the journey of that experiment

Tip walking

As you all know I like walking more than sitting down most of the time

Unless I'm in my room where I do nothing but melt on my bed and couch for an entire day

So since I began using the elevator instead of giving my heart a workout of how many times it can lift my ribs

Or more accurately aggressively hit against them

I thought of making walking its own exercise because I am just that frigging fat

The muscles of my lower legs hurt a little bit and since pain is gain I just hope it'll work or if I'm just walking like a weird deer

I remember an old movie

Where a child attached rocks to animals like frog and snake with a rope

Then his father did the same to him and told him he'd only get rid of the rock from his back if he saved the animals he treated poorly

The boy walks out looking for them sees the frog is alive and lets him go free

The snake however died and the boy starts crying

I think the moral of the story was that you shouldn't treat life like they're your plaything because when what you did to them happens to you it's not as funny is it

I think it was an old Japanese movie we watched in school

But I don't remember the name of it and can't find it anywhere so to anyone who knows and remembers it I think you know what I'm talking about

Again I only remembered this now after probably a decade or close to a decade years so I have difficulty remembering it so if I made a mistake about the story I'm sorry but I can't hear you

Language saying

The more languages you know the more people you are

Is what I've heard an elderly taxi driver say when we were getting back home

It's an interesting saying so I decided to remember him by keeping it in my notes

9 more days

And I'll be 17 years old

I've got nothing

I didn't think I'd be THIS unprepared

THIS lazy THIS stupid THIS... uncaring

Yet it breathing on my neck day in day out

My older sister? She's killing it

Me? I'm only getting worse and worse over time

Even my younger sister does things better than me

I can't even do my own work and when I do a
fraction of a fraction of what I should be doing my
body just can't take it

Death feels like the easiest yet hardest route

It's like I'm an old man who doesn't care about a
year of age anymore

If I still had the courage of suicidal me the drive of him I wouldn't even be having this conversation

Or more accurately being beaten to a flesh toned paste like him... emotionally

A year ago I felt determined enough to make the biggest project and show it at a conference before my death

Now here I am laying on a bed

Being able to draw better than him yet... being so lazy I draw one frame each day unless I procrastinate the whole day and not even get into it unless I have an art block and do even worse

For example today I didn't even practice my piano

I get so tired in the end of a day yet do almost nothing

I'm starting to feel like I'm already dead

Like there's no hope for me anymore and that it would be better if I perished here than if I continued my life taking away from others instead of giving

Statue land

I thought of a graveyard of sorts in which people can explore statues of people in the past after the park stopped making them

And the people would pose for their own statues and show where to place them in

I can now imagine people's creativity to show how they were with one position

Or maybe multiple if they allowed for more than one statue

Like posing fingers like they're playing the piano but keeping some of them up and off of that people being able to tell how many times at which order the keys were tapped like the height of the fingers and the amount held up

Or their young self looking forward and their older self looking back at them straight on while kneeling both happy

Or some posing like what they thought would be their final memory of themselves like shooting themselves

They could even leave clues for people to solve
showing that they liked making people work to find
out the meaning of their stories

Like the piano analogy I talked about earlier but
even showing how large the piano is by posing
their other selves like they're leaning against a tip
of each side

Or do what I'd do

Which is posing doing my favorite things and put
the same items of what I was using to do them

Like my old phone for him to draw in

Or writing on a computer

Or acting bowing to show the concert is over but
with a blank face that people will see if the crouch
under me

Showing I didn't really do it as much but with poses
that I've done previously show that it was
something I was decent at

And talking to myself

And playing piano confused but happy

And finally there being a box held by my statue that needs a code to open which would have saved data of everything I've worked on

And the password being the numbers held up by my fingers in my statues

Like five being my flat hand on my chest and one on my thumb while doing the bowing pose for acting making a 6

Or 1 by the one finger pressed against the screen while drawing

And also since my phone wouldn't be turned on on my hand to show I was drawing I'd duct tape art on it

Or maybe not even put my phone and my computer on my hands and lap but put it in the box but the posing being accurate to the size of the items and those items for my poses being replaced by stuff like bricks and plastic plates to kind of mimic a look of them

Or people could hold hands to make a house
looking place off of their poses and me just joining
in being something less meaningful like a wall to
give others a chance to be a lamp or a door or a
table

Unless I thought I could do a lamp better than
somebody in which case I'd do it

Other than that maybe there could be a grave park
where people themselves make their own tomb
stones for everyone else to see

That would probably be hella of a lot more cheap

Probably I have no idea

Actually wouldn't glass be cheaper? They're made
of sand that we have a lot of

Even though rocks are also literally everywhere
you can only cut big whole rocks for tomb stones

Two rocks

You pick up two rocks then cut one of them in half
now you have... what

Because if we say you have 1 whole rock and two
 $\frac{1}{2}$ rocks then that would mean we count fractions
of rocks as well

Then that will mean we'll have to know the back
story of every stone on earth to see which asteroid
or comet they came from and what fraction of it
they were and what fraction of a comet or asteroid
THEY were originally

Because the rock you didn't cut is still a fraction of
something just shaped like it isn't

If we don't want to count some random rock as 0.000000000000000001 of a meteor or 0. what have you of the atoms of the universe

Then can we call two pieces of rock as their own whole rock?

Therefore having 3 rocks?

Cut a human in half what do you get?

A bloody mess

Yeah... doesn't work all that well does it

My point here is that counting and calling objects something is an oversimplification of matter that we simply call things

We do that so that we get to the point without wasting anyone's time

Therefore scientists calling "the most important" event a big bang

So stop pretending to be smart assess about it and smugly correcting people about how you think common sense should work

Unless we need to delve to greater details of rocks like their density color mixture of matter and all that stuff we don't need to use "smart" names on objects or overcomplicate what two cut pieces of rocks are

It's like the question of plucking atoms off a stone

How many atoms will you take away until it's not a stone anymore

There is no easy transition to point out

I am not saying this because of outrage even if in this second it sounds like it

I'm just typing down my thoughts

But it likely won't be considered by many since everyone judges a book by its cover therefore ignoring the whole point someone is making just because they swear or sound angry when explaining it or believe in someone who's horrible or trying to distract from the truth by saying

something negative truth about something that not many people are willing to talk about even though that negativity is nowhere near as bad as the actual bad they would've talked about if they kept talking about the actual point of the subject at hand honestly and thinking to themselves "oh shit I was wrong" instead of asking a different question to ignore the statement

But that's just what I think might be the case for most internet users

Blind vr

I just wondered if blind virtual reality could become real where the story would have to be felt and heard and there wouldn't be a headset and blind people's games would have mechanics used by sound and the feelings of cold or hot or pain using the suit for the game

Like let's say a different sound would appear if they moved their controller at a certain place showing that they'll be teleported to that place

I can already imagine games that people missed out on fully voiced sound... effected? You know what I mean and felt out

And hey if they're feeling cold they could travel in game to a hotter area like a lava map and if they're feeling hot they could go to a deep cold cave

Calm pain

I've tried burning my hands with hot water again but this time I numbed down I kept myself calm and...

surprisingly I was able to stay in boiling water for far longer than before

The same happened for cold water too

But obviously over time I lost that ability because my body couldn't take it anymore and I went back to feeling pain as quickly as I did

And I know it's actual progress because I still feel slight pain in the centre of my right hand

It feels like an aftermath of accidentally drinking boiling hot tea but instead of your tongue your hand feels that way

Did you expect me to talk about quiet calm eternal pain I'm having?

Because I'll talk about that too!

I'll have a birthday in 2 days... I'll be dead in 2 days and I have nothing to show for it

I haven't even gotten close enough to getting close to finishing drawing stuff for me to finish them this fast

I have nothing

And I believe if I talk about it I'll become even lazier and not do them at all

I had a challenge in mind which was "the whole day" challenge where I'd draw and write for an entire day with short breaks in between

Can't wait for that to be a great disappointment

I can't take the hot water anymore no matter how hard I try

So that was probably a tub full of lies I was drowning in without realizing I could just stand up

Short films based off emotions idea

A film that can see your expressions through the camera

And from a library of scenes a different one will play in accordance to how you react or what you say

For example if it's completely dark in your room in the beginning the narrator will have difficulty seeing you and mentions that

And if you make a blank or bored face when a reveal happens the narrator will see that you've either already watched the movie knowing about the future or you just don't like the story all that much

If you say you've already seen it you can tell them what happens which leads to a timeline of preparation and if you say it was bland the narrator rips off the page of the story and starts it from scratch

Wait the minute... did I think of this before?

4th wall break even came from the 4th invisible wall in a theatre between the viewers and actors so I would not be surprised if the same idea was already executed in plays THOUSANDS of years before but I really wish to see how it could've gone down

Musical death

I thought of a death in a story being represented by music

I didn't think of the characters or anything like that I just thought of how it could happen in a show with background music

So basically there will be a piano playing echoing out

And it being cut short when it was supposed to end

Then there would be a light sound of the piano that sounds like what should fit the continuation of the music that was cut short

Afterwards the piano being replaced by the music of a violin

And then an electric guitar

That music playing when showing the characters that saw his death

The piano by a person closest to them

Then a violin that was second closest to them

An electric guitar by a younger person that didn't quite understand them as much but knew enough to do the ending of the music climactically while also making it accurate

The piano music is a leitmotif playing in the background when the character shows their real beliefs through action in their life

And the characters internally playing it is like remembering them in their own perspective

Concluding the music together after it was cut short

The combination of multiple instruments making it sound more powerful than the piano alone

Each playing a piece of the music but not all of it

The piano doing the most heavy lifting then the violin and the electric guitar doing the least but being the loudest

And yes of course I got that idea when thinking about the unus annus music

I was thinking about it because I'm trying to play it on a piano

I am following a guide however some parts don't sound right to me so I change those parts myself

Helium gold

Do you remember the idea of my grave being in a cave?

Well I thought if the cave had a hole above the grave and the grave had helium balloons and there was a photo of it before the helium escaped the balloons people in the future would know the helium would've went up into the hole above the grave

And as a limited resource it could be expensive

Meaning they'd both find some sort of voluble while also finding my tomb

But hey I don't know if helium will actually be as expensive in the future as I think not do I know if helium will go up in one place like upside down water coming out of a water balloon into an upside down pit... or as a normal human would call it a hole in the ceiling

My mother left

In a month we'll all be moving to Switzerland and mom will return in said month

Yeah I see how the titles like this could be confusing until you read these

You already know how this goes but I am afraid that I'm not afraid that going to Switzerland is so close

I waved her goodbye multiple times even going downstairs and holding her hand for a moment as if she was a drowning passenger in a titanic or something

It really felt like I was saying goodbye to a person who was going to die

However somehow the more messed up news that I got today was that my dad was going somewhere to do his job there to help

It ain't all that safe in there

So even if I think he'll be 100% unscathed one small part of me still thinks that I wouldn't be surprised if he lost a leg there

But hey if it was that dangerous would he ACTUALLY go there? I doubt that
I think he just hyped it up and lied to me to see if I'd care or not

Even he seemed a little nonchalant telling me this

But hey every time when I think of one thing either the other one ends up being true or I realize I was right the first time instead of second

Fixed light switch

When I was a child in our old home in Kutaisi I was playing with a nerf gun

Then thought to myself if I could turn the light on and off using the nerf bullet

And surprisingly enough it broke the light switch

So me and Grandpa decided to fix it

I think he even mentioned that he was planning on changing it

The old light switch looked older had a brownish tint to it, I had to screw something into the middle and there were different colored wires that's all I can remember about it

And then it ended up looking exactly like this... other than the dirt on it it was the same shape



This is my classes' light switch yet it looks the exact same and functions the exact same way as the light switch me and grandpa fixed all those years ago

It turns off when it's pressed up and turns on when it's pressed down

Because we made a mistake putting the light switch upside down

T staircase

I got it

I realized what T could mean

If you collide the T from bottom up it looks like a...
you read the title I won't repeat myself

It's like a library an entire castle of library that only
goes up and each section is divided by these stairs
that you have to climb up in order to get up to the
new stuff

I know this is not in short story ideas however even
if it is only there for me in my phone where I keep
all of this text and on Viber where I send all of this
text I still want to share that idea to you

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Don't try finding any other words or phrases I'm not smart nor literate enough to make those

I think you already know this from me using T never mind instead of anything that starts with a T that means never mind

Like maybe Touche even if it's not exactly what I mean

Worst day in a while

It might sound overdramatic and it is, because by “the worst day in a while” I don’t mean in my life because that would assume I felt so heart broken by these events that I’d want to die which is not true

It just reminded me of my belief and how I forgot about it over time, when your guard is down, when you think the day will be alright that is when life decides to rip your hair out

I haven’t learnt anything new for days, I realized the 3 day break will begin after next day (and I think that 3 day break will be hell even of itself)

my phone decided to die and stop charging making me unable to work on the project that I wanted to continue doing because I felt like if I couldn't finish the Captain Sauce Animation before the end of the year I'd finish that presentation but my dad is leaving to another country today meaning he can't even get it fixed meaning I'm stuck being able to do nnnothing

and even right now I have issues like not being able to press the keys on my keyboard so if you see any misspellings in this it's mostly for that... other than the nnnothing part I added that myself

this also kind of shows that my life doesn't feel like as big of a nightmare as it used to be, the worst day for me like this one is laughable compared to what I used to experience

I just wanted to show to anyone who's feeling hardships there will be a period of time when you will get a break even if the advantages you got from suffering might cease out

but even then don't forget what you used to believe because some of those beliefs might still be correct in your everyday life even if it hasn't accrued in a long time

So I am kind of happy for this experience, because I believe the worst worlds brings out the best of us

I hate myself but am also happy

Hello, since you're reading this obviously after 2022 and definitely after 2023 I want to tell you congrats for finding something that outlived me

If I wasn't a corpse and smelled as horrible as the bodies near my grave I would've hugged you and shook your hand

Okay that was all over exaggeration but still!
You're the proof that even after all this time people
can just show up and find this, even if it's old even
if there is a few people even if you're the last
person to see this you're still reading you're still
with me and I should be happy for it, I should be
feeling amazing for one person seeing this

for changing the life of one person for couple of
seconds

I should be happy, I need to be happy

And yet... I'm not, and this is why I hate myself, I
know how I should feel, how I should react and how
I used to feel exactly like that but I feel wanted for
some reason, it's like I feel horrible for nobody
reacting to what I've made, nobody caring about
what "art" I've drawn when it's my fault for not
uploading for a while, when it's my fault for not
working as much, when it's okay for nobody to see
because that makes it even more special to the
first person to see it

Do you remember what I said in the beginning?
That's what makes me happy, the thought that
even after a decade or two or somehow in some
magical way even three someone COULD find
these and read them

Isn't that amazing? I won't even know and you'll still be with me

Or won't be which is fine I won't even know

I got that thought after finding art made 5 years ago (2017) and I commented in it after 5 YEARS, all the comments there were from 2017 and it made me feel... like I was looking in an abandoned house, exploring the past without any of the people writing what they were about it and instead thinking about what they were thinking at that moment, being themselves and conveying it by not only what they said but how they said it

Every tiny detail has a story to it

Even me writing things like 2022

because hilariously enough my two button on my keyboard is broken so I copy paste 2022 over and over and over from Google after typing "twenty twenty two" in it

See what I mean by story? You would've never guessed and there it is

I am still not ready to be forgotten or die, I haven't accepted those yet but if I do then at least if someone imagines me being in the future and

reacting to it they won't think that I'd be bummed out that I'd die before seeing the future and instead know that I've already been okay with saying goodbye

Speaking of good bye I need to take a long nap in my tomb, after all its 3:50 am November 29, 2022 (I got those numbers by pressing the enter button, thanks Microsoft Word)

Burning in hell

I've been feeling absolutely horrible these past few days

My hypothesis is that it's me avoiding all entertainment but Youtube but that's about it

I can't play the piano as well somehow

Every time I'd take a break couple of days later I'd still have it

But today it was horrible I only remembered first few parts and then it went downhill

It doesn't even count the actual beginning of the music which completely messed me up multiple times and I even gave up on it and ignored it opting to only look at the second part

In school I drew 2 frames of nothing but redrawing of a grave stone and nothing else not even with detail just lines

And all I wrote today was about a stupid meaningless idea that had no purpose

Of course if people could build a tall tower with iron or gold at its tip obtaining energy from thunder they would've done it by now

That's so stupid

And I right now feel like I have truly nothing to do with my life other than suffer in school go back home take a break and magically feel more tired in the end of the break do the homework and die

If not art not writing not music not writing stories not even playing the piano gives me any will to live then what the hell am I supposed to do

I feel frustrated my heart feels heavy and my little **** of a sister continues to be an annoying bitch that DESERVES TO BE DECAPITATED

And other absolutely horrible stuff I will not mention here

I wish I had a soul

I only now realized that... these final words still work for me to this day

I don't know how but past me managed to choose it perfectly

Even now after so many years you'd expect to see some changes start fearing something else and maybe build your last words around that instead of the inevitable death that I am still ticking away into right now as I listen to the seconds that tick away

I might have other ideas for final words but even to this day I remember his last words before he died

I don't even remember what kind of person he was why he did what he did but even now I remember his last wish

I wish I could go back and hug him but I probably know if he sees me the way I am he'll immediately want to kill himself again

So I'll get a few reminders from him

Self confidence is a stupid distraction and nobody needs it

Suffering comes from everything

You need to leave something behind before you die nobody will do that for you

When life punches you you drill into their organs and rip them apart instead of stand there and take it

Undertale

I've only seen episode 1 from Jacksepticeye and it already seems amazing

Just by what flowy or whoever he was did made me feel like EVERYONE was a lying monster

Including... mom? Again I'm not good with names

She did kill Jack until he spared her over and over

And Sans (I got to know him through memes) told Papyrus to look at the lamp

Leading to him betraying us and having him catch us

So pretty much making a surprise for his brother by screwing us over

I already got hooked to it but since its 13 hours long I'll either watch half of it every day me finishing it in 26 days or I'll kill my eyes and brain by watching the whole thing at once not being able to truly enjoy the journey by getting myself tired

now I've only watched 3 episodes of Undertale game play by Jacksepticeye and even if it's fantastic and I enjoy the characters a lot I don't think I'll add this review in the list of reviews of games yet because I haven't watched the whole thing yet

as of now the thing I'm thinking about is what Flowey is doing to papyrus and how papyrus is going to escape the bone crushing grips of the undying and be our friend

again the story is pretty solid and it still amazes me how they were able to make us care about Toriel as a character so much I actually wanted Jack to stay with her

but again as of now I haven't seen anything that tops the emotion of "DDLC" and "Bad end theatre" but it would be very unfair for me to judge the story when I'm only 3 episodes in

so I'll see you next time

I'll watch 2 episodes every day on 1.75X speed like I did today I don't want to fly through it but don't want to slow it down too much neither

I might be too excited

Also the game “One Shot” popped back in my mind... the hurt

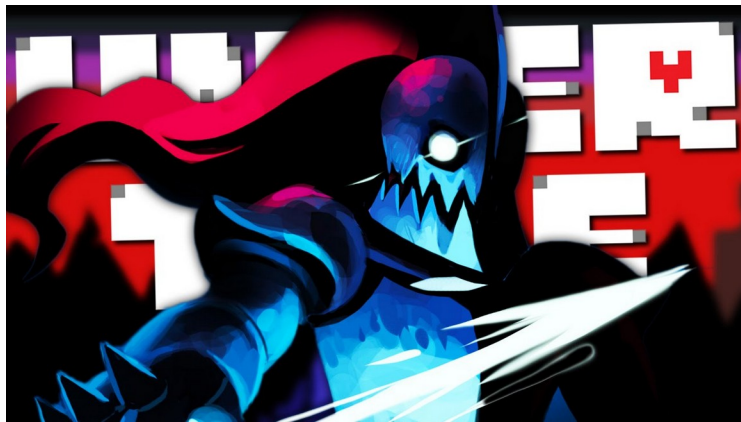
I thought I was going to save this comment in the comments... library? Yeah let's call it that

But I just thought it would be useful to show my reaction to that part

Also it's the same day... or night if you call 10:46 PM Night

And I'm now at episode #5

Youtube_{ge}_____ (search...)__0\



UNDYNE THE BADASS!! | Undertale #5

Comments:



[Powdereyes](#)

[7 minutes ago \(edited\)](#)

I literally got so immersed I forgot this was a game the characters feel way too real I just remembered... this is ancient history at least for the internet to someone this has the same feeling as what Dan's adventures feel like to me I am just thinking about Jack from 6 years ago as if he's... with us now I'm thinking I should give myself a brain freeze to get immersed again by feeling the snow that Sam papyrus and undying are surrounded by also yes I broke my 2 video per day rule because this is too good... and it'll be over GOD DAMN IT!!!

(End of the comment)

so yeah it's going to be very hard for me to accept that it's over

It's already over

I just haven't gotten there yet

And god damn it I'll never be able to inflict this kind of pain to anybody with anything that I'll ever make

So it's beautiful in its own way

Also when I saw Shyren on episode 4 that was way too adorable to me and I'll just mention it here

I actually hummed music after pausing the video while dodging oncoming notes because I just had a great deal of urge to make myself feel like I was the one comforting her

I've heard many times that to make a character 100x cuter you just don't let them speak and I might have finally experienced that feeling

Again she doesn't have a story of any significance but that just makes the game even better because it makes you feel so much with so little

Just like in episode 1 with Toriel

I'm getting used to her name, I heard Jack say her name was like tutorial so that's what helped me remember her name

Possible spoiler

In Jacksepticeye's video I saw a thumbnail of him saying that he was becoming a monster

And I'm thinking... that was a spoiler of how he'd get super powers and fight sans with different colored clothes and... Knife powers? Or will we get a knife

I have seen animations of them fight but never in the actual story even if I know the stage they meet in from a video

Pretty lonely with white reflections and golden colors and white reinforcements and stuff like that but I haven't seen it in a long time

and I'm wondering if he's going to play through 2 routes or if this is one whole story

If he's becoming a monster and killing bosses to get enough soul power to escape on his own as 1 bad ending and staying a human and staying a friend with sans and doing something else to have everyone get to the over world

I wish to wait to find out but I know I won't

Just like what I wanted to do with short story ideas every little detail counts in this game

So for all I know dirty lab coats and clean dress could mean an upcoming reveal in the end of the game

I have no idea

(in the future I did find out more and that the player with different clothes that fights sans apparently has a different name... well shhhhhhhhhhhhoot)

Undertale brain override

I'm thinking about the game just a bit much judging by how I can't even think about anything else even when I try to

So I think I'll let my hype and excitement towards watching another video sniff out slowly by doing other things

I watched 2 extra episodes yesterday anyway so I won't watch it today

It's kind of strange reading things you know took a day or two years to be written but reading them

That was the type of feeling I had after revisiting my old notes and my “future” self showing up like (what’s up guys I’m 16 now, oh no It’s been so long, I AM GONNA DIEEEEEEEEEEE

I'm saying this to make fun of myself in case it actually gets very cringy in the future because if I don't make anything that's humane and serious it'll always become cringy with age

But I really doubt we'll have to snatch a freaking pancake with a soul in it to escape the underground so yeah (I did find out he has a human soul by the cat character in the game which I might be wrong about but this still holds up but

instead of food we're talking about a toaster with killing intent)

Also I have actually seen the spider in that episode before in a fan art probably A WHILE ago and I didn't think she was a threatening gold digger up until we saw that poor man next to her shop

Now I feel bad that I couldn't say anything in depth, watching these episodes feeling more like a chore and me being tired afterwards...

A-ANYWAY let's see what episode 7 has to offer

It's going to be about the spider judging by the thumbnail so I'm finally there

Finding out about a character who I've known existed but never had any sweet clue what she was like

_____Coffee
Break_____

(insert Dbz commercial break music here)

I didn't actually drink Coffee, I did think I should to make that coffee break thing true but then I thought at least ONE of you would've told me not to do things just to make the titles accurate like

that “not experiencing Halloween” episode

so thank you

Okay I had to pause it half way in the episode

I at first was afraid they wouldn't show Toriel again in the game but just him talking about her and his ominous “you'd be dead where you stand” was... enlightening

It kind of shows he has a completely different side to him, I might know why he might MIGHT fight us if he has that kind of hidden side

Also Toriel protecting frisk even when she is stuck behind the door is so heartwarming to me

Also Alphys, since the player can't really do much other than progressing the game and finding Easter eggs I understand why her arc would just be about her getting confident about herself by protecting us in the story while we get in trouble but I just feel like the character could've said more to her, like thanking or encouraging just helping a child not die from your own creation in my opinion isn't as emotional but again this is just my take on it

Also I didn't really see enough of the spider lady... still can't remember her name, neither do I do Alphys but I decided to just Google her name because I didn't want to call her a shy dragon but instead call her by her name

Also I thought it made sense for her to make those upgrades to the phone considering she programmed the robot she'd know what would happen and my theory is she added an upgrade to the player's phone which let her connect to the devices that she hacked into because in my opinion... it makes no sense for her to have control over EVERY SINGLE MECHANICAL THING in that whole map... because it makes no sense why she'd leave deadly lasers around

anyway

Here I go again

Okay so... in these two episodes nothing as good as the previous episodes happened, just a lot of game play and small nit bits of story and connections

So pretty much the only thing I have to say now is that I didn't think about how Sans would've left if

we went to the left making me think there will be a reveal that he can phase through things and since in the memes his right eye turns blue like the lasers and attacks I think he could

Also Also I'll leave couple of comments of my immediate reactions here and there

0 seconds ago

42:13 I see! these are the characters Edds World was referencing when prince Matt lied to them

Reply

0 seconds ago

32:14

000
00000000H I've seen fan art of that person and Frisk in
an Undertale music video I really liked the art and I
remember screen shotting it... before deleting it

(Sorry for not recreating YouTube again, also I deleted it because I'm critical about what I'll save and what I won't because one day my phone will reach its max space so I won't be able to save anything anymore)

So I just hope the next ones will have more of what the previous encounters with characters was

instead of just meeting people for a short time and not actually getting to know them

Just letting the Game take its time

Also I have no sweet clue who could be smart enough to be messing up the place and trying to kill us with the lasers so I guess we'll find out that too

Oh I almost forgot... that I'm half way there...

Episode 8

Hit me in a way the game hasn't before

The revelation about why the war happened, that the king even had a son

Since I know that place exactly I didn't really stop myself to think "oh right we aren't a monster yet so he won't fight us"

Here are my reactions to this episode

[7 minutes ago \(edited\)](#)

[46:26](#) OH MY GOD HERE IT COMES okay now that I watched it this is actually much better because it makes sense, we aren't a heartless monster so he doesn't have a reason to fight us and what he said was actually kind of

heartwarming but since this is only episode 8 out of 14 we know what's gonna happen... or in this case not gonna happen
Show less

[Powdereyes](#)
[29 minutes ago \(edited\)](#)

Asgore ending humanity either means he was faking his kindness just like Jack predicted or he has NO SWEET CLUE what humans are really like also Medatton revealing Alphyses plan regained my motivation to continue watching this series and also that noodle part was hilarious it's exactly like in video games or dbz where the character just stands there and watches as the other heals himself even when it takes a while
Show less

So yeah this episode was strong, pretty much the thing I was waiting for... or now pretend like I was waiting for because I had no idea that it would happen

So now I know who that teen goat is... or was
from the fan art of Undertale

Also I did finish drawing Sans and realized not only did 11 people like it on deviant art but almost all of them were Undertale artists

So it warms my heart that it has an active fan base to this day

I'll leave it here for now

Episode 9

(((WOW

I'm never getting a yellow flower again and if I do I'm gonna burn it over

And over

And over

Before ripping it to pieces with my teeth and vomiting gasoline onto its corpse

And I didn't think I'd feel this way from a character I haven't seen for that long)))

That was BEFORE we (JackaFrisk and the other souls) beat the ever living hell out of him and spared him

Now I'm listening to the call so just hold for a moment

okay got it!

So Flowey is manipulating me to get friendly with Alphys (I finally remembered her name LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOO) and there was a hilarious after hilarious gag of her role playing getting literally dunked on and then... oh... sorry for all the spoilers but you LITERALLY continued reading this after 8 episodes

Go and watch it yourself okay? it's actually pretty sweet not just because of the game but Jacksepticeye's thoughts about the game

Now I'll continue, sorry for pausing over and over but **I think I'll do this more often to write everything I think more truthfully**

So I finally finished it and... I didn't think it was actually going to end in the next episode

So there ARE two endings

So we DO need to fight sans as a monster

So we WON'T get help from the souls after fighting Flowey if we did bad

That makes so much more sense... but I don't want to watch the bad ending but at the same time I don't want to watch the...

YOU KNOW WHAT? screw this! I made the same mistake with ddlc and now I won't appreciate the ending of ddlc + because I didn't watch the final episode when I should have

So I'll definitely watch the ending

Or maaaaaaaaaybe I'll watch the monster continuation and THEN the good ending

I'm not sure but I need to think about this right now because if I want to watch the evil path I'll continue next day but if I don't I could finish it today for the final good episode

You know what? yeah I'll do the good ending first

So that I'll be left with a wound in my heart after the heartless ending that'll stay with me in the test of time

I'll see you on the... figurative... other side

And literal if you still call these lines walls

The Good Ending

Alphys

I've said this a million times before but I did not see this coming

Her being so important to the overall story and her struggle to make another determined soul

Just like Jack said these are going to be to tie up the loose ends

So her developing her confidence finally paid off

I'm happy for her

50:44

I thought I was going to comment on each character tying up loose ends but GOD DAMN IT I CALLED IT

I KNEEEEEEEW he was manipulating us that's why I said it previously!

...

I've seen... everything before I could even comment about them but I think even then I'd be completely speechless

Asriel is a nice kid though, I feel horrible that he even knows that he became heartless without him being able to control it and that it'll happen again

I've seen it all

Through and through

The boss battle

The final goodbye

The beautiful sun set

The heartwarming night

The creative credits

and the amazing music inside of it

Even the end of Jack's video

This game is truly something else

Rarely can a game make you not only hurt your cheeks from smiling so much but cry at the same time

Hell it was even more emotional because Jack was crying along side

I was truly surprised that I didn't feel sad to say
goodbye but happy that it all happened

And I am very happy that even after it ended my
heart feels happy and full of

Determination

I knew you called it, I knew you were saying it in
your head before I even finished it but god damn it
I still wanted to do this

I'm sorry but I have one more thing to say

I won't be watching the bad ending

After all of that positives after the spear of mix of happiness and sadness clearing off the negatives in my heart

I don't want to do it

Just like Sean said

It's better to leave it there

10/10

Not 14

I'm happy my past self trusted me

I believed it would be like a golden medal for this game to be one of my last things instead of up there somewhere

This happiness and sadness won't be brought back again so I thought why not make it a part of my final

If I had a power it would be to be able to take my feelings and store them in anything I want

So that I could gift this to future me

Hope you're doing well buddy

So I still haven't watched the bad ending nor did I watch Deltarune, I'm saying this in case I die before watching them so that I'll make this clear

But I definitely watched every bad ending's kills and since my emotions towards the game numbed down over the days I didn't feel as heartbroken to see Toriel sliced open or Papyrus getting his head cut off (okay I'll be honest I've seen animations of Papyrus getting decapitated before the actual one in game which were way more saddening) also I really didn't expect it to look so brutal, with blood and all of that, when I felt closer to the characters when I saw toriel die saying she wasn't protecting you but then it was way too much for my heart to handle which is why I still don't watch the messed up path of the play through but did listen to a short story summing up what happened like how people were horrified of the player leaving notes asking for mercy or at least that's what I've heard Also I've watched game theories about W. D. Gaster, it was pretty interesting and taught me more about what I've missed out on, also also yes I finally learnt Gaster's name by heart... I don't know about the rest so here it goes:

Frisk, that monstrosity whose name starts with a C that I won't learn the name of, Toriel, Papyrus, Sans, Monster Kid, Undyne... science lady? DAMN IT! I'll Google it

here are the names I forgot: Alphys, Asgore, Flowey even if I remembered it before even watching Undertale, Mettaton, Napstablook (almost forgot to google him... sorry, I feel extra bad since I know how he'd react), Asriel, Muffet, Temmie (you might be thinking her spelling makes me want to crush her but somehow no), river person aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaand... that dog with a long head?

Actually funny enough now I know what Matpat was referencing when he elongated his neck in one of his Minecraft episodes and dug it down to h-e-double toothpicks

So it makes me feel like learning about Undertale kind of gave me a new way of looking at things but I'm still a beginner there are so many fan made things I have no idea about especially because I've only become a fan today not... 6 years ago holy Jesus brand shirts

I wonder how much longer it'll take for me to get to deltatune... okay as of now it's November 24th 2022

let's see how far this goes

Now it's December 13, 2022 and I have watched chapter 1 and 3 episodes of chapter two (Still broken)

And I've realized I haven't seen everything Undertale had to offer, there are many Easter eggs like pissing off Undyne by taking her hits or how nobody can choose anything but tea, her reaction to her having a soda and stuff like that

I'm still a beginner so that's why I'm also watching play throughs of Markiplier and Dantdm of Undertale, I know it won't hit as hard but at least I'll learn more

(I wrote things about me like my thoughts,
short facts or something that popped into my

mind that I want you to know above this comment)

Oh god I'm still humming The End Undertale music to myself

I'm sorry it's just too heartwarming!!!

Also I know I should've said this while I had this saved in the flash drive but I'll say it now in hopes of me getting back to it

This series was so inspiring and so positive in my heart that I got motivation to resave everything that I've saved in my hidden flash drives

I'm exhausted now waiting for the photos and videos to redownload with the new things I've added over time to save it so I'm now exhausted lost all of the positive feeling but I'll stay determined

This is why I said I wished I could save my own feelings

It was honest

If someone else sees this in couple of decades I'm
happy

I'm happy that someone found it
Because after my death these are the only words
written by me

The only words that exist after my erasure
I hope you had a wonderful time reading about me
I recommend that you write down about yourself
too

Because life is random
Suicidal or not it's better to be safe than sorry.

The tip of the day

If you keep your pen on one place for too long you'll only
get a puddle of ink

You won't develop your work if you won't make mistakes
and learn from your mistakes to make it better

The tip of the day

Don't judge a book by its cover
It can work on humans too
They might be hiding their true selves
They might be good they might be bad
And sometimes if you'll find their true selves
You'll save two lives
Yourself and the person going through the pain

That's what happened to me
I found a first person who understood my pain
Suicide the thoughts of life I never told anybody because I
took them as demons demons who understand my pain
but wouldn't show it because I'd feel better about the fact
that someone understands me they used that knowledge
to torture me
I locked my own self in a cage

Somebody would even call me a chocolate in a box that
was never eaten, you'll never know its taste until you
take that first bite

* At least a year later *
Monday, August 9, 2021 1:34

The tip of the day

Your work can improve by practice learning by example
and trying new things your work will never be a waste of
time if you put your mind to it

The tip of the day

Write your feelings and see what it makes you think of, then turn your feelings into a little story (Sayori said this in DDLC+ and this tip of the day is probably written at least a year since I started writing short story Ideas and I like how she compares poems into little stories coincidentally like how I started calling it short story ideas because I didn't think they were like poems as much as little stories)

You first write down your feelings and then make it sound prettier later, it's not like a railroad which leads one place to another it's more like a collage find the things you want to put in and arrange them in a pretty way. Even though it's not the only way of doing it it's still one of the ways you could.

* At least a year earlier before I crammed in this
Tip of the day from DDLC+ *

These were the comments under this one that I
commented 7 months ago

I wish I would have the same mindset as him

If I would have had control over my body I would have killed myself over two months ago but one week ago I realized that there was something locked in a box inside my head and to open it I had to get better as a person even if I was getting punched around I had to fight back

When I got ignored I ignored them back and only talked to myself and kind of a good thing is that I was a performer so I could talk to myself in different personalities and I started liking writing stories because not only you could use it as a job but also my imagination would take me away from the living hell that is this world

Never keep your hopes up, that way when you get something good you would be surprised and happier but if you didn't get anything you would just know that you called it so you literally predicted their move and avoided it (meaning that you shouldn't imagine a great future ahead of you think of all the bad possibilities so when you actually get something good you'll be happy something bad didn't happen and if it was the thing you thought was going to happen you'd know that this would happen and you'd avoid it even though there is one problem with this comment control. There are infinite possibilities of terrible things happening so you never have 100% clue nor 100% control over the things you do so even if you got ready to avoid it you'd get screwed over for another reason or even preparing in the first place.)

I wish that my true last words will be that I wish I had a
soul

My grandpa was the same way
He was afraid of death
And now I know
What he meant

Humans existed for thousands of years, billions of them
died already but here I am still breathing waiting for
death to erase me forever
I am like one atom in an ocean
Nobody would know nor care about my disappearance

I got countless opportunities to become smart
Creative
Be remembered as a kind person

And here I am a 14 year old thinking about his choices in
life
That will ruin it the rest of his days

(Jesus CHRIST, I'm 16 now and... I don't feel comfortable
seeing these they make me feel old, hello future me if
you're even there) (I'm still here but I don't know if he is
)

This is my last day of being a 14 year old
This is the day I am scared of because I am afraid of
losing myself
I've had the same personality for 4 years now and after
the torture ended I don't feel the same anymore and
more torture only made it worse... I don't want to die
known as a madman a completely different person

because the clock is ticking I will never be a 14 year old ever again this is a lot to take in because that just shows how far I've come how far I need to go but also the earliest time I remember is when I was 5 and looking outside the window of our old home seeing mom carrying my newborn sister Elene, it has been a decade since that happened and I didn't even realize it at first. I'm afraid of this happening to every year of my life just looking at a clock knowing one day the timer would run out I don't want this to be my end.

my favorite poems

A dog is given food until it has eaten
A dog will run away if it is beaten
Not beaten as in though a game
Beaten in an act of pain.

If a dog fights back
It will be put to sleep

A human however
Is left to weep
To tiptoe around
Eternally scared
Praying their footsteps
Never are heard.

Don't pity the dog
The dog is dead
But before it left
It was well fed.

I'd rather be a dog instead.

Eagles Can Fly

Monkeys can climb
Crickets can leap
Horses can race
Owls can seek
Cheetahs can run
Eagles can fly
People can try
But that's about it.

Dear Sunshine

The way you glow through my blinds in the morning
It makes me feel like you missed me.
Kissing my forehead to help me out of bed
Making me rub the sleep from my eyes.

Are you asking me to come out and play?
Are you trusting me to wish away a rainy day?
I look above. The sky is blue.
It's a secret, but I trust you too.

If it wasn't for you, I could sleep forever.
But I'm not mad

I want breakfast.

I'm sad you reached this part because... this is it

There's nothing more

Well I guess there IS more I can show you photos and videos I've archived you can check it if you haven't already

Link: https://archive.org/details/@black_rose398

Actually I'll leave everything I've uploaded in the wayback machine here

Link: https://archive.org/details/@black_rose398

But the point is that this is the end of short story ideas

I'm still somewhat happy you came down here to greet me even if you skipped everything to get here I'm still pretty lonely in this white paper void

Also I got to go climb up and read through some stuff, you'll see me throughout it

I guess this is goodbye, even after all that time I can't get used to that you'll still reach the end no matter what

this is all it lead up to

Its purpose

it's finally here

I'm sad I won't be able to continue it

I have a difficult time letting go but... this needs to be done

should I say the words one last time?

Yeah... yeah I guess it would be the best way to end it all

I wish there was another day

